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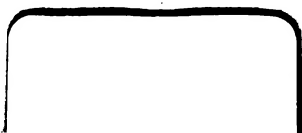
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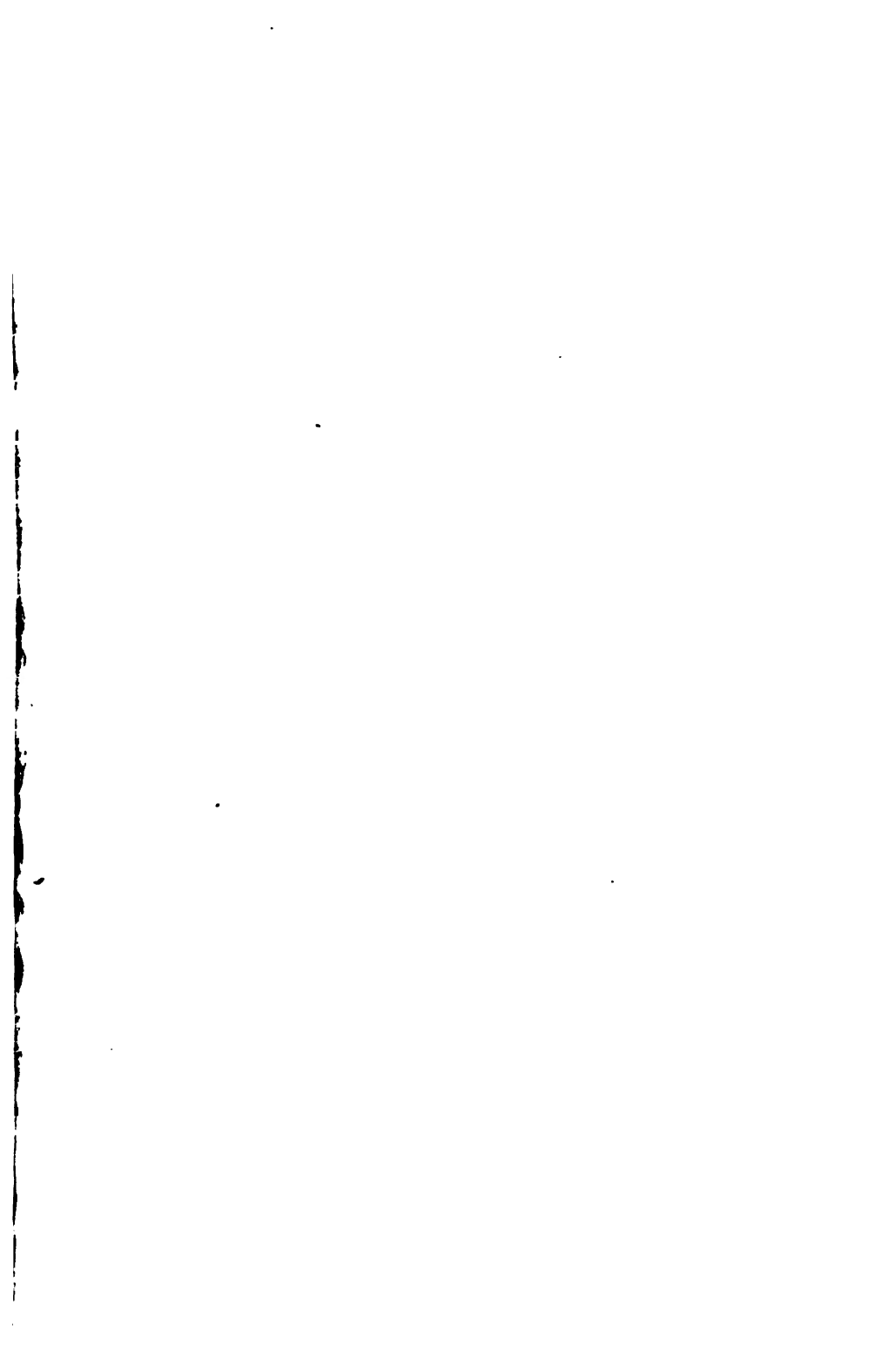
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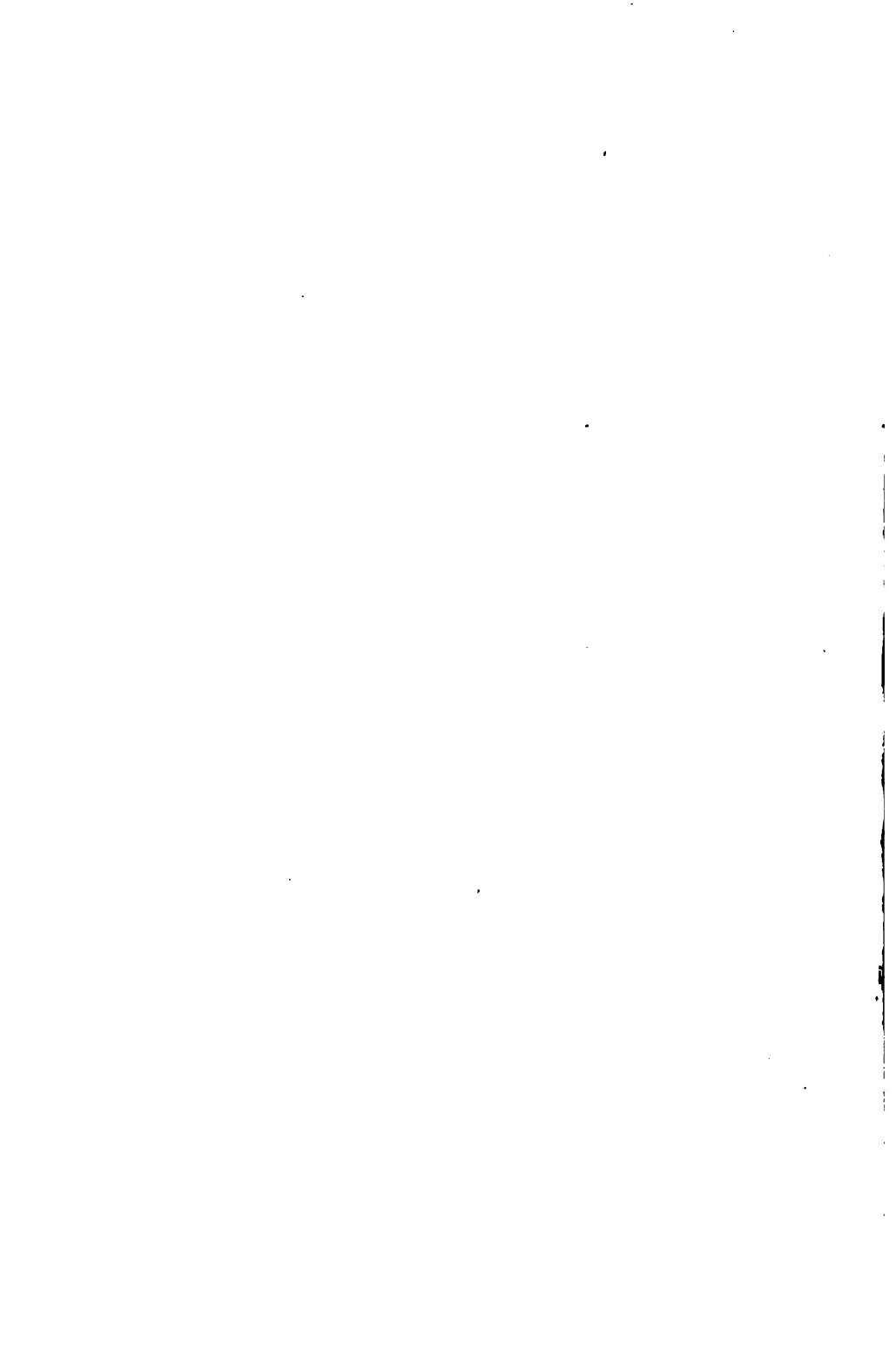
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BAILY'S MAGAZINE
OF

Sports and Pastimes



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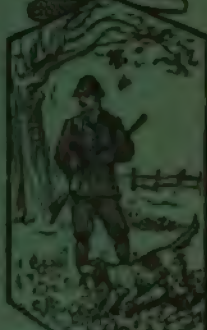
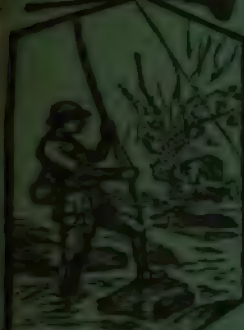
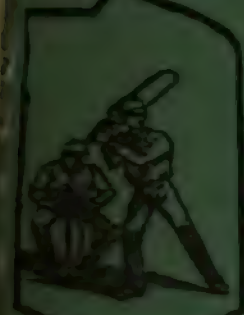
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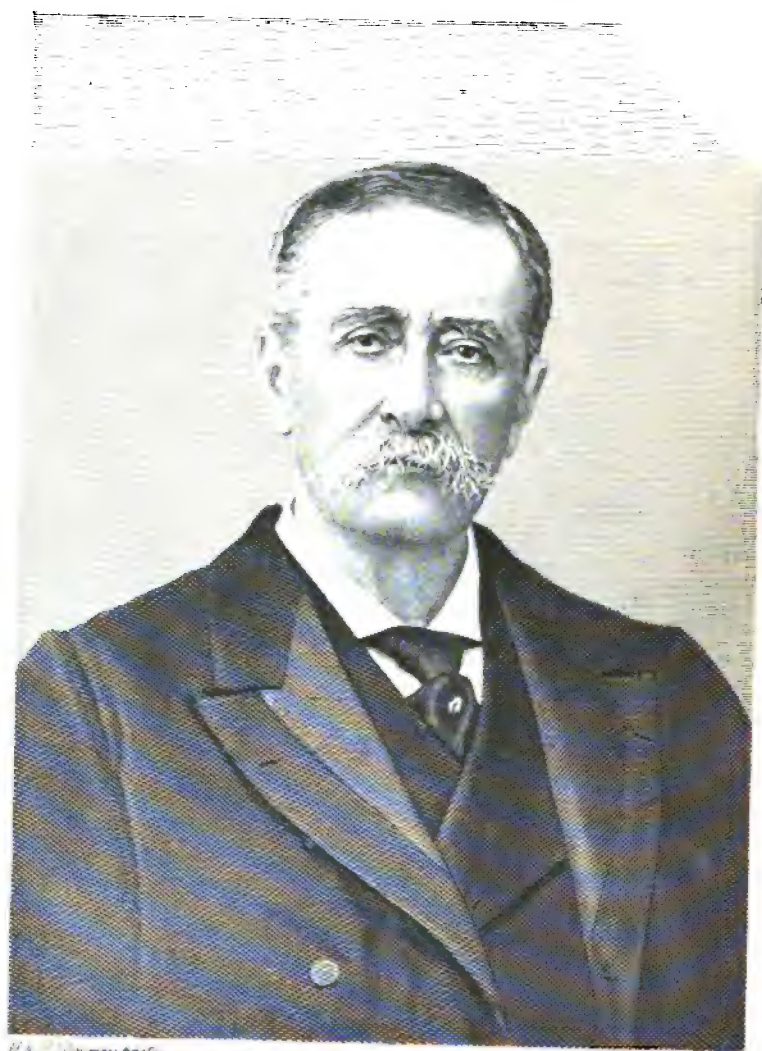


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No. 449.

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WITH

Steel engraved Portrait of CAPTAIN THE HON. D. J. MONSON. Engraving of "LONG
HAREWOOD'S HUNT," BIRTHPLACE OF THE POET "A. A. MURPHY."
"THE FIGHT FOR THE OPEN CHAMPION POLO CUP," and Portrait of the late
CAPTAIN GRATREX.

Captain the Hon. D. J. Monson.

ALTHOUGH the subject of this biography has taken an active part in many sports, yet his first enthusiasm was undoubtedly for cricket. Captain Monson no longer plays the national game himself, but his interest in it is in no way abated, and he is as often to be seen looking on at the great matches of the season as his numerous engagements will allow. Born in 1830 at Worthing, in Sussex, he joined the famous 52nd as an Ensign in 1848. Seven years before this his father had

succeeded, by the death of a cousin, to the Barony of Monson. The regiment was then stationed at Hind, with its depot at Bradford. From the first day of joining Mr. Monson devoted all the rare leisure of a recruit officer to diligent practice, and became a most efficient bowler. It is recorded that when the depot of the 52nd was challenged by the town of Bradford that the victory of the 52nd was due to two ensigns of the regiment—Bacon and Monson, the former knock-

ing the Bradford bowling all over the ground, and the latter taking most of the townsmen's wickets. From Bradford and Hull, the regiment was moved in due course to Ireland, where Mr. Monson was sent on a single company detachment. There was, therefore, not much opportunity for cricket, but an officer of sportsmanlike tastes did not at all lack sport in the Ireland of those days. Indeed, Captain Monson looks back on this period of his life as having been a golden time. To hunt with the Blazers, to fish in the Shannon, and to have any amount of shooting was a happy lot for any man of active tastes, and Mr. Monson threw himself into all these sports with characteristic zest and thoroughness. On his return in the ordinary course of duty to Dublin, he was elected captain of the Regimental Cricket Club, and devoted himself to coaching his regimental eleven and to acquiring skill at rackets, a pastime which almost rivals in its attractions the great game of cricket itself, provided the player has attained a reasonable amount of skill. This was the case with Captain Monson, who became an expert at the game.

But from the pleasant round of duty and sport which was the happy lot of a subaltern stationed in Ireland at that time there was to be a change. The 52nd was ordered to India just before the outbreak of the Mutiny, and formed part of the force which marched into Lucknow on the annexation of Oude. Thus the regiment was able to add in the actions of the terrible struggle that followed the laurels already won by it as a part of the immortal Light Brigade in the Peninsula. The 52nd marched to Delhi under the command of General Nichol-

son, a man destined to take his place in history beside its old Peninsula commanders. In all the toils of the march and the weary waiting of the siege of Delhi, Mr. Monson bore his part, but had the bad luck to be struck down by the sickness which crippled our little army before Delhi, and was ordered to the hills as a last chance for life. He partly recovered, but was invalided home, and thus lost his chance of sharing in the crowning glories of the assault and capture of Delhi. After his recovery Mr. Monson joined the 96th and went with them to St. John's, New Brunswick. In 1861 Captain Monson retired from the service, but was for some time Adjutant of the Kent Volunteers under the command of Lord Hardinge. In 1870 the subject of our sketch was appointed Manager of Hurlingham, and it is in this capacity that he is best known to most of our readers. The great success of that Club and its position, social and financial, are in a great measure due to the management of Captain Monson. For even in the history of Hurlingham all has not been a quite unbroken record of prosperity. For two years, indeed, all went well. The pigeon shooting at Hurlingham drew large and fashionable crowds, and the Saturdays were as famous then as they are now. In 1872 the tide of fashion turned away from pigeon shooting, and with the interest in its principal attraction rapidly declining, the membership of the Club began to fall off. But Captain Monson has the gift of seeing an opportunity, and taking advantage of it promptly when seen. Polo was then in its infancy in England, but the Hurlingham manager saw its possibilities. Fortune favoured him as she often does those who take advantage of her offers. The Hurlingham property was offered for sale just

at this time. Captain Monson pressed the purchase on the committee. They had no money, but the sum required—£27,500—was easily raised on mortgage and on debentures, and the Club acquired the freehold of the valuable property, which, increased as it has lately been by the purchase of the Mulgrave property, now extends to 50 acres of land in an improving suburb. What the property will be worth in a few years it would be difficult to say. As soon as the Club was open to polo players its revival was rapid, its success certain.

It is probable too that, while Polo has done much for Hurlingham, to the timely action of the Hurlingham committee and their manager in opening their gates

to the game is due its rapid growth in popular favour. The best matches can be seen at Hurlingham, and the polo world at large has practically taken the Hurlingham committee code of rules as its standard. Polo players perhaps have hardly realised how much they have owed to Captain Monson's sound judgment and prompt action.

Captain Monson became Equerry to H.R.H. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg in 1874, and some years later Comptroller of the duke's Household. He was also for three years Chairman of the Crystal Palace Company, but of all these varied duties in interest, the name of Captain Monson will always be associated most closely with Hurlingham's success.

Napoleon and Wellington as Sportsmen.

THE characters of the two great national Generals of France and England have often been compared and contrasted but I do not think that their personal relations to field sports have ever been brought under particular notice. And yet we may gather from many records that both Napoleon and the English antagonist, who was the principal agent in his overthrow, hunted and shot, each after the fashion of his country and that, if either of them looked to one recreation more than another as an alternative to the serious business of life, it was towards field sports that he turned his eyes. Each did this with a difference, however, for while Wellington looked upon hunting and shooting as a natural and necessary part of a wholesome and well-born Englishman's life, taking

his place in the field simply and without effort as a matter to which he had been accustomed from his youth, neither Napoleon nor any of his associates had any early experience to influence or guide them. They had had small leisure or opportunity for organised amusement during the bloody anxious days of the Revolution or the early struggles of the Republic, the Consulate and the Empire with armed Europe and, when there came a brief pause in the succession of great campaigns, they found it necessary to fall back upon the stately days of the monarchy to find any example of the way in which *la chasse* should in any form be undertaken. Indeed, whatever may have been his subsequent feelings towards sport, there can be little doubt that Napoleon adopted it in the

first instance as a form of amusement because he wanted to emulate the magnificent diversions of the old kings of France and to show that he too could be as stately as the legitimate monarchs, his predecessors on the throne.

It was in 1807, after the Treaty of Tilsit had been concluded, that the Emperor with a great and brilliant following left Paris for Fontainebleau. All his own family had become Kings, Queens, Princes and Princesses. The Marshals of his army and the great officers of State had been endowed with high titles and vast fortunes and all these with their attendant gentlemen and ladies were invited by the conqueror to form his Court at the country palace on the outskirts of the old forest where the kings of France had hunted in the days of their power. For the first time there was a real Court round the Emperor. Hitherto the *entourage* of the monarch had been a kind of parade in which uniforms meant more than persons. Now people were necessarily on more familiar terms: they associated together and had some common, if fleeting, interests. They unbent from the stiff rigidity of official life by joining in the same amusements, and of these the most important in the time which it occupied, in the elaborate preparation which it entailed was the hunting provided for them by their master. The imperial establishment of the chase was raised from the remains of the old Royal Hunt. Some of the old servants still survived and sufficient of the traditional methods and etiquette was remembered to make it easy to have, when it was required, a prompt reconstruction of an efficient pack with all the numerous attendants necessary for a form of sport more remarkable for its dignified pic-

turesqueness than for wild adventure or rude chances. The Forest of Fontainebleau, it must be remembered, presented few of the features which Englishmen are accustomed to associate in their ideas with a hunting country. It comprised an extent of about 55,000 acres covered in part with oaks and beeches of majestic size, in part with broom, heath and underwood. The woodland was traversed in all directions by wide grassy *allées* and winding paths and, as they followed the cry of the hounds, the horsemen confined themselves entirely to these passages, where there were no obstacles and few accidents of ground that could check the course of the most nervous and loosely-seated equestrians. Hunting took place on fixed days, and the Emperor's guests were invited to join the sport either on horseback or, as the wide *allées* gave them the facility of driving, in richly-appointed carriages.

Of course, in all the preparations for an Imperial chase such as this, costume had a large part and, Napoleon having directed that the ladies should have a particular dress, the Empress Josephine, who took deep delight in details of the toilette, agreed very willingly. Madame de Remusat thus records the result: "The famous costumier Leroy was consulted and a very brilliant uniform was arranged. Each princess selected a different colour for herself and her household. The costume of the Empress was amaranth velvet embroidered with gold, with a *togque* also embroidered in gold and a plume of white feathers. All the ladies-in-waiting wore amaranth. Queen Hortense chose blue and silver; Madame Murat pink and silver; Princess Borghese, lilac and silver. The dress was a sort of tunic, or short

redingote, in velvet worn over a gown of embroidered white satin; velvet boots to match the dress and a *toque* with a white plume. The Emperor and all the gentlemen wore green coats with gold or silver lace. These brilliant costumes, worn either on horseback or in carriages and by a numerous assemblage, had a charming effect in the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau."

Napoleon understood little and cared less about the science of hunting but, in this as in everything else, he demanded success and would scold violently if the deer were not taken, even though the failure was entirely by his own fault. If anybody hinted to him that, by over-riding the hounds, he had carried them off the scent, he was furious and would not admit that anything which he had done could by any possibility be wrong. As a matter of fact, he really belonged to the "liver" brigade of sportsmen and one of his main objects in hunting was the exercise which it forced him to take rather than the pleasure of the chase itself. He never kept his eye on the hounds or attended to what they were doing but, setting off at a gallop, would take the first road that lay before him. As the greater number of the field knew as little as he did and considered themselves bound to follow where their master led, the difficulties of his huntsman may be easily imagined.

The great Emperor was fairly at home in the saddle but he had a very loose seat and, possessing by no means the build and figure of a horseman, he rode most ungracefully. His favourite horses were Arabs and they were very carefully broken for him as, from his habit of starting at full gallop with a loose rein, every precaution had to be taken to save

him from disaster. He always maintained top speed up or down hill and not unfrequently his carelessness brought him severe falls, though he was much annoyed if these were mentioned and, if he came home with a muddy coat, no courtier dared openly remark it. Apropos of his falls, I may be allowed here to repeat a story about the freedom of speech which the Emperor allowed to his old soldiers, more especially to the "Guides" who always formed his escort on a campaign. One day in Germany the horse of a "Guide" on advanced guard slipped up and gave the man a fall. As he was picking himself up, the Emperor passed and called him a "*maladroit*." A minute later the horse of the Emperor, who was thinking of other things rather than of supporting the animal by hand and leg, slipped also and put him down. While his equerry was helping him on to another horse, the "Guide" who had remounted and was galloping past to take his place in front, said loud enough for his Majesty to hear "It appears that I am not the only '*maladroit*' to-day."

There seems to have been a good deal of picnic eating and drinking as part of every day's sport. Having arrived at the forest, the whole court found a table spread for their refreshment before they mounted or took to the carriages and all the hunt servants and people casually employed were equally fortified, for the Emperor, if he paid little attention to his own eating and drinking, was, at least, always liberal and hospitable in his provision for his guests and dependants.

On the evening of hunting days there was always a grand torch-light *curée* in the courtyard surrounded by balconies, in which

were assembled all the company staying at the palace. The hounds were held in leash by a line of the gorgeously liveried hunt servants armed with whips and in the centre lay the body of the stag. At a given signal the skin was removed and then the horns sounded "*le pillage*"; the hounds were slipped and threw themselves on their prey which they rapidly broke up and disposed of.

Besides his stag-hunting, Napoleon went in sometimes for shooting and, though a most indifferent and dangerous shot, he seems rather to have prided himself on his performances with the gun. We are told that, when Marie Louise was making her journey to Compiègne, where her Imperial spouse awaited her, she rested for a night at Vitry. Amidst the brilliant reception which she received from her new subjects in that town, one of the Emperor's pages arrived covered with dust, having ridden post from Compiègne, and laid at the feet of the young Empress a brace of partridges which Napoleon had shot on the previous day. He evidently considered that game killed by his august hand was well fitted for an Imperial *gage d'amour*. A good story is told of the Emperor's dangerous shooting. Marshal Massena, Prince of Essling, was one of a shooting party at Fontainebleau. Napoleon fired at a pheasant but, missing his bird, put a pellet into Massena's left eye, destroying the sight. There was no doubt that one shot only had been fired but the Marshal was sufficiently of a courtier to ignore who had fired it and promptly laid the blame of carelessness on Berthier whose gun was undischarged. Napoleon and probably all the rest of the party quite understood the discreet

intention of Massena who was forthwith overwhelmed with attentions by his master and raised for the time to the highest favour.

Among the extra attendants at the hunting and shooting parties, non-commissioned officers of the battalion of the Old Guard on duty at Fontainebleau were often employed and these veteran warriors were rewarded with a share of the game killed, a welcome addition to the rather indifferent rations which were their usual fare. It must have been rather a change of scene for the men who had marched as conquerors over Europe to find themselves taking part, with the great chief whom they so much venerated, in a battue where the game was not man.

One of Napoleon's shooting exploits little commends itself to any ideas of sport prevalent in England at any time and seems to have been a scene of butchery unrelieved by any scintillation of a higher feeling. It very possibly was suggested to his mind, always delighting in the precedents of classical history, by the performance of the Roman Emperor Commodus, who, in the public arena, slew with his unerring arrow the various savage animals collected from the distant recesses of his wide dominions. But Napoleon was not a Commodus as a marksman and the beasts on which he exercised his very moderate skill were few and mean compared to the victims of Roman slaughter. The forest of Fontainebleau was searched for days and fifty wild boars with two wolves, there taken alive, were then placed in an enclosure surrounded by a high wooden palisading. In the centre of this enclosure a gallery was constructed, raised on piles, and here were placed seats for the

accommodation of the Court which arrived at two in the afternoon. The boars and wolves were below, struggling, poor brutes, to leap the palisades and more like rats in a pit than anything else. The Emperor began the performance by firing at the boars and, when he was tired of the easy slaughter, he allowed some of the distinguished men about him to finish the "*fête*" (!) The wolves were left to be the last victims as they seem to have afforded some extra amusement by their maddened efforts to escape from the cruel scene of death. Truly the whole afternoon's entertainment appears to have been most ignominious and degrading to the many gallant Frenchmen and fair ladies who took part in it.

No. Though in some measure he thought to countenance sport and to share in it, Napoleon was no sportsman. He could take delight in killing and probably he may have had pleasure in the spirit-stirring rush of the chase, but he had no sympathy with nature and had none of that generous disposition which gives to all game some chance of escape, however small, and finds its real satisfaction in the contest that pits the intelligence and skill of man against the instinct and powers of field and forest creatures. Sport is catholic and all sportsmen are brothers in one sympathetic feeling but Napoleon certainly did not enter the fraternity.

* * * * *

A man of good family who was born and had spent his earliest days in Ireland could not fail to have had sporting instincts implanted in his mind and, naturally, in his maturity found some outlet for the abounding energy of an exceptionally powerful physique in the joys of sport by flood and field. Without being a past

master in the sciences of hunting and shooting, Wellington took in their pursuit a real pleasure and more than held his own among his contemporaries both with the gun and in the saddle. Unlike Napoleon, there is no definite date in his life, on which it may be said that he took to sport, nor can it be assumed that he either hunted or shot at any time with the idea of emulating a predecessor or a rival. He was brought up to look upon sport as the natural recreation of an English gentleman. He enjoyed it as a simple English gentleman, encouraging and assisting all the gentlemen with whom he associated to enjoy it also. That he looked upon hunting as an important factor in the military efficiency of the army's officers we know from Lord Vivian, himself an old brother in arms of Wellington, who said during a debate in Parliament on the Game Laws that the Duke had declared to him "that he always found the men who followed hounds brave and valiant soldiers."

During his early manhood Wellington was too poor and too much occupied in constantly changing scenes of employment to be able to engage in any expensive and time-absorbing amusements and in his years of active service in India he was cut off from all pursuit of European sport, while big game hunting and pigsticking did not become part of an officer's life in the East till a later day. When he went to command the army in the Peninsula however, he was able to indulge his tastes and he provided for the occasional long periods of forced inaction by keeping a pack of hounds which hunted regularly twice a week. The pack of Lord Wellington or as he was always called "the Peer" consisted of sixteen couples

of working hounds and was hunted by the energetic Captain Wood. If the establishment had had no other *raison d'être*, it proved its value by making all those who followed its fortunes thoroughly acquainted with a large extent of the neighbouring country, a knowledge which, in some very easily conceivable circumstances, might have had the highest value. Captain Wood in particular appears to have been frequently referred to by staff and other officers to tell them in what direction certain places lay and what were the best routes by which to arrive at them.

Mr. Gleig who served as a combatant officer in the Peninsular and, afterwards taking holy orders, became Chaplain General to the army thus tells of Lord Wellington's pack: "Lord Wellington's foxhounds were unkenelled; and he himself took the field regularly twice a week. . . . I need not say that few packs in any country could be better attended. Not that the horses of all the hunting men were of the best breed or of the gayest appearance; but what was wanting in individual splendour was made up by the number of Nimrods; nor would it be easy to discover a field more fruitful in laughable occurrences, which no man more heartily enjoyed than the gallant Marquis himself. When the hounds were out, he was no longer the Commander of the forces, the General-in-Chief of three nations and the representative of three sovereigns, but the gay merry country gentleman, who rode at everything, and laughed as loud when he fell himself as when he witnessed the fall of a brother sportsman."

In "Charles O'Malley" too, Lever devotes two or three pages of inimitable description to a day with Lord Wellington's hounds and tells of the humours of the

scene in a manner which shows that he is only repeating what had been narrated to him by an eye-witness.

It has been erroneously supported by many people that Lord Wellington's pack in the Peninsula was the origin of the famous Calpe hounds, which have for so many long years been maintained by the garrison of Gibraltar and have hunted the Andalusian country in the neighbourhood of the Rock. This is not the case however. Besides the Commander-in-Chief's hounds there was another pack in the Peninsular army and this, at the conclusion of the war, found its way to the great fortress, where it has flourished as an honoured and beneficent institution to our own day.

Wellington delighted in a good horse and, for purposes of duty and pleasure, was always superbly mounted. In Spain he kept a stud of eight good hunters and indeed he needed first-class cattle to do the amount of work that he exacted from them. With an army cantoned over a wide extent of country, it required a General of all his indefatigable activity and iron powers to keep an eye upon every detail and to rouse the energies of sometimes slothful and careless subordinates. As an ordinary incident we are told how, on a non-hunting day, he started, after transacting business till 12 o'clock, and rode from Frenada to Ciudad Rodrigo, seventeen miles, inspected the wounded in hospital and was back again in five and a half hours to dinner. Again, he rode over to see General Cole's division six leagues distant, his hounds being also sent over; he hunted on the following day, and then returned to headquarters. It appears to have been in the Peninsula that he became the

owner of the celebrated Copenhagen, the good steed that carried him throughout the long day at Waterloo and was so fresh at the end of it that he indulged in a playful kick when his great master dismounted. Wellington bought Copenhagen from Sir Charles Stewart, afterwards the Marquis of Londonderry and never did horse enter upon a nobler destiny than did the gallant chestnut when he passed into the Commander-in-Chief's stable.

Like all good sportsmen, Wellington was very careful about his turn out in the field, as indeed, with all his usual simplicity of surroundings, he was under all circumstances. He was very natty and particular about his dress and always wore the most well-fitting breeches and accurately made Hessians or hunting boots. When out with his hounds he sported the dress of the Salisbury hunt, at that time pale blue with a black collar, and no doubt was thus in very marked contrast to the rest of the field whose kits had been much curtailed by the accidents of campaigning.

That Wellington was really keen about hunting cannot be doubted and, in his sport, he liked to throw off for the time all the cares of his position. General Murray, the Adjutant-General, said that on hunting days he could get almost anything done, for his chief stood whip in hand ready to start and soon despatched all business. Some of the subordinate generals used to come and hunt, on the chance of having a few words with the Commander-in-Chief, and would then introduce business into the conversation and get him to answer them in a hasty way, saying what he did not intend but which they acted upon. This annoyed Wellington very much. "Oh, d——n them," said

he, "I won't speak to them again when we are hunting."

After his career of victory in Spain, the Duke (as he had then become) of Wellington was in Paris during the Restoration of the Monarchy. It is amusing to read of his experiences in stag hunting with the Royal Princes, the Ducs de Berri and D'Angoulême. As long as the going was easy and there were no obstacles the Bourbons rode with enthusiasm well to the front, but when the stag took to the open and brook, fence or wall presented itself, they had at once to yield their pride of place and were quite out of it. It was then that Wellington's iron nerve and eagle eye came into play and he went like a bird, he and his staff having all the fun to themselves.

Whether Wellington's hunting experience helped him in his wonderful and instantaneous grasp of the features of a field of battle or whether his close study of ground for military purposes gave him afterwards an instinctive perception of the best way to get to hounds no one, of course, can tell. Certain it is that he had an extraordinary eye for country and, on one occasion at least, this faculty stood him in good stead at a critical moment. Previous to the battle of Assye, he wished, in order to attack the left of the Mahratta position, to take his army across the river Kaitna. This river has very steep banks and the natives protested that there was no ford, but General Wellesley (as he was then) saw that there were two villages, Pipplegon and Burrood, on opposite sides of the river and inferred from this fact that there must be a ford as the villages must have some means of communication. He acted on his inference, passed his army suc-

cessfully across the river and was able to take up the favourable position which enabled him to gain his first victory.

Nothing shows real sportsman-like feeling and true kindness of heart more than a sympathy with other men and a readiness to aid them when their means are small and they would otherwise be debarred from one of life's greatest pleasures. These qualities Wellington had in a high degree. Lord W. Lennox tells an anecdote of the Duke's conduct to him. Lennox was his aide-de-camp in Paris and, on one occasion, when he was to accompany him stag-hunting, the Duke was suddenly detained by important business. He sent for Lennox and said "Elmore is sent on for me. As he is short of work you had better ride him. Don't knock him about."

Only too delighted, Lennox mounted Elmore, a magnificent horse which had only just arrived from England and for which the Duke had given a long price. The horse went brilliantly in the run and many of the Royal field were anxious to buy him, in fact the Duke could have commanded any price if he chose to sell. On the way home, to the aide-de-camp's horror, Elmore began to go lame and the stud groom (Turnham, a very well known character) shook his head over the case when he examined the horse's legs. Lennox was in a terrible state of mind at having disabled the Duke's best horse, but, in the course of the evening, he screwed up his courage to tell what had happened.

"Can't be helped," said the Duke in his usual quick voice, "Hope it's not as bad as you think. Accidents will happen."

The next morning Lennox visited the stables at an early

hour, hoping to find Elmore better, but no, the poor horse was dead lame. In the course of the forenoon he was sent for by the Duke and obeyed the order with fear and trembling. He was addressed "Turnham tells me Elmore must be blistered and turned out—" (here the aide-de-camp quaked at what was to follow) "I've heard all particulars. You're not to blame, but—" (here the terror became more acute) "I can't afford to run the chance of losing all my best horses, so in future—you shall have the brown horse and the chestnut mare and, if you knock them up, you must afterwards mount yourself."

There are not so many anecdotes to be found of the Duke's performances with the gun as in the saddle. He constantly through life joined shooting parties and enjoyed a day in coverts or in the turnips as much as any man, though he did not, and indeed could not on account of his vast amount of public business, devote much time to the sport. Apparently he suffered, as so many men do, from the kick of the gun cutting his hand. He told Lord Stanhope of himself "In 1825, the last time I was in Paris I went out shooting with Charles X. in the forest of St. Germain. . . . Altogether we brought home 1,700 head of game. I killed two hundred odd for my own share. When I came afterwards to dine at Lord Stuart's, I found my hand quite destroyed—I was obliged to tie it up."

Wellington is to be found, once at any rate, in the position of a man who has severely peppered a friend while shooting, but unlike Napoleon in similar circumstances, he is led by no false pride into wishing to conceal from the world what he has done and is full of

genuine distress and concern about the mischief of which he has accidentally been the instrument. When he was shooting with Lord Granville at Wherstead Lodge in 1822 or 1823, he accidentally shot his host in the face and Lady Georgiana Fullerton who records the circumstance remembers the deep feeling which he showed on the occasion, the tears streaming down his face. Keen indeed must have been the sorrow and solicitude that stirred the Iron Duke to such emotion.

Till he began to feel the burden of years and infirmity field sports continued steadily to be the principal form of recreation in the life of the greatest English soldier-statesman of the 19th century.

He cannot have been a mere road rider up to a very late period for, in 1838 when he was 69 years old, he had an alarming fall, though fortunately with no ill results. Alas! The inroads of time were at last felt by that

powerful frame which had stood so much storm and stress in England's service and the music of hounds, the merry sounds of woodland sport were no longer to delight the old hero. Shooting he gave up when he was 65 and, though till nigh the day of his death the wiry form, on which his countrymen looked with so much reverence, was to be seen daily on horseback, he hunted no more after he was 70. A true and loyal Englishman ceased to enjoy England's most cherished sport.

Have I said enough to show the individual relations of two great men to one of the minor interests of life? It appears to me that, in sport, as in many other more important matters, Napoleon, despite his colossal genius and mental power, was a selfish charlatan. Wellington in this, as in anything else, was such an Englishman as we like to think of "true in word and tried in deed."

C. STEIN.

Animal Painters.*

XXXVII.—DAVID DALBY.

BY SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

LIKE many of those artists whose works have been noticed in this series, Dalby's life is shrouded in an obscurity which research at this date fails to dissipate. He was born about the year 1790 and was probably a Yorkshireman; but where he first saw the light, who were his parents, how or where he received his education, under what circumstances he adopted the brush as a means of livelihood, and where and when he died, I cannot discover. It is certain that for some years he resided at York, and that he left that city to seek a home in Leeds; and the fact that this migration took place very shortly after the publication of a sketch he made caricaturing the Sheriff, appears at once to furnish a motive for his change of residence, and also to indicate that Dalby occasionally employed his talents with more ability than discretion. We may also infer from this incident that the painter was of humble parentage, as the resentment of a Sheriff would scarcely supply a young man whose belongings possessed local standing and influence with sufficient motive for such a step as departure to a distant town. Dalby appears to have had a struggle for his bread after he settled in Leeds, as we are informed that he painted pictures of the "pot boiling" order for a dealer there; however that may be, his gifts in course of time won the recognition which is their due,

and he found patrons among the most prominent of North-country sportsmen in the second and third decades of the century.

Dalby's style of painting is chaste and much resembles that of J. F. Herring; and if he could not impart to the coats of his race-horses the wonderful texture in which Herring's brush excelled, his horses are at all events anatomically correct in drawing, while his hunting pieces are superior in their grouping and also in sporting technique. Dalby was not only a good horseman, as we see by the manner in which he puts his men in their saddles; he also understood fox-hunting and could prove his knowledge on his canvas; Herring knew more of coaching than of fox-hunting, and thus Dalby had the advantage over him in this department of art.

It is by his hunting scenes, and by the portraits of racehorses which North-country sportsmen commissioned him to paint that Dalby is known. One of his earliest patrons was Richard Watt, Esq., of Bishop Burton; it was for Mr. Watt that he painted that remarkable portrait of a wonderful horse; his picture of the famous *Blacklock* to whom we trace the best blood on the English turf to-day. This portrait which is now in possession of the present owner of Bishop Burton, is life size, and is a most life-like presentation of the great sire. The picture, which was painted in the year 1823, was sold at Christie's on May 9th, 1892, when it fell to Mr. E. R. B. Hall Watt's bid of 20 guineas. *Blacklock* it

* Under this heading will be continued monthly the series of brief articles connected with the lives of painters whose works appertain to animal life and sport, and who lived between the years 1600 and 1860.



From a Painting by David Dalby, 1841.

LORD HAREWOOD'S HUNT. NO. III. THE DEATH.

1815, ran until the York August Meeting of 1819, and died in 1831. But we must not allow the horse to absorb attention to the exclusion of the artist.

Two years before he painted the portrait of *Blacklock*, in 1821, Dalby executed for Mr. T. O. Powlett a picture of *Jack Spigot*, winner of the Doncaster St. Leger of that year, with his jockey up. This picture was engraved in small size by T. Sutherland, and published in colours by T. Sotheran, of York, whose business as a bookseller, by the way, did not prevent his holding the office of Clerk of the Course.

In 1823 Dalby painted a hunting picture called "*Down Hill*," which serves to display the artist's knowledge of both the horse and horsemanship. It represents a man in the fashionable hunting dress of the period—scarlet double-breasted tail coat, closely buttoned, tall beaver hat, and blue choker tie with white spots—on a black hunter which he is handing down a high and steep bank. The rider's pose, as he sits well back to relieve his mount's forehead, is cleverly treated. Size of canvas 11½ inches by 9 inches.

In 1826, for Mr. Conssett Dryden, he did the portrait of *White Legs*, a celebrated hunter; this is a painting of considerable merit. It is now in the possession of Thomas Parrington, Esq., of Whitby, Yorkshire; as also is another excellent sketch in oil by Dalby, namely, a portrait of "*Done Up*," a chestnut hunter ridden by a sportsman in pink with the blue and white spotted choker tie which appears to have been the "correct thing" for wear in the hunting field at that date.

In 1834 he painted a picture of *Bram*, by Humphrey Clinker. Bram won his share of honours on

the turf; he ran second to Touchstone in the St. Leger of 1834, in which year he was purchased by Sir Edward Baker for 1,300 guineas. He was bred by Lord Sligo, and was foaled in 1831. In 1837 Dalby painted the portrait of *Mango*, by Emilius. *Mango* was bred in 1834 by C. C. Greville, Esq., for whom, in Sam Day's hands, he won the St. Leger of 1837; he also won many other races.

The artist did not confine himself exclusively to horse portraits; he painted in 1834 for Edward Howard, Esq., a picture of *Leam*, a celebrated retriever, which was bred by the Marquess of Carmarthen. An engraving from this picture appeared in the *New Sporting Review*, vol. viii.

For Mr. William Scott, Dalby painted the portrait of *Blacklock's* well-known son, *Vlocipede*, winner of the York St. Leger in 1828. The size of this canvas is 29 inches by 24 inches.

To revert to the artist's fox-hunting pictures. In 1824 he painted three hunting pieces, "*Lord Harewood's Hunt*," (as the Bramham Moor was called during the twenty years of Lord Harewood's mastership) at Knaresborough. No. 1 shows men waiting in easy attitudes for the hounds; a clump of trees forms an effective background; in the right distance the pack with huntsman and whipper-in are approaching, through a stream. The eight gentlemen are evidently portraits, but whom it is not possible now to discover. No 2, *Full Cry*, shows the pack with huntsman in attendance, driving through a wide stretch of water; and No. 3, *The Death*, hounds are the near foreground breaking their fox. These pictures, which are in the writer's possession, are

will be remembered was foaled in 1815, ran until the York August Meeting of 1819, and died in 1831. But we must not allow the horse to absorb attention to the exclusion of the artist.

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of uniform size, thus showing that they are of a series. They are very cleverly drawn; again we recognise Dalby's close and careful study of horse and hound in action, and the workmanlike style in which he puts his men in their saddles.

Dalby, for all his talent, does not appear to have succeeded in achieving an independence, for we find that at one time Mr. Dryden, Mr. John Booth,* and others clubbed together to guarantee him twenty hunters to paint at three guineas each. That such an arrangement should have been suggested at all, indicates that the

* Mr. Booth, of Killerby, Yorkshire : a yeoman farmer and famous breeder of Shorthorns, he was also one of the best known hunting men in the north of England, and had a great reputation as a wit.

artist was in want when he had many admirers; and the fact that he gladly accepted the commission, modest though the remuneration was, confirms the impression that this guarantee was in the nature of a charity.

With the number of patrons and friends upon whose support Dalby could reckon, he should at least have been able to realise a competence; but had he reaped only a share of the success to which his talents entitled him, it would surely be possible to trace his later career. As it is, we lose sight of him in middle age, when he passes into the unknown. The only conclusion is that the man was his own enemy, and that the kindly exertion of friends failed to save him from himself.

Huntsmen of Bygone Days.

II.—JOHN HOITT.

It is impossible to write of John Hoitt without some preliminary reference to the patron to whom he was indebted for his first start in life, and to whose sympathetic comprehension of character he owed his introduction to the career for which he was so peculiarly fitted. It was no other than William Somerville, sportsman and poet, whose attention John Hoitt, as a lad, was fortunate enough to attract. In his best known work, "The Chase," we find love of nature and sound practical knowledge of sport directed by true poetic genius; the least careful reader cannot fail to recognise in that immortal poem the fruit of a wealth of experience in the hunting field. The illustration shows the old

Manor House of Edstone in Warwickshire, where William Somerville was born in 1692, and where, on July 17th, 1748, he died.

• John Hoitt, according to the record, was born at Henley-in-Arden, the son of humble parents. In his earliest childhood he betrayed the bent of his tastes, as is so often the case with children upon whom nature has bestowed special gifts; gifts which, if recognised and fostered, will lead to eminence.

History provides many instances of this inborn instinct for the career destiny has predetermined. Bonaparte was a soldier from his cradle. At school the games of his companions had no charm for him, the history and the art of war absorbed him

in his play hours, and he had made his mark as an artillery officer before he was twenty. Handel was born a musician, and Fuseli, realising his own gifts in early childhood, studied art and embraced the career of a painter in the face of consistent and violent opposition on the part of his parents.

John Hoitt, almost as soon as he could walk, made obvious the direction of his proclivities, evincing the passion for out-of-door life and the affection for stable and kennel which denotes the incipient sportsman. How his life would have shaped had his "varmint" tastes not been observed by Somervile we need not conjecture, but he was fortunate in that the patronage of the sportsman-poet placed him in a position where his genius for the field was certain to be afforded opportunity for development. Taken on at Edstone Manor House as one of Somervile's household, he began as a sort of general factotum, cleaning boots and knives, rubbing down the horses, feeding the pigs, doing the heavy work for the maids, and we may suspect officiating as "whipping-boy" to the servants' hall when things went wrong and compelled the attention of master or mistress. His life was not long one of drudgery, however, Somervile recognising aptitude initiated the young man into the mysteries of the chase. Under his master's able tuition John Hoitt learned to find a hare—it is hardly necessary to remind the reader that puss in those days was the beast of chase *par excellence*—to handle his hounds, to hunt puss and kill her. His service at Edstone terminated only at Somervile's death, when, having followed to the grave the master who had done so much for him,

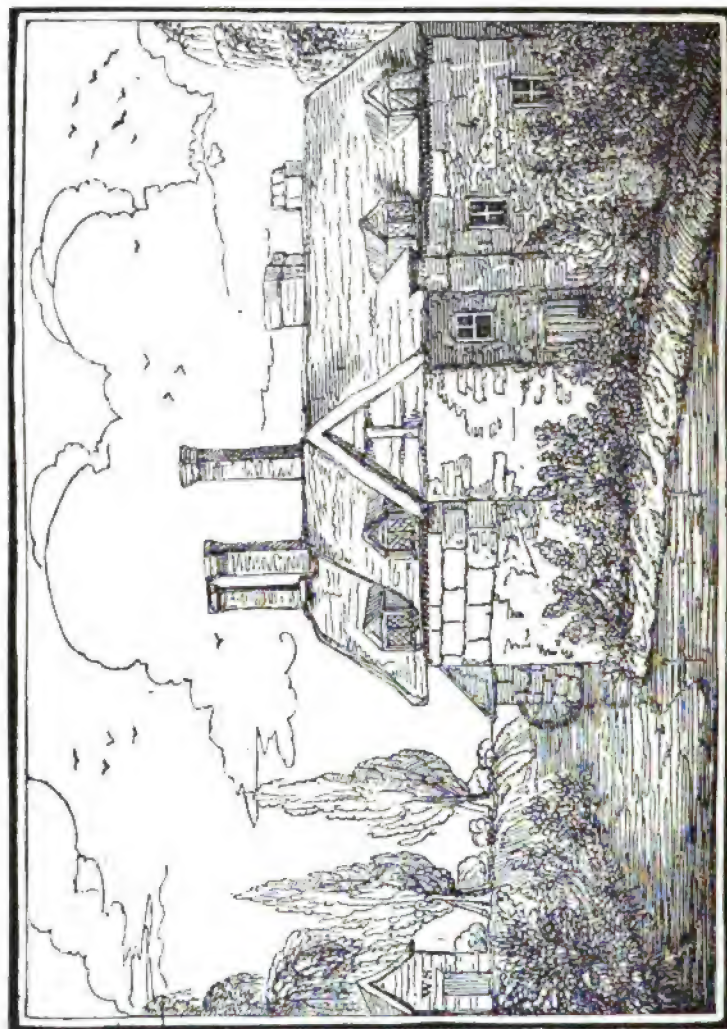
John Hoitt sorrowfully sought another situation.

I cannot, however, follow his long career throughout which it is impossible to doubt a sportsman so keen and enthusiastic did his duty faithfully. I come at once to the old huntsman's last day with hounds, an episode which is at once stirring and pathetic. It was in 1804 that John Hoitt, then 77 years of age, and long retired from active work in the saddle, like the sinking lamp which throws up its final flare ere it expires, expressed his ardent wish to once more handle a pack of hounds, and taste for the last time the joys of times departed. This desire, evincing the strength of the "ruling passion," Hoitt's master determined to gratify, exclaiming with love:—

"Yet live! I give thee one illustrious day,
One blaze of glory ere thou fad'st away."

It was a kindly thought that prompted Hoitt's master to ask permission of Sir Edward Smith, Lord of the Manor of Wootton Wawen, to hunt in the near neighbourhood of Edstone that the old huntsman might enjoy his last day's sport among the surroundings familiarised by his first lessons in venery, and of which he cherished so affectionate a recollection. Leave to hunt the lands about Somervile's old residence was cordially given, and the leading residents bestirred themselves to mark the occasion. The Vicar of Wootton and some other gentlemen took the matter in hand, and invitations were issued to the surrounding landowners and farmers to meet at Sir Edward's mansion, and to a dinner at the Bull's Head, Wootton, afterwards.

The 10th February, 1804, was the date fixed for John Hoitt's farewell hunt. It was a lovely



THE MANOR HOUSE, EDSTONE, WARWICKSHIRE.
THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE POET WILLIAM SOMERVILE.

of the day. They had a rare good hare to pilot them, and after standing up for a very fast hour and eighteen minutes she was pulled down eight miles from the find.

This run concluded a day's hunting, brilliant at any time, but tenfold more gratifying to all under the circumstances; and the invited guests jogged back to Wootton to the dinner. Fifty sat down; wine, we are told, was not included, but ale was on tap in rivers, and rosy punch to follow when the table was cleared. When the cloth had been removed the hero of the day was called up to propose a toast, and John Hoitt's last public utterance was one which shows the old man to have been one of nature's gentlemen. He gave "The memory of my old master, Mr. Somerville; and may you all, gentlemen, enjoy hunting as much as he did and live to enjoy it as long as I have. A good health to you all, and God bless you for ever!" At what hour the company sat down we are not told; but songs, toasts, stories of sport and blood-curdling yarns of the supernatural (be it remembered that "Sibley's Astrology" was nearly a new book in 1804, and few men but believed in the power of the learned to raise the ghosts of the dead) with the added allurements of rum punch kept the roysterers round the board till the small hours. It may be doubted whether the jovial party had broken up before dawn, had not the village clock, striking at a moment when temporary silence gave it a chance of throwing its tongue to be heard, reminded them of such matters as wakeful wives and curtain lectures.

It seems as though this last day's sport and joviality was indeed the final flicker of the sinking lamp. This leave-taking of

horse and hound was too much for old John; it is true that he survived the great day for some eight years, but in giving up sport he practically gave up life, sinking into a condition mental and physical which made death a kindly release. His gravestone bears the following epitaph, written by the vicar of Wootton Wawen, who voiced the feelings of all those among whom John Hoitt's life had been passed:—

"Here lies the body of John Hoitt, of Henley-in-Arden, who died the 2nd day of May 1812, aged 85 years. He was huntsman to Mr. William Somerville and others nearly 70 years; but his occupation in the field, where he eminently excelled, did not preclude his attention to other business or prevent him bring up a large family, by care and industry, with credit; the eldest of whom, Thomas, caused this stone to be erected to his memory, as a small token of his duty and affection."

The lines which our forefathers were wont to engrave upon the headstones of the departed are more often noteworthy for quaintness than more solid merit; but these, added by the worthy vicar, are distinguished by simplicity and elegance of diction not less than by grace of thought:—

"Here Hoitt, all his sport and labour past,
Joins his loved master Somerville at last.
Together wont the echoing fields to try,
Together now in silent dust they lie.
Tenant and Lord; when once we yield
our breath
Huntsman and Poet are alike in death,
Life's motley drama calls for powers and
men
Of different casts to fill her changeful
scene;
But all the merit that we justly prize,
Not in the part, but in the acting lies;
And as the lyre, so may huntsman's horn
Fame's trumpet rival, and his name
adorn."

G.

Reminiscences of the Staff College.

BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

FIVE-AND-THIRTY years ago the great Staff School which has turned out so many distinguished men and rendered such good service to the Army and to the State was hardly appreciated as it deserved. Old officers, the last survivors of a passing generation, laughed at its training and despised its graduates. I remember myself when making my bow before a great official at the Horse Guards at the end of my college course being told that I had loafed there long enough, and that it was time for me to go back to my regiment and do a little duty. I had fondly hoped that after criticising the campaigns of Wellington and Napoleon I was already the makings of a great commander. No doubt it was a wholesome tonic to be snubbed by one's regimental C.O., but at the time I shared the disgust of a comrade for whom I heard the Colonel apologise at an inspection parade: "You must make allowances for him, sir, because he has only just returned from the Staff College." The Generals to whom the newly-instructed Staff Officers were attached were not always appreciative or complimentary. "We want none of that nonsense here," said one, when his Brigade-Major suggested trying the new order for attack as practised in Prussia; and I know another who contemptuously attached a magnifying glass to one of his draft minutes because his short-sighted Staff Officer—a mere student—could not decipher the writing.

As to the character of the course of instruction or its value in turning out useful men, I forbear to speak further than to point to

some of those who are now at the top of the tree. The Headquarter Staff is almost entirely made up of them. Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General, the Inspector-General of Fortifications, the Military Secretary, and the Deputy-Adjutant-General, with a host of lesser lights, were students of the Staff College. Lord Wolseley himself was at the "senior department," the old nucleus around which the College was formed. There are many more, some still serving, some gone over to the majority. General East, the present Governor of the Military College, General Knowles commanding at Cairo, General Goodenough at the Cape, General Black in China, Sir John Ardagh, the head of the Intelligence Department, and many others are still serving with distinction. Among those who have gone, stands first and foremost poor Sir George Colley, whose fine character will soon be properly vindicated by the appearance of his memoirs, which Sir William Butler has in hand; Sir Thomas Baker, most gallant of soldiers, who died all too soon, with the appointment of Commander-in-Chief in India in his pocket; General Lynch; Colonel (Tommy) Gonne; Sir William Elles, whom long Indian service claimed as a sacrifice last year—they make up a long roll of men who might well have been spared.

One good point can never be denied to Staff College men, the wish to improve themselves, to get out of the ruck and qualify by study for the higher grades. Men who felt they had something in them, who at least were ambitious and not afraid of work, were

afforded an opportunity of showing what they were worth. In my time work and play were happily alternated; we sometimes worked in our play, sometimes played in our work. We benefited by our long rides about the neighbourhood in acquiring practical knowledge of the country; when we called at any of the hospitable houses around, we discussed plans for putting it in a state of defence, or calculated the number of troopers its stables would hold. We were a light-hearted lot, being mostly young and very sanguine about the still unknown future; we never took life too seriously, and could joke even in the lecture-room in the very face of the gravest professors.

Some of these professors afforded us a great deal of amusement; some were shy, some overbearing, some, I fear, not too fond of work. There was Captain W., a professor whose province was military law and administration, and who was put to utter confusion one day when detailing the method of hospital transport to India. An irreverent student, who afterwards became the head of military education in India, checked the lecturer by asking him to explain whether "four Dhoolies carried one Coolie or four Coolies carried one Dhoolie." The lecture abruptly terminated that day. In mathematics we had two learned professors, one of whom loved to run riot with his chalk over the black board in the expansion of equations. I remember how "Benjy" (as we called him) was completely upset when one of his class suggested that he had lost some of his p 's and q 's. We had another way, I am constrained to admit, of dealing with Benjy when he wearied us with his interminable series of x 's and y 's and p 's and q 's. Some one would grate his

boots over the floor (there were no carpets in our lecture-room), and the signal which meant "we have had enough" quickly roused the whole class to do the same. At this overt expression of disapproval, not to say mutiny, Benjy would dash his cleaning rag over the black-board in despair, erase all the figures, and run out of the room. The other (and senior) mathematical master was an admirable teacher, who always called the diagram he drew a "figewer." He was a clergyman, and we always knew when "Johnnie" (his familiar name) was going on a holiday by his exchanging his white for a bright blue tie. Johnnie treated the advanced mathematics, and I well remember his measureless contempt for one student who complained that he was unable to understand some knotty point in quadratics. This ignorance of the most elementary matters drove Johnnie to say, "Then I don't know what you are doing here."

These were the civilians. We had soldier teachers also, who might perhaps exact more reverence, but they were much of our own rank and standing—members of the same Mess; and, with one exception, their authority did not greatly impose on us. The exception was Sir Edward Hamley, at that time professor of military history—a subject which some say he mastered in teaching, but which he mastered to some purpose, as is proved by the great works he subsequently contributed to military literature. Hamley disliked extremely being interrupted; he spoke rather fast, and when he was dealing with foreign names, rather indistinctly. It was sometimes impossible to follow him in our notes, and on one occasion a certain student (I often see him now at my club) was bold

enough to ask him to repeat the names of two villages in Bohemia connected with Frederic the Great's Campaign of 1757. Hamley paused, looked daggers at the questioner, repeated the names rather more indistinctly than before, and went on.

Hamley was full of grim humour, which he sometimes vented on the essays submitted to him. His remarks at the end of each were often marvels of incisive criticism. He was intolerant of verbosity, and laughed at any pretentious expressions. "Why," he asked once, "should German mountains be given French names in an English essay?" "This is mere balderdash," he said of another effusion by a man who has since commanded an army in the field.

We had two other military professors—one for drawing, the other for fortification and artillery. The first, Captain F——, will long be remembered at the College, where many stories of him are preserved. I recall one in particular, which may have grown by this time into a chestnut, but I will risk repeating it. It was on the occasion of a visit of inspection made by Prince Consort (now alas! very many years ago), and His Royal Highness was greatly interested with the plans and sketches exhibited by the students. "How were these executed?" he asked—"with what instrument I mean?" "With a prismatic Highness, your Royal Compass," promptly answered Captain F——. This professor was generally called His Royal Compass in after years. Candour compels me to say that, although a beautiful artist in topographical drawing, he was not a good teacher. With those who showed aptitude, or whom he thought industrious, he would take some pains. It was a

good thing to be thought well of by F——. The advantage came with the allotment of marks for work done. On one occasion, when dealing with the triangulation, which was a part of our surveying course, F—— accepted as the standard of excellence the work of two "good boys," who stuck to their work, and never went to croquet parties, or ran up to town. All our triangulations were compared with this, and were marked high or low the nearer or farther they were from the model. Ill-natured people declared afterwards that the "good boys" had copied their triangulation from an old one executed by a previous class, and that it was in due course proved to be inaccurate. This, let us hope, was only a *bonne histoire*. F——, good easy man, was often the victim and plaything of the more artful among us. There were two designing students, neither of them first-class draughtsmen, who practised a really clever trick upon F——, by which they often got him to "plot in" an inch or two of their surveys. The plan was to beg him to visit them at work, when one would say, "I'm rather in a mess, F——, please look at my sketch." F—— would agree willingly enough, his fingers itching all the time to be at work, for he drew beautifully, and loved to do it. Then the students would begin some new and generally spicy story, and while F—— listened more and more amused, would put the pencil into his unconscious hands, with the result that the sketch was soon marvellously improved. As the first student's story finished number two would try the same manœuvre; afterwards each would copy the other's piece that had been added by the master's hand.

Speaking from my own experience, I certainly learnt little

from Captain F——. He once tried to explain to me the uses of the Vernier scale, and after half-an-hour's talk, I was glad to go to a fellow student who had the admirable faculty for teaching, which has since made him one of the best of known military crammers. Again, I can remember an amusing incident connected with the triangulation above mentioned. On this we worked in pairs, choosing our own baseline where we pleased. I worked with a friend and house-mate (it was in days before the completion of the new Staff College building), and he and I used to toil out painfully bearing the theodolite and heavy chain to a point somewhere near Wishmoor Cross, where we proceeded to take our shots and work out the calculations. After I don't know how many days' laborious work we found ourselves still unable to "close in" the triangulation, and at last appealed to F——. He kindly promised to go and visit us at our work. I can see him now tittupping over the heather on his fat grey pony, which one of us held while he applied his eye to the theodolite. He looked and looked again, then slapping his thigh with a shout of satisfaction, he cried "By Jove! an index error!" and from that day to this I should have remained ignorant of what it meant but for the kindly assistance of the fellow student who taught me the use of the Vernier scale.

Our professors in foreign languages were characters in their way. Herr D—— was a stout old German who refused altogether to teach beginners. I had some idea of taking up German as part of my course, but having only a smattering of the language Herr D—— gave me no encouragement. He assured me that I could not "make it pay" not so

as to score marks, that is to say, at the final examination. But I waited through one of his lectures to watch his method of procedure. Although he would not allow me to attempt the acquisition of German in a couple of years, the thing was by his showing the simplest thing in the world. He merely drew an arrow on the board, with the feathers at one end, the barbed point at the other and a fixed swivel in the centre. This he explained exactly fitted the construction of the German sentence and the positions of the relative, antecedent, and verb. When once this difficulty was mastered there could be no more trouble with the German language.

I knew something of the maddening intricacy of the German declensions, and as I could not count upon much assistance from Herr D——, I walked out of his lecture room into that of the Hindustani professor — a very different stamp of man. X—— was an enthusiastic Orientalist who had never been in the East if I remember right, and had no great colloquial facility, which was a grievance with those who were going to India, but he was profoundly versed in most Eastern languages, alive or dead — Sanscrit, Hindu, Persian, Ordoo, Tamil and Telegoo. And ever ready to improve himself, you could give X—— no greater pleasure than to bring him some nearly undecipherable "chit," in the most broken *shikasta* character; he would seize upon the letter, his black eyes beaming with joy, and puzzle over it for hours. The pains he took with his pupils, his patience and unwearied good nature will never be forgotten by them.

I may record here a curious psychological experience of my

own. Hindustani was the first language I ever spoke; I was born in India and learnt it from my ayah. I had absolutely and entirely forgotten it, but as I continued my studies it came back to me; I seemed to know words intuitively, never forgot them, and I had no trouble with pronunciation. Another case of the same kind was Colley's, who had the same experience with German. This resuscitation of an almost extinct memory served me so well that I made my Hindustani "pay" extremely well at the "final," and had much pleasure in announcing that fact to Herr D—.

Our French professor Cambier—I give his name in full, for he was a man we all liked and respected—a veteran soldier, who had been in his time a chivalrous enemy and was now become the comrade and friend of his traditional foes. Cambier had served in the *Grande Armée*, he was a cavalry officer and had fought against us at Waterloo. He was an Imperialist to the very fingertips, and we could forgive him, ready enough, his unflinching hero-worship of his great Napoleon. To the last he taught us "out of Napoleon," so to speak; for him the purest and most perfect French was to be found in the despatches, and he took his dictation invariably from the Emperor's correspondence. When we sat down to work we wrote in the heading quite as a matter of course: "*Napoleon à Joseph: mon frère*—" Equally well we knew to finish, the concluding words that the Emperor had adopted from the style of former kings of France: "*Sur ce, may God have you in His holy keeping.*" Cambier was very precise about his punctuation—"Virgule" came like a word of command; and at the last, "*un*

point: c'est tout," was given as if he was dismissing a parade. Poor dear old Cambier! he came to a full stop many long years ago.

The study of foreign languages in our time went far beyond those for which professors were provided. It was easier to make a smattering of them pay than the same amount of attention would extract from the natural sciences, and although "Stinks," as we styled our learned professor in chemistry, and "Stones," our geological instructor had full classes, because they were there on the spot, most of us tried to turn the vacations to good account by following up languages at home and abroad. I know I learnt a good deal of Italian from my sisters' governess; others went further afield, into Spain and Portugal, as far as Greece, and did well in Spanish, Portuguese, and modern Greek. This was all in the pursuit of "marks." Competition was the order of the day, then; to fight for a place on the list at the final examination agitated all but a few philosophical spirits who frankly resolved from the first to be satisfied with a "pass." There was a perpetual contest, a not unfriendly but ever-jealous rivalry, under the spur of which many devices were tried. Men would go up to town secretly, seeking private instructors or special books; we were deeply anxious to know if others were working "seriously," to know what line or what method would be adopted for any particular "scheme" or military problem set for our solution. One comrade was christened "the policeman" from his peripatetic and detective habits; he was always going around to spy out what others were doing. It was said that in those days we carried

"competition" even into our walks abroad, and that if two or three went out together for a constitutional the pace would be gradually increased until all were in a run.

But it was not all competition: we had many sports and amusements to set off against hard reading. There was hunting for those who could afford it; the H. H. was within reach, and "Garth's" pretty close, while the staghounds met sometimes at Swinley Park or Lock's Farm half-a-dozen miles away. Later, the College had its own drag, which I believe gave some excellent sport. Every student was allowed forage for a horse, and kept one, whether bought, borrowed, or hired. They had lots to do, these "crops" of ours. In the right season there was generally a steeplechase with a larger field at the start than the finish; for I believe in my year only one jockey got over all the obstacles and came in at a slow trot past the post. They took us out to country houses, and if we were to dine and sleep, often carried our evening clothes in saddle-bags; one man always rode his charger (it had been in the Balaclava business) to the station at Farnbro' five miles distant, with his groom on a second horse to lead back the other. We did not ride our own horses in the school, there were troopers for the purpose; but we used them in reconnaissances often across country, in one of which, by the way, a certain officer who was no great horseman came off, with results never seen probably before or since. When he was picked up he had lost his boots, which were found still in the stirrups of the saddle he had left so suddenly, and this, although he had been riding in overalls strapped down. The

straps had given way. The riding school was a terror to some. Captain Brook, a riding-master of the old school, was very free of the whip, still freer of his tongue, and his sergeant-major, a splendid specimen of the lancer (17th I think), was very impatient, not to say forgetful, of his place. I can remember an affair with a very senior officer, to whom, seeing something amiss with his saddlery, he had given the order abruptly: "Turn in, number nine." He was a Lieutenant-Colonel, No. 9, and he did not like it; I can see his haughty air as he replied, "Why, pray?" and jogged on. As for old Brook, soured and disappointed by many facers from adverse fortune, he was always a gentleman, and was accordingly forgiven much.

We had many other diversions—racquets at the Cadet College, croquet and afternoon tea in the neighbourhood (there was as yet no lawn tennis), and occasionally some rather farcical cricket; "old" against "new," in which the fielders were often accommodated with chairs to rest on between the "overs." A Debating Society was started for the encouragement of public speaking; one subject I remember, "The Good and Evil of War Correspondents," was argued out at length by men who have since made practical experience on both sides: as correspondents eager for news and Generals anxious to edit them. A politician who has since made a name, not exactly on the right side as many may say, first practised oratory at our Debating Club. In those days he was commonly called "the young Napoleon," and was more ambitious of military than political distinction. Of all our hard workers Colonel J. P. Nolan was the most indefatigable; he took a good place I remember, and afterwards was

noted as a promising artillery scientist. Now he is likely to be longer remembered as a Home Ruler than the inventor of a useful Range finder.

Ours was a very cheery mess—a little rough and ready at first—before our own house was built, and where we have lodged in a wing of the Cadet College. How many of us are left who remember the old mess waiter whom we called “the Pirate”? A stout, rather slipshod old gentleman, who always answered rather proudly to his name, which he owed to certain dark allusions made by him to a far-back phase in his chequered career when he had assisted in making his victims “walk the plank.” His victim in our mess was a sort of page-boy, who had strongly developed the mysterious faculty of becoming cataleptic. I have seen him when insensible at a *séance* stuck as full of pins as a pincushion. Both the “Pirate” and he soon disappeared when we occupied the pleasant and spacious mess-rooms, prettily decorated and well furnished in the new College. Only one decorative article was a bone of contention—the buffalo horns—on which our mess President had wasted a large sum, and of which no one approved. He was a character that mess President. We knew him as the “Alchemist,” and declared that he possessed the secret of the Philosopher’s stone, working somewhere underground in the dead of night at the transmutation of metals. What is absolute fact, however, is that he could work beautifully in gold and silver, and if you gave him a sovereign would turn it in a ring or any kind of pretty ornament.

We kept no very late hours—many indeed, especially in the anxious time just preceding ex-

aminations, did not dine, but took a late lunch, so as to be fresh in the evening, ready to burn the midnight oil, others wisely rose betimes to read when most clear-headed in the early morning hours. Not a few dined out, for people around were very hospitable. Lucky those who were privileged to look in at Eversley Rectory of a Sunday evening, and find a welcome at the supper table of Charles Kingsley. It was a pleasant walk to Eversley, one of many such, to other hospitable places, and I can remember how we lost our road, a couple of us, returning homewards very late (no imputation will be cast, I trust), and at last came to a finger-post, dimly visible in the darkness. It was a brilliant idea for one to climb on the back of the other, strike the match, and read the indication upon the extended arm. Of course we found that we had been walking in an entirely wrong direction. I had another difference of opinion as to route with a distinguished officer who has since become the head of the Quarter-Master General’s Department. It took place about midnight, among the dense pine woods above the College. We agreed to go different roads, but I am prepared to swear I got in first by half an hour.

There was no more dining out, and but little real joy at the mess as the term drew to its close, and the great examination looked uncomfortably near. No more bear fighting and high cockalorum, the latter, a very frequent after mess amusement, at which I have seen the Commandant himself, a very distinguished officer, bearing the burthen of half a dozen students; no more wild racing for the *Day’s Times* from the mess-table to the anteroom with a wild “hurrooish;” “hell for leather” the moment the

cloth was drawn. No more whist at which a few sober spirits enjoyed themselves regularly during term time. Pale faces at breakfast, long faces at lunch, and dismal dinners were the rule. Each man prepared himself in his own way. Some read to the last minute, and looked so charged with knowledge, so filled with facts that they hardly dared to sit down or move their heads; others affected a careless, jocund air, as though the whole thing was a lark—mere child's play; some hunted the day before, others ran up to town, but one and all entered the halls in all sober seriousness, and were very much chastened and subdued before the week's ordeal was over. I have no very keen recollection of our "Final," which was, I suppose, like all examinations, full of chances and

contretemps, the latter predominating.

There was one examiner, I believe, whose life was in danger. He had been a colleague but a year or two previously, and yet he was traitor enough to set us a paper we thought terribly and unfairly stiff. We were, I think, much disappointed in the great Todhunter, whose mathematical problems were also very severe, but this professor was a humane person, and promised when we protested to give marks on two-thirds of his paper. He was an appreciative examiner, too, and was so much struck by the answers sent in by one of the students (the late Sir William Elles, who died last year at Nainee Tal) that he begged he might be presented to him at the end of the examination.

Amongst the Downs.

IN these bustling days what a refreshment is a landscape, or rather let us say a succession of landscapes, viewed from particularly interesting standpoints—those of a sportsman. Yes, here they are, bright, beautiful, and varying—far away from the maddening crowd, and yet how closely associated with it, although untainted by its sounds or its vices. Those Wiltshire Downs!

This is my theme to-day—a Whitsuntide trip, a peep into some sweet solitudes that mayhap will beguile for a few minutes some readers of BAILY who have not as yet paid court to the land of ancient British worship—of camps, barrows, and tumuli.

Aye, and beyond these a land of glorious, far-stretching downs.

We talk as sportsmen of the Berkshire Downs, great of fame, but until the last few years scant justice has been done to Berkshire's southern neighbour, Wiltshire. Taking Swindon as the northernmost point for an excursion into Wiltshire, a departure southwards soon unfolds to us a landscape, of which the village of Wroughton is the background, on the edge of the Vale of Whitehorse, overlooking some of Mr. Butt Miller's best country. Here William Leader and Craddock have their homes for racehorses, and here is still green the memory of The Bloomer's great sons and daughters, George Frederick, Albert Victor, and others. And as I climb the hill, and take the old Marlborough road for choice,

the panorama expands delightfully. On the left, looking across some intervening lowlands, are the Downs of Foxhill and Lyddington, where Robinson has made such a name for himself and shown us what Irish blood such as Clorane and Winkfield's Pride can do on English racecourses. Beyond yonder hill peeps up the Russley domain, ever associated with Merry and his Thormanby, *cum multis aliis*. Travelling another mile or two through cultivated land you come to the training grounds of Wroughton, where I fancy that the plough must have made inroads since the days of Tom Olliver and Mr. Cartwright, yet enough downs remain to ensure more triumphs such as those of Worcester and Count Schomberg on the now forgotten racecourse of Burderop. A stiff climb from here brings you to the crest of the hills, where your eye ranges over Downs and nothing but Downs. Here is the famous Four Mile Clump, which marks the boundary of splendid gallops that Lynham and Chas. Peck enjoy, whilst their stables nestle down at Ogbourne, in the valley to the left. Such fine gallops as these are must, with the advantage of sufficiently good material, ensure the winning of great races in the near future.

This Four Mile Clump is a landmark of renown, and from its vantage ground you also see stretching away on the right the Downs of Manton, the expanse of which astonish you. They seem to extend far into the dim distance, interspersed here and there by plantations—a veritable Newmarket of themselves—where at least one hundred horses could be galloped in perfect seclusion as far as touts were concerned. That bird's eye view of Manton set me wondering why so few Manton

horses have tried their luck on a racecourse of late, and why Messrs. Taylor do not come more to the front. 'Tis true a Love Wisely or an Aborigine occasionally drops as a surprise upon us. But were I the owner of such a glorious domain as Manton, I should aspire to lead back in triumph another St. Albans before many seasons had passed over my head. I fail to see the drawbacks, unless they arise from the lack of patrons.

At last, while thus ruminating, there lies Marlborough below us, and the Ailesbury Arms welcomes me. Speaking of inns, here is a sign that for a moment puzzles me, until a glance at its signpost reveals that "The Five Alls" represent

The Queen who reigns over all—
The Bishop, who prays for all—
The Barrister, who pleads for all—
The Doctor, who prescribes for all—
The Banker, who pays for all—

But I dare not linger over the tempting old town of Marlborough, with its splendid college. My goal lies six miles distant on the Devizes road, at Beckhampton, and although I turn aside for a mile or two, so as not to miss the wonderful old British encampment at Avebury, I soon find a welcome at the pretty residence of Mr. Sam Darling at the junction of the roads to Calne and Devizes—so neatly converted that you do not recognise it as the coaching inn, where in old days many a thirsty traveller has whet his whistle, nor would Isaac Woolcott, were he again to come to life, know his old set of boxes from whence went forth Formosa, the well named, the only previous classic winner from here within my recollection, and whose owner for ever after went by the name of Formosa Graham. It is all Darling's freehold now, and such gorgeous boxes and neat yards

are not to be found outside Newmarket, and as for the downs, there are very few trainers who may not envy him both as regards variety and quality. They are simply splendid. It is not my wish to speak individually of the many good-looking horses that Darling in due time introduced me to. He and I had been friends for many a long day, and I can recollect him when he left his apprenticeship with Weaver at Bourton, and trained a short time afterwards a few jumpers on Defford Common. It was a good day for him when he came to Beckhampton, and perhaps a better when he secured his two Irish patrons, Mr. John Gubbins and Captain Greer.

"This is a colt by Kendal," was the trainer's quiet remark, as he opened one of the boxes. Some mediocre nameless animal no doubt, but "Borderer" could not be thus caught with chaff. It took him not a moment to know that he stood in Galtee More's box. Now, I am afraid that many of your readers are satiated with all the flaming accounts that have lately filled the sporting papers of this Derby winner. Yet I will take heart of grace, and give you my description of him, believing that this may be read when the files of the *Sportsman* have been forgotten, and I trust ere long to see a worthy portrait of him in your pages. He has filled out in the right places since I looked him over as a two-year old, and is now a great horse in every sense of the word, and yet not one whit too big, and he has not a particle of lumber from head to heel; indeed, in substance the hunter lover might pronounce him light in front, but those grand hocks of his are superb, and they set the seal of perfection on his massive quarters and thighs;

deep of rib and beautifully level in his back; his shoulders are those of a racehorse, and his neck is strong without being loaded; his head is most expressive of fine temper, and bespeaks his Stockwell descent as he looks at you with his large full eyes and a grace and confidence that none but a good horse ever affects. Do not think I am overdoing it when I say that after having seen every Derby winner since Blink Bonney, and carried them in my mind's eye, I think Galtee More tops them all, unless it were Wild Dayrell or Thormanby. Lord Clifden, a St. Leger winner, was a beautiful horse to my thinking, but the richness of Galtee More's bay brown coat, and his grand muscular frame make him look more wear and tear than that famous son of Newminster. Persimmon has more bone, perhaps, and is a great horse, but lacks Galtee More's quality. Ormonde again, fine horse that he was, had not the length or symmetry of the horse I have just attempted to describe. "He is like a Christian," exclaimed Darling, as the horse turned his nose to him to be stroked; "he knows all you say or do to him." Never was a horse so cut out for the St. Leger course as is Galtee More, and if he steers clear of illness or accident what an idol he will be on Doncaster Moor! My visit was not a touting one or I might enlighten you on the good points of some of the many horses that fill the stables at Beckhampton. Suffice it to say that Kilcock is hard to find a fault with, and so is Break of Day, and there are at least three young Gallinules that are very good-looking—one, a near relative of the Derby winner, that when it makes its *début* will not be idly passed by.

It was hard to tear oneself away in the shades of evening from the hospitable abode of this excellent painstaking and honest man, but the remembrance of this visit will ever stand foremost in my racehorse recollections, as much indeed as will, I believe, be its hero, ahead of all his compeers of the century, and Ireland has the honour of breeding him.

The Wiltshire Downs were, however, as yet but half explored, so the next day making an early start by train from Marlborough to Savernake, I found, as I was led to expect, a genuine sportsman in Mr. Bain, the landlord of the hotel there, who with a son of Lowlander in his dogcart, and his best driver on the box, that knew every inch of the country, I was soon launched on a long day's drive by way of Pewsey, and on through Manningford and Upavon, by one of the most tempting trout streams—the Avon. There are two Avons, let it be remembered, in Wiltshire—this river going by Salisbury into the sea at Christchurch, and the other by Bath to Bristol and its Channel. At Netheravon we baited, and I ate my *al fresco* lunch and explored the pretty park and grounds of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which property local rumour says has already passed, together with some sixty thousand acres, into the hands of the Government for military purposes. Although this may not be an accomplished fact, still I believe it is a settled scheme, and that ere long this quiet peaceful district will become a second Aldershot, and the boom of artillery will ring out as they practise at the butts against Sidbury Hill.

Once more on our travels, we take to the Downs by a gentle ascent, until the road becomes only a grass track. There, far on the right are Lewis' stables,

where Laodamia abides, and I listen to a story, which points a moral to trainers not to quarrel with the farmers, for here Lewis has had a furrow cut across one of his best gallops owing to a dispute with an awkward farmer. Now we are on the famous Knighton Downs—an expanse of splendid galloping ground, always good going, reaching right away beyond your ken. What would Newmarket give for this? is my exclamation; and until lately hardly used for training purposes. In front is the far-famed Stonehenge, standing out against the sky-line in all its rude grandeur, and a mile or two beyond this again is The Druid's head, where Fallon trains. I would have lingered long over this pre-historic solitude, but my day's work is but as yet half finished. It seems that the Government has promised not to include Stonehenge and its surroundings in its purchase.

It was but a short downhill drive to Amesbury, passing Sir Edmund Antrobus' beautiful place, The Abbey. A pretty straggling village is Amesbury, *en fête* with its Whitsuntide Club Feasters. Then to the downs again, past Durrington, Powney's training place, and so back to Netheravon. Once more striking the downs we leave Park House, Capt. Bewicke's place on the right, and find ourselves on McAuliffe's gallops, with fences erected here and there for the benefit of Manifesto, Gentle Ida, and others—downs quite worthy to be the home of first-class racehorses, and their stables are at Everleigh, where Mr. F. Alexander has a nice place. This was of late one of the dear old "Mate's" abodes. Easton Clump is a landmark here, and there seems room and plenty for long strings of racehorses that are not

visible. Collingbourne, on the Andover line, is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles distant, which we skirt, only to find fresh downs between there and Burbage, where Braime has just located himself, abandoning Lambourne, and I venture to think he has done wisely. Thence our Lowlander horse sails along steadily back to Savernake, completing about 45 miles, only once headed rather alarmingly by a marching club with banners flying, and a German band blowing their hearts out; enough to make any horse swing round, if not bolt.

I should like to tell you, did space allow of it, of the grandeur of Savernake Forest, with its lovely avenues and drives, and its romantic wildness—before it even Windsor Forest pales—for it stretches over upwards of 30,000 acres, and is without a rival. Yet how few come to see it, and how little has it been appreciated by its late owner.

And now my plain little unvarnished account of the Wiltshire Downs is finished. As a

home of racehorses I am more than ever convinced that it stands unrivalled. The only excuse which I can make for the apparent want of foresight in our trainers not patronising it earlier, or in greater numbers, is its remoteness from the main lines of railway, and its solitariness. It does not follow that this intended purchase of a large tract by the Government will drive away the racehorses. It has not done so at the Curragh. On the contrary, it may lead to more land being laid down in grass, instead of, as I was told was the case now, its being broken up, on a rental of 5s. per acre! It was sad to see the growth of that noxious weed barbed wire even here, where there is no excuse of ox fences to be protected. Oh, shadow of Assheton-Smith in your Tedsworth days, come and cast your withering glance upon it. Yes, and had you been with us now you would have removed it at your own expense in a very few weeks, or I misjudge your memory!

BORDERER.

Croquet Redivivus.

THOSE of us who can recollect the game of croquet as played twenty or thirty years ago, may remember that the game, as then played, was the refuge for the simpering curate and mild spinster who, on summer afternoons, used to disport themselves on their neighbours' lawns, and spend hours sometimes in the vain attempt to get through the cage, as that abomination of desolation was termed, which consisted of a diabolical sort of mouse-trap placed in the centre of the ground. The game was then played on any sort of lawn, and by several

players. I, myself, have seen eight, all wrangling together about their respective hoops. The balls were generally lop-sided, or chipped, from being left out in all sorts of weather. The hoops were about six or eight inches wide, dotted like small railway arches over the lawn. The mallets were according to fancy, some long, some short, but all practically useless. The game was productive of much heated discussion, a good deal of quarrelling, and an unreasonable show of temper. In fact, some people became perfectly infuriated at it. People,

who were otherwise mild and inoffensive, became under the baneful influence of this pernicious game fiends for the time being, full of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

On one occasion a game was being played at a country house between six people, one of whom was a mild little man in spectacles, who was an enthusiast of the game. He played well, but that afternoon the luck was against him, and he could not get in. He stuck at the cage, going up to the first peg. Time after time he got into position, only to be driven to the extreme corner of the ground. At length his ball was wired, so that, provided he was not again driven away, he would be obliged to play two strokes before he was able to make the cage. This, together with his former bad luck, seemed to madden him, for, raising his mallet, he battered the unoffending cage into an indistinguishable wreck. The ladies who were playing picked up their garments and fled in dismay. The little man, having appeased his wrath, departed without his tea, in a one-horse shay, and was never seen on the ground again.

Then, too, the female apparel of those days lent itself to a good deal of reprehensible cheating, for the crinoline was then in vogue, so that it was quite possible for its owner to go and stand over her ball, covering it with her skirts like a hencoop, and as she talked to her partner, slyly but surely push that ball with her foot in the direction she wished it to go. By this means many a ball was found in position for its hoop from most unexpected and impossible quarters.

One of the best descriptions of the old game is the humorous account of a game played on the

lawn of King's College, Cambridge, in that really funny book, by E. F. Benson, "The Babe, B.A." It so exactly describes the position which was often seen in the game that we must be allowed to quote it. In the account an analysis of Mr. Jones' strokes is given. It consists of thirteen attempts to get his ball into position for the second hoop, without success. "At this point," the author remarks, "Mr. Jones gave vent to a most regrettable remark about the Babe, and his nose swelled a little. Such a result was excusable, for the Babe's diabolical ingenuity in attacking him had only been equalled by his diabolical luck. Twice, for the ground was not well rolled, had his ball come slipping and hopping along, and had pounced upon his adversary's ball like a playful kitten, and twice he had cannoned violently off a hoop on to it. But about this point his luck had shown signs of failing, and he sheltered himself for a few strokes near his partner, who, together with Gingham, had been plodding slowly and steadily round the hoops. Altogether, the game had been like an 'air with variations,' the Babe and Mr. Jones taking brilliant firework excursions across the theme."

But we have changed all that. If we may slightly alter Tennyson's well-known words:—

"The old order changeth, giving place to new,
And *games* fulfil themselves in many ways."

This is quite true of croquet. There has been a steady development of the game during the past few years. The old love for it has revived. The game, as now played, as much resembles the old as bagatelle does billiards. As now played, it is an extremely difficult, scientific game, requiring

great nerve, patience, perseverance, and, above all, command of temper. It is a most exacting game, requiring constant practice of hand and eye. It is no dillettante amusement by which the mild curate and unoffending spinster can while away an hour or so on a summer afternoon, but a game demanding great skill and *finesse*. For, be it remembered, however correct an eye a player may possess, to be successful he must play with his head as well as his hands. Has not an old writer gone so far as to call it "a game of kings"?

We hear now of such terms as "mobilising," "rushing," "mace stroke," "corner game," "finesse," "the break," all of which require explanation. Before doing so let us consider the game itself, and how it should be played.

First then, as to the *modus operandi*. The ground should be level as a billiard table, 40 yards long by 30 broad. (By the new rules of this year changed to 35 yards long by 28 broad. We doubt if the alteration, for which we presume the All England Croquet Association is responsible, will be to the advantage of the game.) The ground should be kept well rolled, especially round the hoops. Round the ground should be a broad white line, called "the dead boundary." The hoops, of which there are six in number, should be of stout, round iron, painted white, placed firmly in an iron socket, which is placed firmly in the ground. They should be four inches wide, and twelve inches clear of the ground. The hoops are placed as follows:—The first, at the left hand corner of the ground, seven yards from the lower boundary, seven yards from the side. The second, twenty-one yards on; the third and fourth, parallel with the

two first. The fifth and sixth in the centre, seven yards apart, and seven yards distant from the pegs, eighteen inches above ground, and placed seven yards from the boundary. The starting point, one foot, from left-hand corner hoop, and opposite its centre. Clips should be used and painted the same colours as the balls, and numbered on one side. The balls, 13½ oz. in weight, 13½ in diameter, should be plain coloured, blue, red, black and yellow, and when not in use, should always be kept under cover, as exposure to wet or sun is apt to warp them. The mallets are according to fancy, but no one can play the game properly except with a heavy mallet, with long boxwood head, flattened at such an angle as to suit the player's style and stance. The handle should be in length according to the height of the player, octagon-shaped, and made of stout ash. Cane is a mistake, as it makes the mallet too whippy, especially for "following strokes." In a foursome game it is necessary that one of the players on a side should be Captain, whose will during the game must be absolute. The secret of success lies, we are convinced, in adhering to the following tactics:—

(1) *Mobilisation*.—That is, partners must so play that their balls are never far apart from each other. For example, there is no possible object in one player going rushing on, making his hoops, except of course for a good break, if his partner should be stuck at the third hoop. Now, to "mobilise" properly, the aim of the player should be, not merely to make his own points, but so to arrange the combination of balls, that, on finishing his break, the balls should be removed as far as possible from the "player," or "live ball," *i.e.*, the ball next to play.

When, therefore, in the middle of a break, the player has a difficult stroke which he cannot be sure of making, and the live ball be within hitting distance, it would be obviously a mistake to try it, the better policy being for him to go to his partner on the chance of the live ball missing the next shot. Combination is everything, and many a game is lost by not attending to this, but being too intent each on his own individual player. This is not only a fatal, but a selfish policy, and one that is sure to bring retribution sooner or later.

(2) *Attack the player* or "live ball," that is, the ball next in play. The great object here is, give the one whose turn to play is next as difficult a stroke as possible. Wire him if you can, get him into a corner, but in any case remove him away as far as possible. Except under very favourable circumstances it is extremely dangerous to attempt to make a hoop off the "live ball," because if you miss you give your opponents the break.

(3) *The Corner Game.*—When two players in a foursome cannot "get in," that is, obtain command of the balls, and are widely separated, instead of going to your partner send your ball to the corner of the ground farthest from the next player. Then, when it is your partner's turn, he naturally plays down to you, thus allowing you to "mobilise." The adversary has one of two alternatives, either to roquet down to you with the risk of going off the boundary—and there is always a chance of this of course except with an accurate knowledge of strength—or leaving you alone with the chance of your failing to separate you and your adversary. I know it is a doubtful question if this be good and wise policy, but it appears to me to be wiser to adopt these tactics, as by so

doing you increase the difficulty of your adversary's play, as he cannot go on making his break until he has separated your ball from your partner's; thus his game is delayed. Again, if he leave you alone it is a risky experiment, as if you break down when your balls are close together near the boundary he gives you the command of the game. Therefore, what I have termed the "corner game" seems to be a strategic movement, which is well worth consideration.

(4) *Management of the Break.*—I am indebted to one of the best exponents of the game, the Rev. Charles Black, formerly All England Champion, for my remarks on this portion of the subject. The break consists of making a number of points at one turn. To effect this satisfactorily the following tactics must be considered:—No break can be of long duration unless the player looks ahead; he must realise where he is going, and must adopt the best method of getting there. The great difficulty is in the manipulation of the outer circle, either playing out or home. To do this properly Mr. Black says:—"In order to make the points of the first square in one break one long and difficult stop stroke is required, while to make those of the second square in one break two similar strokes are needed. The stroke required in these three cases is as follows:—The ball which has just been used in making a corner hoop is sent flying along the diagonal of the lawn across to the corresponding corner, while the player's own ball is 'stopped' by the side of a ball placed near the centre of the ground from which croquet is taken to the next point. For instance—There are four balls in play, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4. No. 2 has just passed the second hoop by

the help of No. 1. No. 1 is then sent right across to the fourth hoop, the next point but one, while No. 2 is, by a stop stroke, brought up alongside No. 3, which had been before judiciously placed somewhere near the middle of the diagonal. Croquet is then taken by No. 2 off No. 3 to No. 4, which has been placed near the third hoop, and No. 2, having made this hoop by the help of No. 4, sends No. 4 up to the neighbourhood of the fifth hoop to help him through the centre hoops, and proceeds to make the fourth hoop by the help of No. 1." Mr. Black says the recipe for making a break is very simple. "Four balls, six hoops, two pegs, a mallet, used for *many* hours, will not fail to produce the desired results."

We must now consider some of the various strokes which are necessary to learn before anyone can become proficient at the game. There are mainly four strokes to be mastered, all of them difficult, and requiring much practice.

(1) *The Roll Stroke*.—This stroke is used when a player requires to send two balls together to a certain spot. The difficulty of it consists in so hitting the balls that both may roll together without becoming separated. It is only accomplished by hitting your ball firm and true, and carrying your mallet through, that is, let it follow the ball, much in the same way as a good golfer, when driving from the tee, carries his club right through in a sweep in front of him. The danger of it lies in the possibility of making a foul stroke, as, in the attempt to follow the ball with the mallet, there is a tendency to hit it twice, which would be a foul stroke.

(2) *The Rush Stroke*.—This is a most important stroke to learn, as it lessens the difficulty of the next stroke. Thus, a player wishing to

go to a distant hoop is aiming at a ball in the direction of that spot. Now, he can do one of two things; hit the ball with moderate force, and then take two off it to the hoop. This would be bad play, as he would be left without the assistance of the ball he has required. Or, he can hit the ball very hard to the spot to which he wishes to go, and then take the turn off it, to make his hoop. By doing this he lessens considerably the difficulty of making the point. This is the rush stroke. A complication of this is to make the rush stroke with a cut on to the object ball, and by so doing, causing it to travel at an angle towards the required spot.

(3) *The Stop Stroke*.—This is a sharp, chopping stroke, so applied as to cause the player's ball to stop at mid-distance, and at the same time drive the object ball some way on. It is only accomplished by the player hitting his ball low and hard, with a certain restraint on the mallet when in the act of striking.

(4) *The Split Stroke*.—When two balls are together, it is so placing them that when struck the player's ball should come off at a desired angle, and travel in the direction he wishes it to go. Thus, if the object ball be struck at the half ball, the striker's ball will come off at a natural angle. If, on the other hand, the striker wishes the ball to travel in a direct line, the point of impact, it must be at nearly a right angle. point aimed at.

It now only remains to give a few concluding remarks on the etiquette of playing. There is one, as we have said, that requires some nerve and patient self-control of temper. There is a great part of some



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From a Photo by Singer, Chippenham.]

THE LATE CAPTAIN GRATREX.

others by incessant talking about their own play; of the strokes made that ought not to have been done, and those left undone that ought to have been made; this unnecessary egotism is particularly trying. If people wish to fight their battles over again, let them do so in the privacy of their own rooms, before a few intimate friends, if they can be found to pay heed to them. But on the lawn itself, during the progress of the game, all such reflections and criticisms should be put on one

side, as they increase the timidity of a nervous player and exasperate an irate one. There should be no argument and no wrangling. On any disputed point during a match, the decision of the referee, like that of an umpire in a cricket match, should be final.

Lastly, let us apply, with a little alteration to croquet, what the redoubtable Mrs. Battle said of a game of whist, "To have a fair and enjoyable match, let us have a level lawn, and the rigour of the game." GERALD HAYWARD.

The late Captain Gratrex.

BY THE HON. F. LAWLEY.

IT is much to be regretted that the task of writing a "Life of the Badger" cannot be entrusted to the care of Sir John Dugdale Astley, who, of all men that I have been acquainted with, would have been the most competent to treat it in phraseology peculiar to himself and adapted to his article or book, but also with full *connaissance de cause* as regards his hero. The "Badger" and the "Mate" had a great many points of resemblance, and the similarity of their tastes and pursuits would have made either of them an authority upon the habits, characteristics, idiosyncrasies, and eccentricities of the other. Both served together gallantly in the Crimean War; both were thoroughly good and keen all-round sportsmen; to both the Turf and the hunting-field were equally dear, and the *camaraderie* of British officers would have made each tolerant of the other's defects and shortcomings, which partook of those little

weaknesses as to which President Lincoln pertinently remarked that without some of them no man ever possessed great virtues.

To show how Sir John Astley would have handled such a subject, and handled it *con amore*, let me quote the following passage from "Fifty Years of My Life;" a passage devoted to the description by its author of a visit he paid to Tredegar Park, when the present Lord Tredegar and his brother, Colonel Morgan, were boys. Says "The Mate":—

"During the winter of 1852 I spent a very jolly time at Tredegar Park, near Newport; this was when the old lord, father of the present peer, kept and hunted his own hounds there. A nicer lot of boys and girls no parent was ever blessed with. Godfrey, now Lord Tredegar, is well to the front, and is one of the few remaining 17th Lancers who behaved so brilliantly in the ever-memorable Balaclava charge. Fred (M.P.,

the help of No. 1. No. 1 is then sent right across to the fourth hoop, the next point but one, while No. 2 is, by a stop stroke, brought up alongside No. 3, which had been before judiciously placed somewhere near the middle of the diagonal. Croquet is then taken by No. 2 off No. 3 to No. 4, which has been placed near the third hoop, and No. 2, having made this hoop by the help of No. 4, sends No. 4 up to the neighbourhood of the fifth hoop to help him through the centre hoops, and proceeds to make the fourth hoop by the help of No. 1." Mr. Black says the recipe for making a break is very simple. "Four balls, six hoops, two pegs, a mallet, used for *many* hours, will not fail to produce the desired results."

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(2) *The Rush Stroke*.—This is a most important stroke to learn, as it lessens the difficulty of the next stroke. Thus, a player wishing to

go to a distant hoop is aiming at a ball in the direction of that spot. Now, he can do one of two things; hit the ball with moderate force, and then take two off it to the hoop. This would be bad play, as he would be left without the assistance of the ball he has required. Or, he can hit the ball very hard to the spot to which he wishes to go, and then take the turn off it, to make his hoop. By doing this he lessens considerably the difficulty of making the point. This is the rush stroke. A complication of this is to make the rush stroke with a cut on to the object ball, and by so doing, causing it to travel at an angle towards the required spot.

(3) *The Stop Stroke*.—This is a sharp, chopping stroke, so applied as to cause the player's ball to stop at mid-distance, and at the same time drive the object ball some way on. It is only accomplished by the player hitting his ball low and hard, with a certain restraint on the mallet when in the act of striking.

(4) *The Split Stroke*.—When two balls are together, it is so placing them that when struck the player's ball should come off at a desired angle, and travel in the direction he wishes it to go. Thus, if the object ball be struck at the half ball, the striker's ball will come off at a natural angle. If, on the other hand, the striker wishes his ball to travel in a direct line from the point of impact, it must strike it at nearly a right angle to the point aimed at.

It now only remains to say a few concluding remarks upon the etiquette of playing the game. It is one, as we have already stated, that requires some considerable nerve and patience, and above all, self-control of tongue and temper. There is a great disposition on the part of some people to annoy

It will perhaps be more to the point to recount that in addition to "The Lad" Captain Gratrex had for his schoolfellows the late Lord Justice Denman and the late Bishop of St. Davids, but the one contemporary Salopian to whom his memory most frequently reverted was Sir Charles Rouse-Boughton, of Downton Hall, Ludlow, Salop, with whom he had a pugilistic encounter which, like that between the Dragon of Wantley and More, of More-Hall, lasted from morn to dewy eve. It ended, according to one report, like that famous fight at Eton between Assheton Smith and Jack Musters, in a drawn battle, with the result that next day, according to the inexorable laws in force at Shrewsbury School, both the belligerents were mercilessly flogged. The "Badger" always claimed, however, that at the close of the fight he had his adversary (who is I believe still living) well beaten. At that time Shrewsbury School was noted for the severity of its discipline, which was enforced by the vigorous and unsparing application of the birch.

From Shrewsbury Gratrex was moved by his father to Harrow, and had to travel by stage coach from Wales to the famous school on the hill, which has looked down upon so many fine scurries behind Her Majesty's Buckhounds, across the Vale of Harrow, and from Uxbridge to Watford, which Jem Mason, the prince of steeplechase riders, used to regard as the grandest cross-country gallop in the three kingdoms. I believe that it was during the holidays, that as a Harrow boy, he rode all the way from his home in Wales to Arlington Street to announce to the father of the present Duke of Beaufort the result of the great political contest in Brecon between

the Conservatives and the Radicals, which ended in a glorious victory for the former. Covered with mud, and worn out with fatigue, the boy showed so much pluck and spirit that shortly afterwards the late Duke of Beaufort took him to his old comrade in arms, the great Duke of Wellington. "Arthur," he said, "I want you to give this boy a commission;" to which request he added a vivid account of the long ride, which without pausing either by day or night, Gratrex had undertaken, and successfully carried through from Wales to London. "Come here again to-morrow morning, and bring the youth with you," rejoined the Iron Duke, "and you shall have what you want." As he spoke the experienced old soldier cast a searching look at the face and figure before him, with which he seemed not dissatisfied. Next day he not only gazetted young Gratrex as Cornet in the First Life Guards, but laying his hand on the youth's shoulder exclaimed, not without emotion, "God bless you, my boy. I think you have in you the making of a good officer."

From the Life Guards Cornet Gratrex soon exchanged with Lord Mount-Charles (afterwards Marquis of Conyngham) into the Scots Greys, which fine regiment Gratrex joined at Athlone shortly before Smith O'Brien's insurrection broke forth in Ireland. As is usually the case in the Emerald Isle, even the most turbulent native sympathised with the regulars, whom they infinitely prefer to the Irish Constabulary, which General Sir Charles James Napier pronounced to be the finest body of men that he had ever seen under arms. In the end it was not necessary for the Scots Greys to assist at the ignominious surrender of

the rebel chief in a cabbage garden.

In the meantime young Gratrex had got mixed up in England and Ireland with horse racing, of which he gained his first experience when, as a Harrow boy, he bought a racehorse, through Compton, the driver of the Welsh Mail, who managed the horse for him and looked after his training. Of course the secret oozed out, and when the solitary stud won a race, the news was received with consternation by his prudent father, but filled his old grandmother with unmitigated delight.

The Turf is not a pursuit in which a young officer to whom money is a matter of supreme indifference can engage without his discovering that it is a costly amusement. Captain Gratrex soon found that no more financial assistance, with the exception of a moderate allowance was to be extracted from his father, and like others before and since, he fell into the hands of usurers. He might have emerged from these toils without any serious damage had it not been that he consented, in a rash moment, to back a bill for £10,000 for a brother officer whom he did not know very well, but who enjoyed the reputation of letting in all who undertook a responsibility for him. He has long been dead, and no good can now be done by revealing his name. But in order to meet this heavy liability Captain Gratrex sold out of the Army, and the value of his commission went to free him from this and other debts. At that critical moment the Crimean War commenced.

It had been the dream of the "Badger's" life to take part with his regiment (whatever that regiment might be) in active hostilities, and now that the opportunity had come it found him without a com-

mission. Not for one instant, however, would he permit his purpose to be abandoned—that purpose being to move as soon as he could to the seat of war, accompanied by a confidential servant named "Mick," by two chargers and a donkey to carry the baggage.

One day Lord Raglan espied a stranger dressed as a civilian riding slowly and unconcernedly in front of the enemy's lines, and with plenty of shot and shell whistling about his ears.

During the American Civil War the Confederate Garrison which held Charleston, the chief seaport of South Carolina, stoutly, from April, 1861, until April, 1865, used to maintain that each of the Parrott shells rained upon them by the blockading fleet was wont to shriek out as it descended after its four-mile flight into the beleaguered town, "Where are you? Where are you? Where are you?" But the Russian shells were launched from batteries distant only a few hundred yards from the English trenches, and so murderous was their fire that Lord Raglan was naturally led to inquire "Who is that young daredevil riding about so coolly under that *feu d'enfer*?" He was told that the stranger's name was Gratrex. "Not Tom Gratrex?" asked the British Commander-in-Chief. Tom Gratrex, however, it proved to be: the same Tom Gratrex to whom within the memory of Lord Raglan (then Lord Fitz Roy Somerset) a commission in the First Life Guards had been given by Arthur, Duke of Wellington. The stranger was instantly summoned to the presence of the Commander of the British forces, who accosted him thus: "Gratrex, my boy, you must not be seen riding about here in plain clothes as though you were a civilian. I will have

you gazetted to some cavalry regiment without a moment's delay." No sooner said than done. Before the evening of next day, Gratrex was apprised that Lord Raglan had gazetted him to a Cornetcy in the 1st Dragoons, to the Colonel of which he was ordered immediately to report. In addition to a Cornetcy, the Adjutancy of the regiment was conferred upon him in recognition of his past services in three previous regiments. From that day forward until the end of the Crimean War he had his full share of fighting, but escaped without a scratch, and, what is still more extraordinary, without being invalided for a single day.

Next year we find him transferred from the 1st Dragoons to the 13th Light Dragoons, and when he was in the latter regiment, he and another officer had the good luck during the storming of Sebastopol to capture Prince Menschikoff's carriage, which, among other valuables, contained the Russian Prince's costly dressing-case. In the hurry and confusion of the moment, Lieutenant Gratrex cut the dressing-case (which was entirely composed of leather) in two pieces, and told his brother-officer to take the piece which he preferred. With his usual bad luck, Gratrex found that the half left to him contained nothing of value except a ring, which he brought home, and presented to the Duchess of Beaufort, in whose possession it still remains.

On returning to England, the young officer, who had not long passed his thirtieth year, was received at Crickhowell and in other Welsh towns with no ordinary enthusiasm. He was subsequently appointed A.D.C. to the General in command at the Curragh of Kildare, and at a later date to

Lord Cardigan, in whose company he had already repaired in 1856 to the Horse Guards Parade to receive the Crimean medal, which, together with a few other personal mementoes of her husband, Mrs. Gratrex has, since the funeral, handed to the Badger's oldest and most valued friend—that most kind-hearted and sympathetic of men—the present Duke of Beaufort. Finally, the Badger's military services ended by his passing a few years in Hungary (where English officers are always at a premium) on the staff of Prince Esterhazy, and on returning to his native country he immediately doffed his uniform and retired into private life.

The most memorable incident or episode of his Turf life was the intimate friendship formed between himself and Mr. Frederick Gretton, in whose affections he had no rival, except Mr. Prinsep, who is, I believe, still living. An amusing story was current at that time which related (whether truly or not this deponent cannot undertake to say) that one night a dispute arose between Captain Gratrex and Mr. Prinsep in the presence of Mr. Gretton and of one other witness, in whose house the incident occurred. The whisky had been circulating freely, when the Badger rose to his legs, and turning fiercely upon the other disputant, exclaimed, in tones of thunder: "Prinsep, to-morrow morning you shall meet me at ten paces, pistol in hand; at ten paces, by G—, and I'll shoot you dead through the head!"

"Why not to-night?" rejoined his imperturbable foe; "I've got my duelling pistols upstairs, and I'll fetch them down in a brace of shakes."

Brought instantly face to face with a crisis which seemed a long way off, when adjourned to "to-

morrow morning," and which was all about a trifle, the Badger wisely stifled his wrath," emulating the example set many years before at Brighton by Mr. Howarth, M.P., and Lord Barrymore. After they had exchanged shots, the two belligerents left the room, linked arm in arm, and singing the merry *réfrain* of a well-known drinking song written by Captain Morris, the Anacreon of the Prince Regent's jovial set: the said *réfrain* being:

"Chip chow, cherry chow, fol-de-riddle-ido!"

The Bath Hotel, Piccadilly, at which Mr. Fred Gretton invariably stayed, could tell many a rousing tale as to the *noctes canaque doorum* enacted within its walls when the most famous of Mr. Gretton's horses, the illustrious Isonomy was scoring victory after victory. Tom Cannon is, I believe, of opinion that had not Isonomy been knocked out of his stride within a few lengths of the winning post, he would, with nearly ten stone on his back, have won the Cesarewitch in 1879. Fortunately for the stout-hearted old officer whose memory it is the object of these few fugitive pages to rescue for a brief period from that swift oblivion which is the merciful lot of our common human-

ity, the Badger married late in life a partner to whose devoted care and tender solicitude he was indebted for the prolongation of his life until his 73rd birthday had been over-passed. For some years Captain and Mrs. Gratrex lived quietly at Acton, in Middlesex, whence they transferred themselves to a comfortable little home which they rented from General Lord Methuen at Corsham, in Wiltshire. There, on the 18th of May, 1897, the mortal remains of Captain Thomas Price Gratrex were laid peacefully to rest, his chief mourner being his devoted and inconsolable widow, to whom as her arm rested in his, the Duke of Beaufort remarked, "Let you and I who loved poor Tom best in life be the first to follow him to the grave."

At that supreme moment who shall say whether the Duke's thoughts, omitting all recollection of his own countless acts of kindness and generosity to the departed, may not have flown back to the long-distant day, when in a run with the Duke's hounds, the Badger jumped the Badminton park wall and landed safely on the other side, although from the top of the wall to the spot where the horse lighted, the drop was said to have been not less than twelve feet.

The Open Champion Cup and Other Matches.

As a general rule it is easier to write of a match directly one has seen it than after an interval of time. As one recalls the various phases of the game, it is more than probable that those incidents which stand out most clearly before the eye of memory, are those which had most effect on the result, and which are, therefore, best worth recording. But with such a game as that which gave the Champion Cup to Rugby on June 5th, one is glad to have time to think it all over, and to discuss it with those whose judgment is to be respected, and thus to correct hasty first impressions. To begin with, though not the case with the present writer, there were good players who foresaw the result, and, as I can bear witness, prophesied the success of Rugby from the very first. Others there were who inclined to the Freebooters, yet doubted if they were so well mounted as their adversaries, and this doubt was justified by the event. Nothing is more certain than that Rugby had the ponies on their side. Captain Renton's incomparable chesnut, at once so handy and so fast, Mr. Drybrough's beautiful old mare, Charlton, which has returned to the stable with which her early fame was connected, and the less well-known but admirably trained ponies on which Mr. Miller and his brother were playing, were quite enough to turn the scale in any match. But it is only just to Rugby to say that, ponies apart, on the day they were the better team. If any special honour is to be given to any members of a team which won by its perfect accord

and combination, it may be said that Mr. G. Miller and Captain Renton played up to and above their form. But, indeed, the play of the Rugby men throughout was admirable. On the other hand, the Freebooters—with the exception of Mr. Watson, who varies very little, for his cool head and knowledge of the game were in adversity or prosperity alike—were not at their best. Mr. Buckmaster, however, can never be anything but a fine player, and, in spite of the loss of his best pony by an accident just before the match, showed up well in that great test of play, a losing game. How many good players there are who cannot play against the stream. Let but the tide of fortune turn, and they fail to show at their best. This, however, is inevitable in the case of brilliant forward players, who must always be more effective in attack than defence. This follows from the nature of the case; the man who is trained to attack and rides galloping ponies will not be able to do so well with the ball against him, and when his own fine hitting and his pony's speed will not tell. It is perhaps hardly necessary to put down the sides for readers of BAILY, but still it must be done:

FREEBOOTERS.

Mr. J. Watson (back)
Mr. W. Buckmaster (3)
Mr. A. Rawlinson (2)
Mr. G. Hardy (1)

RUGBY.

Mr. G. Miller (1)
Capt. Renton (2)
Mr. E. D. Miller (3)
Mr. Drybrough (back)

The game that followed was probably the best match at polo ever seen. To my mind it stands alone both from the sustained pace at which it was played and the brilliant form shown by the players on both sides, and the fact



THE FIGHT FOR THE OPEN CHAMPION POLO CUP.



that for fifty-five minutes no score at all was made. But it must not be supposed from this that the ultimate result of the match was ever in doubt after the first twenty minutes. If Rugby could stay to the end, and no accidents happened, and no stroke of ill-luck occurred, it was soon evident that, since they were the stronger team, and certainly better mounted, they must win. The latter part of the play for full thirty-five minutes showed how difficult it is to score against a first-rate team, even when the advantage is on the attacking side. The perfection of defence by Messrs. Buckmaster and Watson, the quickness with which Mr. Rawlinson would turn defence into attack, and the fast pace all made it difficult to get the leisure to hit that final stroke which sends the ball through the goal. In the last three minutes, indeed, Mr. Watson's ponies were beaten, and in a less degree Mr. Buckmaster's, and this left the way more or less open for Captain Renton, when with a dash he came out and, taking the ball down, made the two goals which won the match, and which were indeed the only score obtained during the game. But from whatever point of view you look at it, it was a great game.

The greatest polo match ever played? Yes, I think so; greater than the match for the A.T.P.C., when these same Freebooters, in pouring rain on a wet ground, beat the 13th Hussars. In that case the game was all on one side. Greater it was, too, than the 1894 match when the Freebooters won this cup for the first time. Looking back at the notes made on that day, I see that the game was by no means so fast all through as on the later occasion. There were periods of sticky, slow play in 1894. In 1897 the two

teams galloped throughout as hard as they could go. There was no pause, scarcely a slackening of the great struggle. The fact is that first-class polo has grown a faster game in the three years which have passed since first the Freebooters won the cup. The lesson taught by this match is that much more time and attention will have to be paid to the schooling of polo ponies, and that we may see a reaction from the anxiety to possess galloping ponies in favour of more handy ones. The fact is that for everyone, except the very finest players, handiness is really of more importance than great speed, and I am by no means sure, after the game of June 5th, that even the best players can be excepted. Training—long, thorough, and complete for the pony, and practice for the man and plenty of it, is no doubt the key to success at polo.

The earlier games of the Open Cup were not so interesting, but the way in which the Royal Artillery team held their own for some forty minutes against the Rugby team makes the Regimental Tournament a more open affair than it looked at first. Before these lines are in the hands of readers, the first stages of this, the most interesting competition of the year, will be over. As the matter stands now, the interest of the game centres in four teams—the Inniskillings, the 10th Hussars, the Royal Artillery, and the Royal Horse Guards. Of these four teams any one might win, though the last-named would be fortunate to do so. In Mr. Ansell the Inniskillings are happy in having a gem of a player who has fulfilled his early promise, and is a source of strength to a team already rich in good players, who can hit and hustle hard. So heavy a team must always be

handicapped by the difficulty of mounting themselves, and it is hard for even a good pony, when tired, to turn quickly under such heavy men. The question of ponies also stands in the way of the Royal Artillery prospects. Their mounts tired dreadfully in the match against Rugby, and Mr. Aldridge in particular was mounted a good deal below his merits. Captains Schofield and Hanwell, however, have some very smart ponies. The R. H. G. and 10th Hussars are beautifully mounted. The former want a heavier man at back, Captain Fitzgerald, who is steady, loyal, and certain, lacks weight to hold his own against *e.g.*, the Inniskilling forward.

Turning from the future to the past, I would notice the appearance of a very good Oxford team, a thing I have long wished to see. Lord Villiers and the Messrs. Nickalls are well mounted and play together, Mr. P. Nickalls particularly showing great promise. Of our new clubs the North Middlesex had a most successful opening last month, and have continued to have good games ever since. Eden Park have made ample use of the magnificent ground with which a fortunate combination of nature and skill has provided them. This ground and tent of the R. H. G., at Datchet, are two of the best in the South of England. The Ranelagh Club have a very fine tournament programme for the close of the season, but the two chief events after the championship of the past month have been the various trial matches of the military teams. Polo matches are now so numerous that one has to pick and choose those that one will see and record. It is sometimes a matter of difficulty to pick out the best. It was natural that one should go

to Ranelagh to see that club play Hurlingham on the former club's ground. The match was something of a disappointment. Ranelagh, though a strong team, was not that which played at Hurlingham, and as for Hurlingham, though intrinsically a team of good players, yet as they certainly had never been together before, it was hardly likely they would win, nor did they, Ranelagh, as the card suggested, having a rather easy victory in a poor game.

HURLINGHAM.

Mr. G. Hardy
Capt. Bulkeley-Johnson
Mr. A. Rawlinson
Capt. Egerton-Green

RANELAGH.

Mr. J. Drybrough
Mr. C. D. Miller
Mr. E. B. Sheppard
Mr. Walter Jones

On paper the teams were fairly even, Ranelagh being stronger "back," and Hurlingham perhaps better "forward." The Ranelagh team were better put together, as it will occur to every polo player that each of the men playing were in their right places, while with the exception of Mr. Hardy, who is the Freebooter No. 1, the others were not so well suited. For this reason no doubt the game was in favour of Ranelagh. On the same day at Hurlingham, the final of the Annual Handicap Tournament resulted in a very hollow victory for a team containing Mr. Maccrery, Mr. Heseltine, Mr. Mackay, and Mr. A. Stuart. This game was deprived of all interest by the other team having to play a substitute and the quartette named above won anyhow.

The game which excited most interest was Hurlingham *v.* 10th Hussars, but the 10th were not playing their tournament men, and suffered defeat at the hands of a fairly strong Hurlingham team. If, which I do not think is the case, the Hussars' play on June 12th was their real form, then the

regimental tournament would lie between the R. A. and the Inniskilling Dragoons. In spite of bad ground it has been a month of

good polo. Captain Daly's ponies were sold off on June 21st on the final retirement of that fine player.
T. F. D.

Cricket.

"WELL done W. G. ! It was the riding that did it, and all honour to you for beating Surrey upon their own ground." Such was the most proper salutation accorded to Dr. Grace after his great triumph over the home side at Kennington Oval.

The heavy rain of the previous afternoon had left the turf very sodden when W. G. Grace won the toss upon the last day of May, and with the sun beaming upon his policy the Gloucestershire Captain elected to send his formidable opponents in to bat. From this initial point the Western County played a winning game up to the last stroke made by their Captain upon the Wednesday morning, which made a victory by five wickets. Throughout the match the greatest judgment was displayed by him, who may well be styled the Nestor of cricketers upon active service.

Dr. Grace tried his bowlers at either end until he discovered which end best suited each ; he kept back his best batsmen from the bad light over-night, and he sent in Mr. Jessop, one of the most rapid of run-getters, the first thing upon the last morning, when the ground was easy from the effect of the recent rolling with the result that the score was advanced by 28 runs in the first quarter of an hour. This hitting of Mr. Jessop, and his bowling which secured 10 wickets in the match at a cost of

just over 100 runs, went some way towards the Gloucestershire victory, and this young gentleman is undoubtedly one of the most useful cricketers in the ranks of the amateurs of to-day. It was curious that in the first innings of Surrey he should have been noballed by Barlow no fewer than ten times, but of late years we are inclined to think that bowlers, and specially fast bowlers, display a growing carelessness as to the position of their feet when delivering the ball.

An incident which occurred in this Gloucestershire match at the Oval has given rise to a certain amount of discussion. The facts as related to us would appear to be that the Surrey wicket-keeper appealed confidently against Murch, the batsman, and threw the ball into the air in token that the batsman was out. Murch, under the impression that he had been given out by the umpire, left his wicket upon the return journey to the Pavilion, and since he was at the gas-works end this necessitated his leaving his popping-crease. Upon this it appears that the wicket-keeper regaining possession of the ball with one hand up-rooted a stump with the *other hand*, and appealed for a run-out, which was promptly given against the batsman.

That this was a bad decision is, we think, unquestionable merely upon the ground that law 28 re-

quires that the wicket shall be put down "by the hand or arm (with ball in hand) of any fieldman," and this has always been interpreted to mean that the same hand or arm which holds the ball must be instrumental in putting down the wicket. Apart from this phase of the case, we sincerely hope that umpires in future will decline to give a decision against batsmen who leave their ground under similar circumstances, that is to say, under a mistaken idea that they have been given out, and with absolutely no intention nor opportunity of gaining any benefit from the action.

Surely after the wicket-keeper has removed the bails and has appealed for a stump, and even gone so far as to throw the ball into the air to signify that he regards the batsman as out, an umpire is justified in regarding the ball as dead, and for all practical purposes "finally settled in the wicket-keeper's hands" under law 35, in which case the umpire would clearly be unable to give the striker out for leaving his ground. That such a question should ever arise is to our mind a great pity, and the fact that it does arise goes to demonstrate that county cricket is nowadays carried to a pitch of keenness which is little short of unwholesome.

Fresh from his well-deserved Oval ovation, Dr. Grace took his team (minus Mr. Jessop) to the headquarters of cricket to meet Middlesex, and winning the toss again, he again sent his opponents to the wicket; and "Grace's Big Blunder" was the head-line in one of the evening papers.

The Metropolitan County accumulated 386 runs before Phillips, the last man, was bowled by Mr. C. Townsend, so that the Gloucestershire captain could scarcely

claim complete success for his bold policy.

The match, however, proved in the end to be a futile one, inasmuch as no definite result was arrived at; indeed, upon a good wicket and in good weather these championship county contests must often be made into drawn games, chiefly by reason of the excess of caution displayed by the batsmen in keeping up their wickets and avoiding all risk of getting out, and ultimately by the caution of the captain of the side which upon the last day holds the long trump, so to speak, and is in a position to declare his innings closed. It is interesting to note the inflated value at which a captain will estimate the rapidity of the run-getting abilities of his opponents when the hour arrives for him to put them in against time. It was at something over the rate of 100 runs an hour that Gloucestershire would have had to score in order to beat Middlesex in the three hours and few minutes left for play; that they would not succeed in performing this feat was likely enough; indeed, as far as we could see, no effort was made in this direction; but the effort which was made to avert defeat was completely successful, as indeed it was likely to be, as upon a good Lord's wicket the Middlesex attack is scarcely formidable enough to dismiss a team which contains several good batsmen in the course of an afternoon. Mr. Francis Ford carried off the chief batting honours of this match by scoring 66 and 150, and his left-handed hitting proved the chief attraction upon the last morning of the match.

Somerset paying their annual visit to Lord's upon Whitsun-Monday, were received by the customary crowd of holiday-makers, and losing the toss, the visitors had

to be content with a day in the field whilst Middlesex ran up a score of 377; strangely enough there was no three figure contribution, but Mr. P. F. Warner scored another good innings of over 80, Sir Timothy O'Brien, who is always seen at his best against Somerset, scored exactly 80, whilst Mr. Hayman took 54, and his Hampstead captain, Mr. Stoddart, 44, and Mr. A. J. Webbe, whose excess of modesty has led him to write himself number nine in the batting order, was unable to avoid making 41 of the best runs before he was bowled; 57 not out was the Middlesex Captain's contribution against Gloucestershire.

Rain in the night and upon the following days spoiled what might have been an interesting game, and an innings of 92 played by Mr. Lionel Palairet was the chief feature of the second day's play. There are to-day few players who so completely combine the academic style with rapid scoring, and we could wish that Londoners were afforded more opportunities of admiring the admirable methods of this great batsman.

Good as was much of the batting in this match, we must confess that for us the wicket-keeping on either side fairly overshadowed everything else.

The name of Gregor MacGregor is a household word amongst cricketers, and high as is his standard of excellence, we consider that upon this his first appearance at Lord's this season he fairly upheld his great reputation. Mr. Arthur Newton, the Somersetshire stumper, fairly covered himself with glory, and his performance throughout the first day of the match was wonderful. The Somerset bowling was not always of the most accurate character, and the ball came at all altitudes, and all angles, but always were

the brown gloves in the right place, and the catch which dismissed Dr. Thornton off a fast rising ball outside the batsman's legs was indeed a fine one.

Somerset have been doubly blessed in having the call of two such magnificent wicket-keepers as Mr. Newton and the Rev. A. P. Wickham. We are inclined to think that never in the history of cricket has there been such a supply of fine wicket-keepers as at present; the amateurs we have just mentioned can, we maintain, be classed amongst the best, whilst the rival claims of Lilley and Storer to represent England formed last season a topic of considerable discussion, and besides these Mr. Philipson and Board fill that most trying place in the field in the most satisfactory manner possible.

"Spoiled by rain" is the epitaph to be written over all the Whitsun-Monday matches, and more's the pity since so many of them were benefit matches for most deserving professionals. Fortunately a fine Bank Holiday attracted large crowds upon the Monday. At Manchester a great concourse assembled to see Lancashire and Kent play for Sugg's benefit, and here the united ages of the rival captains amounted, if we may rely upon Wisden's Almanac, to upwards of ninety-six years. We must congratulate Lord Harris and Mr. A. N. Hornby upon the possession at their time of life of sufficient agility and nerve to face such a large and critical crowd upon such an important occasion.

At Kennington Oval this year the stars of the Western Counties have been in the ascendant, and Somerset followed up the success of Gloucestershire over Surrey by a handsome victory by 224 runs. From the moment that Mr. Woods won the toss Surrey seemed to

play a losing game, and some good level batting resulted in a total of 349 for Somerset's first innings, the only single figure being scored by Capt. Hedley. The home team could not get within 100 runs of this; Baldwin with 81, and Hayes 50 being the chief scorers. Somerset—thanks to some spirited batting by Messrs. Woods (88), and Hill (56), and Tyler, who hit up 50 runs in forty minutes—were able to set Surrey no fewer than 384 runs to avert defeat. Surrey's second innings lasted but just over two hours, and amounted to but 150 runs.

It is interesting to notice that Mr. Woods again followed his invariable rule of hitting up an innings of 80 or so for his county at the Oval; and it is worthy of note too that Mr. Hill and Tyler, who each scored over 50 runs in this second innings, are the men who did so much towards beating Surrey at Taunton last August. The Surrey batsmen once more failed before the slow bowling of Tyler, who took in the match 13 wickets at a cost of 163 runs.

Derbyshire are all in the way of close finishes this season, and it seems really rather bad luck to be beaten by both Lancashire and Yorkshire by one wicket only, and also to lose to M.C.C. by two wickets.

Their match against Yorkshire at Derby was throughout most interesting, and at the finish Hunter had to come in last when 16 runs were wanted to win, all of which he secured himself, leaving Hirst not out 49.

Storer, again, showed his appreciation of the Yorkshire bowling

by an innings of 104 not out. The Peak County have plenty of batting and are a good fielding side, but they want another really good bowler to make them quite a formidable team. The Philadelphian eleven did not make a very promising start upon their campaign, and after indifferent displays against Oxford University and Lancashire, they came in for a heavy beating by an innings and 163 runs at the hands of Cambridge University. Then it was that people began to say our visitors had embarked upon a much too ambitious programme, and it must have been very gratifying to the Philadelphians when in their next match they scored a highly creditable victory by 8 wickets.

Sussex were bowled out for only 46 runs in their first innings, T. B. King taking 7 wickets at the small cost of 13 runs. Some of the American bowlers lay claim to being able to make the ball curl in the air, and it would appear that with some aid from a side wind Mr. King succeeded in puzzling the Sussex batsmen in this way. Sussex made 252 runs when they followed on, but they were never able to regain the ground they lost in that hour which sufficed for their first innings.

Mr. Lester, who last year batted so magnificently for the Haverford College team that came to England, has again got to work upon the bowling, and he looks like having another most successful season here; the older hands, however, have not yet met with any great measure of success.

The Angler's Flies.

By "RED SPINNER."

To regard a portion of the insect world as the exclusive property of the angler is, on the face of it, no doubt just a trifle absurd. We have of course no monopoly in "bugs" of any kind, but it has for some time become the fashion to apply the term "Angler's Flies" to those insects which trout and grayling feed upon, and which dressers of artificial flies attempt — sometimes with remarkable success, and sometimes not — according to their gifts, to imitate. The recent publication by Messrs. Vinton and Co., of *Dry Fly Entomology*, by Mr. F. M. Halford, gives one a legitimate opportunity of dealing with the subject as a whole. In this article, be it premised, no attempt will be made at criticism; the aim is rather to present a connected story of Mr. Halford's labours, to which this sumptuous book will be probably for some time the crown. I may say, once for all, that I am one of Mr. Halford's sincere admirers. He is at the head of our authorities upon fishing for the salmonidæ of the chalk streams; he has made the subject, in a measure, his own; has worked it out with an industry and system beyond all praise. On the other side of the Atlantic, on the Continent, no less than at home, his books are accepted as standard references. We all borrow from and swear by them; the best of our fly-fishing writers quote him, and the rest, including some who write a good deal yet know very little, cling to him like a burr, wisely keeping themselves safe under his protection. If you quote Halford everybody will believe that you are on the right tack.

We anglers owe a great debt, in fact, to the gentleman who began to put his formulated ideas into black and white some years ago in his series of articles in the *Field* above the pseudonym of "Detached Badger," — a term which, from enquiries made to one occasionally, would seem still to be ludicrously misunderstood. Most anglers, however, probably now know that it is the name of his favourite fly — a badger hackle, with a detached body. Mr. Halford's first book, it may be remembered, was *Floating Flies, and How to Dress Them*, and that was published by Sampson Low & Co., in 1886. For some time he had been consulting a professional fly-dresser as to the best means of making artificial flies, with the result that he concluded to disregard the advice to take a series of expensive lessons, and determined to teach himself. With a copy of good old Ronald's *Fly-fisher's Entomology* he commenced trying (as he himself puts it) to puzzle out the mysteries of the craft, and began with my own favourite fly, the red spinner. A grayling, specially inspired it may be to encourage the apprentice to persevere to full mastership, amiably succumbed to this first composition, and the maker thenceforth threw himself heart and soul into the delightful pursuit. Just as in his latest book he consults, takes the advice of, and acknowledges his indebtedness to, an eminent entomologist, so, from the earliest days of his fly-tying, to which he addressed himself as a study and not a mere amusement, he had a guide, philosopher, and friend in the late George Selwyn Marryat,

who was a friend indeed to many another fisherman, and a river-side companion whose memory will remain sweet with us as long as it holds its place.

Halford's first book related entirely to the patterns used in dry fly-fishing, and the exquisite coloured plates were a revelation in that kind of illustration. The dressing of each fly was given in detail, and a short description of its merits, if any, was added. The minutest directions were offered in the first half of the work as to eyed hooks; the materials and implements for fly-dressing; the dyeing (to which, as concerning fly-dressing materials, the work undoubtedly gave a remarkable impetus); and the manner of tying a fly, from the clamping of the vice to the table, to the last touch of the varnish brush. It was obvious that something more remained to be done, and many who were grateful for the opportunity of calling the author friend, from time to time, when waiting for a rise on Test or Itchen, urged him to consider *Floating Flies, and How to Dress Them* as a starting point only.

At this period he was a member of the Houghton Club, and was therefore, with the leisure vouchsafed to the successful man, able to devote his energies to whatever he pleased while in the very prime of life. The opportunities he enjoyed of working out his theories were therefore unique. A second series of articles next undertaken, were ultimately expanded into the still larger volume, *Dry Fly-fishing in Theory and Practice*. Here the amateur dresser finds, on the continued principle of thorough which underlies all the Halford work, a complete exposition of how to use the flies which he had been taught in the previous volume to

make. Beginning with a chapter which makes clear the sort of equipment required, the author takes you to the waterside, puts the rod into your hand with the proper grip, and then point by point patiently expounds the mysteries of over-hand cast, downward cut, under-hand cast, steeple cast, and dry switch. With weapons in hand, and methods of using them explained, you are then taught by diagrams, as well as letterpress, the applied science of where to cast; and a considerable portion of the book, and the best of the coloured illustrations, are devoted to the Mayfly. The necessity, the uses, and the processes of autopsy are also enforced, and the work is rounded off and riveted by essays on trout and grayling, and the general management of a fishery.

That last chapter, with its illustration of weed-cutting on the bar system, decided upon after object-lessons on the famous Sheep-bridge shallow at Houghton, was in effect the cue for the next step. *Dry Fly-fishing* was written in 1888, and published in the spring of 1889, but meanwhile Mr. Halford, on the break-up of the Houghton Club, had extended his observations to other waters, and ultimately became co-lessee, with three friends, of a choice trout preserve. Here the trend of his studies was mainly towards the highly important question of how to make the most of a fishery. Some persons still maintain that the best way is to leave Nature alone, but they are in a very small minority, and, as has been said over and over again, the enormous multiplication of anglers, the keen competition for good lengths of water, and sundry other circumstances, have in these days made it a necessity to help Nature in every possible way.

Making a Fishery, published by Horace Cox in 1895, with an excellent portrait of the author, was the next number therefore of this series. Incidentally, of course, the angler who wants to read about sport and the use of the fly-rod, will, in this, as in the previous works, find ample gratification of his desire; but the real value of the book is the thrashing out from beginning to end of all questions concerning the conduct of a trout stream. Even old fishermen and riparian owners were probably, in a way, startled, on first glance of the contents, at being concisely reminded of the multiplicity of essential considerations to be continually kept in view. As many critics of the work on its appearance remarked, it is the kind of treatise which should be put in the hands of every keeper.

Here again, one must recognise the systematic manner in which Mr. Halford proceeds. He sits down with you, to begin with, in your study, and urges expediciencies and safeguards that will assist you in the perilous course of selecting your water; and, as so many honest men at this early stage are often misled, the matter is one of no little moment. The thing that most frequently turns out right in the end is that which has been properly commenced, and it therefore goes without saying that the forethought expended upon the acquisition of water (for which in these days heavy prices have to be paid) will, to a very great extent, determine the kind of sport enjoyed during your temporary ownership. The natural history of the weeds are dealt with in *Making a Fishery*; also the ins and outs of stocking, the maintenance of the stew, and the introduction of fish, both trout and grayling.

There still remained, however, the necessity of a work which

should, for the first time, in a comprehensive manner, tell the angler something about the natural history of the flies he meets, many of which were perhaps only known to him and the bulk of his acquaintances by the artificial imitations. Hence the publication in June of *Dry Fly Entomology*.^{*} There were previously in existence works for scientific readers by Pictet, on the Phryganidæ, Ephemeridæ, and Perlidæ; and monographs by Eaton on Recent Ephemeridæ, McLachlan on the Trichoptera, and Lowne on the Blow-fly. During the many years in which he had been more directly prosecuting other studies, Mr. Halford's green silk landing net for living flies had not been out of employment, and he probably never went a-fishing without the little vessels in which specimens might be secured. With his friends Marryat and Hawkesley, who were equally interested in these aquatic small deer, all manner of experiments were tried in the breeding of some of the best known anglers' flies, and notes were jotted down in all kinds of weathers and at every period of the season as to the appearance and movements of the insects in their successive stages. What Marryat was in the early works of the series, the Rev. A. E. Eaton, an eminent member of the Entomological Society in London, proved to be in this beautiful *magnum opus*. It is in two volumes; the second of them (it may here be remarked) was issued only with the *édition de luxe*, the whole of which was sold in ad-

^{*} DRY FLY ENTOMOLOGY: A brief description of leading types of natural insects serving as food for trout and grayling, with the 100 best patterns of floating flies and the various methods of dressing them. By Frederick M. Halford, "Detached Badger," of the *Field*. Author of "Floating Flies and How to Dress Them"; "Dry Fly Fishing in Theory and Practice," and "Making a Fishery." London, Vinton & Co., Ltd., 1897.

vance of publication. As this edition was issued at five guineas nett, the fact may be set down as remarkable in the history of angling literature. This second volume, however, is a museum (if it might be so termed) of the 100 best patterns of flies referred to on the title page. They were dressed by Holland, of Winchester, and could not therefore have been better done probably by anyone in the wide world.

Mr. Halford is not one of those who accept hints and annex results from other men's labours without acknowledgment, and he frankly states that Mr. Eaton, whom he regards as the first living authority on the Ephemeridæ, and an entomologist of great knowledge, volunteered to read and amend where necessary the natural history branch of the work. While stating the modern scientific names wherever they can be readily ascertained, Mr. Halford's aim in *Dry Fly Entomology* has been to convey the required information in the simplest language, avoiding as far as possible scientific names which are not always easily understood by the uninitiated.

The reader may be best afforded an idea of what the book is, and how valuable an addition to the angler's library it must be, by a brief summary of its contents. The introduction is an essay on the leading types of those natural insects which serve as food for trout and grayling, and there is a chart-like classification that will materially assist the student. Of the flies of special interest to the angler, the sequence, in ascending order, if arranged in strict zoological sections, would be: (1) Ephemeridæ; (2) Perlidæ; (3) Sialidæ; (4) Trichoptera; and (5) Diptera; but in writing for the angler another plan is adopted,

and the flies are arranged according to what is termed "the comparative importance of the families to the fly-fisherman." Therefore, we have successively the ephemeridæ, caddis flies, stone flies, the alder type, and the diptera and other dainty dishes for the fresh water salmonidæ.

In a very clever article in one of the daily papers reference was recently made to a rise of March browns on the upper Lea; but this was probably an error, the fly seen being the Turkey brown. Although the March brown is seldom seen in the south of England, it is dealt with by Mr. Halford; indeed, the first of the beautifully drawn figures in the book is an outline sketch of that insect, and the larvæ are figured on other plates in illustration of the chapter upon the earlier stages of the life-history. Mr. Halford considers the olive dun the most widely distributed, and the best known of the family; and if we take it from its smallest to its largest size, from its darkest to its lightest shade, it is no doubt the dry-fly fisherman's constant friend. It is a most cosmopolitan creature, moreover, being found in all parts of the British Islands, and in various parts of the Continent. The neophyte who is apt to be confused as to nymph, subimago, and imago, will find this book a blessed ready-reckoner, and it is only necessary in passing to observe that the term "dun" is applied to the smaller ephemeridæ in the subimago, and the expression "spinner" to the imago state of the same family in the section. Olive duns, pale watery duns (of which there are four corresponding species in actual life); iron blue duns (as to which Mr. Halford thinks the imitations are too often neglected by the modern school of anglers, though its imago, the jenny spinner no

one can afford to neglect); the blue-winged olives and sherry spinners; the mayflies; the caddis flies; the stone flies (of which we know little in the south of England); the sialidæ, and the diptera are in succession reviewed and discussed, until we have at command all the information that is probably available at present about the angler's flies figured in their various stages on the plates.

The curious ignorance which has always prevailed about the caddis forms should be removed by the interestingly learned chapter upon the trichoptera, especially the division headed "Habits and metamorphoses." We next come to terms with the sedges beloved of trout and trout fishers on quiet evenings succeeding hot days in June, July, and August; and Charles Kingsley, were he alive, would, I fancy, be one of the first to write and thank the author for the attention he has directed to his favourite caperer, which is the name applied to all cinnamon-coloured caddis flies with blotched or mottled wings. The largest of the trichoptera is the big red sedge, which McLachlan classifies with the family of Phryganea. This is the bulky fellow that on some streams hatches out comparatively late in the summer, but that, on rivers where the mayfly does not occur, is seen in June. The plate upon which it is glorified is a triumph of fine delineation, of wing markings and the minutest details of thorax, legs, and antennæ. This insect is 1·80 inches across the outstretched wings. The silver-horns, which probably most anglers have found a disappointment in the practical value of the artificial in action, comes into the same chapter, along with, of course, the Welshman's button (so often taken for the alder, which was another of

Kingsley's favourites), and the grannom.

Amongst the perlidæ or stone flies we have the yellow sally, often confused with the little yellow may dun of which I saw a pretty rise at the end of the present mayfly season on the Itchen. Never a trout was, however, tempted by it, though I have in old days used it with success on the Gloucestershire Coln. The willow fly, a universal killer on many streams where dry-fly fishing is not yet practised, is also known as the needle brown or Spanish needle. Mr. Halford states that the stone fly, by which the anglers of the north country set such store, and use with such success in its creeper stage, is occasionally seen on our south country chalk streams. He has found it in Switzerland and in the Tyrol, more than 6,000 feet above the sea level.

The alder was one of the flies in the hatching of which Mr. Halford and his friends experimented. They succeeded in not only hatching thousands and thousands of the eggs, but in rearing the young in captivity up to the full-grown larvæ, ready for the metamorphosis to the pupa. The life history of this popular "hunch-back" is therefore worked out to a point which was probably never before reached. The smuts, fisherman's curses, and black gnats, as the diptera are variously called, are considered by the author to be more often found in the stomachs of trout and grayling than any other variety of floating food. The little nuisances of this calibre best known to the angler are the reed smut, fisherman's curse, and black gnat, but a fourth was discovered on the Test, which Messrs. Halford and Marryat christened the blue smut. The reed smut was the name

given by Marryat, who believed that its larvæ and pupa were found fixed to reed or ribbon weed in the water. There are many flies of little value to the angler which are included in the general purview, on the lines indicated; small and great, the life history of all is, as far as may be, traced, and a series of superbly executed plates represent the stages of development.

Having thus disposed of the natural history, the second section of the book is devoted to the hundred best patterns of floating flies. The work *Floating Flies, and How to Dress Them*, went some time since out of print, and the copyright was purchased by Messrs. Vinton, who, as will have been seen, are the publishers of *Dry Fly Entomology*. On this account Mr. Halford incorporates in his new book the ninety standard patterns of the former work, with certain revisions suggested by observations since it was published; and to them he has added ten additional patterns to complete the tale. Of course it is not asserted that a fly book is not adequately filled without a hundred patterns. This much is confessed, and the avowed purpose is to indicate what the experience of many years on south country chalk streams has taught an observant angler as to the apparent merit of the different flies, and the conditions under which success can be obtained for each pattern, or section of patterns. Though Sir Herbert Maxwell has during the past mayfly season made the amusing discovery that trout will rise as well at a blue or scarlet mayfly as at the orthodox green or grey, most fishermen will no doubt continue to cherish their favourite predilections, not only as to the dressings and materials, but also as to the hues

of their flies. The hand-coloured plates of flies in the work under consideration are in all respects perfect, and the plan adopted is to represent the fly considerably magnified, with the ordinary size underneath in black and white.

For some time the idea has been growing among some dry fly fishermen that purely hackle patterns may be more extensively used in conjunction with the winged artificials, and one of the specialities of this section of *Dry Fly Entomology* is the prominence given to such imitations of duns and spinners; they are dressed with soft hen hackles at the head for wings, and cock hackles behind to imitate the colour of the legs of the natural insects. One occasionally foregoethers with an experienced brother fisherman who holds the dogma that winged flies are altogether unnecessary, but you may generally notice that, when the critical time arrives, and the desire to kill a trout is assertive, he does not hesitate to use the upstanding wing.

Something more is said in this work as to dry-fly dressing, and this is in part three. On the question of hooks Mr. Halford, in discussing the faulty tempering of the steel, says that he has personally found blue hooks less liable to rust than bronze. On this point, however, he is contradicted by Mr. S. Allcock, of Redditch, whose practical experience of fifty years has convinced him that blue hooks rust sooner than either bright, bronzed, or japanned. Mr. Hall's original knot for fastening the gut to the eyed hook is still recommended as the most secure, and it certainly has the advantage that the outstanding end, after the knot has been fastened, may be cut off quite close. The time arrives, however, when the dimmed eye, alas, has to be considered;

and when the gloaming is near and time is an object, when the glasses seem to fail in their beneficent assistance, I must personally confess to a preference to Major Turle's simply neat knot, which is passed only once through the eye, is easily manipulated, and, if it ever does betray, it is not because the fastening slips.

The question of keeping feather and flies free from moths is not an insignificant one, and neither pepper, tobacco, camphor, cedar chips, nor colocynth are praised; naphthaline in crystals, or as albarcarbon, Mr. Halford thinks moderately efficacious, but the only certain preventive is an immersion in a weak alcoholic solution—say one in a thousand—of corrosive sublimate (mercury or perchloride). Life, however, to some of us is too short for putting artificial flies one after another into a fancy bath, and crystals will be, as the slang term has it, "good enough" for most of us. The recipes for dyeing are very useful, and the amateur has the advantage of supplementing Mr. Halford's advocacy of the use of the vice by the statements contributed by Mr. G. E. M. Skues and Mr. W. H. Brougham, first-class amateur fly-dressers both, and master anglers. The former favours the vice, the second declares it unnecessary. These gentlemen, however, are allowed the freedom of the pages to speak for themselves, and between three such authorities the already numerous band of amateur fly-dressers will no doubt be increased.

Anglers are not unanimous upon the value of flies with detached bodies, but Mr. Halford sticks to his guns, and insists that for very shy fish no flies have been so successful as the transparent detached-bodied patterns. At the same time he condemns quill-

bodied or cork-bodied detached flies as monstrosities, the essential being that the body should be transparent. An exception is made, however, with the mayfly. The author's experience being that patterns with detached bodies are not as a rule successful.

It has been already indicated that the second volume of the *édition de luxe* is a collection (independent in itself but inseparable from Volume I., of which it is the pendant) of the best hundred flies. They are fastened down by fine wire protected by cardboard mounts, each fly numbered and named, and all fair to see upon the sunken page. It only remains to specify them in their tribes and households apart:—

GROUP I.—IMITATIONS OF NATURAL INSECTS.

SECTION I.—OLIVE DUNS.

1. Gold-Ribbed Hare's Ear.
2. Hackle Gold-Ribbed Hare's Ear.
3. Dark Olive Quill.
4. Hackle Dark Olive Quill.
5. Medium Olive Quill.
6. Hackle Medium Olive Quill.
7. Detached Olive.
8. Flight's Fancy.

SECTION II.—PALE WATERY DUN.

9. Pale Watery Dun (Holland's Pattern).
10. Hackle Pale Watery Dun.
11. Pale Olive Quill.
12. Goose Dun.
13. Hare's Ear Quill.
14. Little Marryat.
15. Quill Marryat.
16. Ginger Quill.
17. Hackle Ginger Quill.

SECTION III.—BLUE DUNS.

18. Detached Iron Blue.
19. Purple Quill-Bodied Iron Blue.
20. Hackle Purple Quill-Bodied Iron Blue.
21. Mole Fur-Bodied Iron Blue.
22. Olive Quill-Bodied Iron Blue.
23. Adjutant Blue.
24. Hackle Adjutant Blue.
25. Blue Quill.
26. Hackle Blue Quill.
27. Blue Dun.
28. Autumn Dun.
29. Whirling Blue.

SECTION IV.—BLUE-WINGED OLIVES.

- 30. Blue-Winged Olive.
- 31. Rough Blue-Winged Olive.
- 32. Indian Yellow.

SECTION V.—SPINNERS.

- 33. Red Quill.
- 34. Hackle Red Quill.
- 35. Red Spinner (the late Mr. Marryat's pattern).
- 36. Hackle Red Spinner.
- 37. Hackle Red Spinner (Mr. Skues' pattern).
- 38. Red Spinner (Holland's pattern).
- 39. Hackle Red Spinner (Holland's pattern).
- 40. Detached Badger.
- 41. Orange Quill.
- 42. Brown Badger.
- 43. Cinnamon Quill.
- 44. Olive Badger.
- 45. Jenny Spinner.
- 46. Spent Olive.

SECTION VI.—MAYFLIES.

- 47. Egyptian Goose Hackle.
- 48. Summer Duck Hackle.
- 49. Dyed Rouen Drake Hackle.
- 50. Summer Duck.
- 51. Brown Champion.
- 52. Green Champion.
- 53. Dyed Gallina.
- 54. Dyed Rouen Drake (Holland's pattern).
- 55. Undyed Rouen Drake.
- 56. Spent Gnat.

SECTION VII.—CURSES.

- 57. Fisherman's Curse (the late Mr. G. S. Marryat's pattern).
- 58. Hackle Curse (the late Sir M. Duff-Gordon's pattern).
- 59. Male Black Gnat.
- 60. Female Black Gnat.
- *61. Pike Scale Black Gnat.

- 62. Claret Smut (Mr. E. J. Power's pattern).

SECTION VIII.—CADDIS FLIES.

- 63. Silver Sedge.
- 64. Orange Sedge.
- 65. Hare's Ear Sedge.
- 66. Dark Sedge.
- 67. Kimbridge.
- 68. Hackle Kimbridge.
- 69. Hackle Sedge.
- 70. Grannom Nymph.
- 71. Grannom.
- 72. Welshman's Button.

SECTION IX.—VARIOUS.

- 73. Alder.
- 74. Hackle Alder.
- 75. Cowdung.
- 76. Red Ant.
- 77. Hackle Red Ant.
- 78. Black Ant.
- 79. Willow Fly.
- 80. Coch-y-Bonddhu.

GROUP II.—FANCY FLIES.

SECTION I.—UPRIGHT-WINGED PATTERNS.

- 81. Wickham.
- 82. Pink Wickham.
- 83. Golden Dun.
- 84. No. 1 Whitchurch.
- 85. Badger Quill.
- 86. Saltoun.
- 87. Apple Green (Holland's pattern).
- 88. Greenwell's Glory.

SECTION II.—FLAT-WINGED PATTERNS.

- 89. Hammond's Adopted.
- 90. Artful Dodger.
- 91. Coachman.
- 92. Governor.

SECTION III.—HACKLE PATTERNS.

- 93. Hackle Wickham.
- 94. Orange Bumble.
- 95. Furnace Bumble.
- 96. Corkscrew.
- 97. Red Tag.
- 98. Orange Tag.
- 99. Macaw Tag.
- 100. Half Stone.

* Since the publication of *Dry Fly Entomology* Mr. Halford has, in the *Field*, explained that this fly was the invention of Mr. H. S. Hall, to whom we owe the turned-up eyed hook, and the use of condor quill for bodies.

The Sportsman's Library.

THE first volume of the Isthmian Library dealt with Rugby Football, and so well was it done by men whose names are famous in the history of the game that a high standard of quality was at once established for the series. We are glad to say that the "Complete Cyclist"* quite comes up to expectations. Now that cycling has come to stay, and all the world goes a-wheeling, it is just as well that one should know something about the machine, the way to build it, the way to buy it, the way to ride it, the way to keep it, and, should occasion demand, the way to mend or sell it.

In these 400 pages can be found, and easily found—thanks to the admirably clear sub-divisions and marginal headings of the subject-matter—a vast amount of varied and interesting information regarding the wheel and its rider.

Mr. A. C. Pemberton, a cyclist of considerable experience, is responsible for the main part of the work, and he is ably assisted by Mrs. Harcourt Williamson, who treats of "The Cycle in Society"; by Mr. Gilbert Floyd, who enlarges upon the "Humours of Cycling"; and Mr. C. P. Sisley, whose article upon "Rides Round London" must be of interest to those Londoners whose ambitions are not bounded by the various parks of the metropolis.

To the conscientious cyclist who wants to know what he is about this volume must be a great boon, and its moderate price of five shillings should ensure its presence in the library of most, if not all, brethren and sisters of the wheel.

This is a new and re-written edition of the most interesting work which was produced by Mr. Dixon in 1892,* and the difficulties which the author has had to meet in this extremely theoretical labour which he has undertaken, are well demonstrated by the fact that he has had to modify to a considerable extent, and even to discard, many of the views expressed in his original work only five years ago.

To the most casual of sportsmen and epicures the subject of the migration of birds must be of some importance, if only on account of the interest taken in the advent of our friend *Scolopax rusticola*, the Woodcock. And grievous indeed is it for sportsmen, and still more for epicures, to read in these pages of the great number of these birds which die a violent death when "on tour" by collisions with lighthouses and light-vessels; in fact, the chapter devoted by Mr. Dixon to the "Perils of Migration" is as sad as it is interesting. We have perused this volume with very great interest, and we cannot refrain from expressing great admiration for the zeal and perseverance displayed by the author, whose whole heart is clearly in his work.

Mr. Dixon suggests that the study of migration foreshadows great discoveries relating to the origin of species and the present and past distribution of life over the earth's surface, and he is modest enough to suggest that the present work should be regarded only as a pioneer. At any rate we shall regard this pioneer as the

* "The Complete Cyclist." Volume II. of the Isthmian Library. A. D. Innes & Co., 31, Bedford Street, Strand.

* "The Migration of Birds." An attempt to reduce Avian Season-flight to Law, by Charles Dixon. An amended edition, published by Horace Cox, at *The Field Office*.

standard work upon a most engrossing subject until Mr. Dixon's further researches enable him to provide us with further theories, and food for reflection.

Of the making of books dealing with sport there is clearly no end, and yet there appears always to be room for a new-comer with desirable appearance and credentials; and we think that we may without any diffidence congratulate Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen upon the prospective success of their *Encyclopædia of Sport*.*

Part IV., published in June, deals with some important sporting topics, commencing with the letter C. The article on coaching is by the able pen of Mr. W. C. A. Blew, who is admirably qualified to write upon this topic, and we hope we are destined to hear more from him in a later number upon the more comprehensive subject of Driving. A considerable amount of space is devoted to coursing, and Mr. W. Ellis, in an article entitled "Greyhound Celebrities," gives a deal of information about the famous "long-dogs" of modern days.

It is most appropriate that the national game should be dealt with in a summer number of the *Encyclopædia*, and the thirty-seven pages devoted to cricket are by no means the least interesting portion of this part.

It is always well to hear the opinion of an expert upon a subject with which he has closely allied himself, and nothing could be fitter than that Ranjitsinhji should discourse upon batting, Tom Richardson upon fast bowling, and Mr. Manley Kemp upon wicket-keeping; whilst the remarks of Mr. F. G. J. Ford upon

that aggravating class of culprits (left-handed batsmen), of which gang he is one of the ringleaders, demonstrate more clearly than ever the absolute necessity of some legislation to regenerate or abolish the "kicky-handed" division.

Wood-cuts illustrative of various strokes at cricket are generally unsatisfactory, and we cannot express any high opinion of the small illustrations which are plentifully besprinkled through the article.

The full-page illustrations, however, of "Coursing" and "A Crocodile" done by the Swan Electric Engraving Co., are excellent, and we look forward to seeing what they can show us in the forthcoming numbers. An *Encyclopædia* can never be very exciting reading, and there is always a tendency to tire of paying two shillings a month for some long time, but we think the *Encyclopædia* of Sport will succeed where others might fail.

With an unselfishness as praiseworthy as it is unusual the author of a book on sport and travel* is actuated by philanthropic motives. "As one of my principal objects in writing this book," says "Snaffle," "has been to induce others to go and do likewise, and to avail themselves of the opportunity presented by a country probably more suitable to such trips, by reason of its climate, inexplicableness, natural beauties, and perfect security, than any other in Europe, and in which alone shooting, fishing, boating, bathing and camping can be equally enjoyed, I propose to conclude this part with a chapter which shall contain such information useful to such imitators of

* "The *Encyclopædia of Sport*," June. Edited by The Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Hedley Peck, and F. G. Aflalo.

* "In the Land of the Bora" by "Snaffle." Illustrated by H. Dixon. London: Kegan Paul & Co.

our idea as cannot be directly ascertained from the preceding pages." "Snaffle" and his wife desiring to take a journey into some country which is not the habitual resort of the holiday-maker, decided to try Dalmatia, a happy land where shooting is permitted, but which has its game laws. Even Mr. Cook had never penetrated into Dalmatia, and that fact apparently settled the question, and to Dalmatia went the expedition. Possibly the majority of people know no more about Dalmatia than that it gives its name to a spotted dog, whose mission it used to be to run along under a carriage. You may remember what the young lady in the "Gaiety Girl" called the Dalmatian dog. Just, however, as there are said to be no artichokes round about Jerusalem, or sausages at Epping, so "Snaffle" tells us there are no Dalmatian dogs in Dalmatia, at any rate he never saw one. The author is to be commended for giving the intending traveller a good deal of valuable information, for in so many books of this sort the writers are so wrapt up with their shooting and fishing exploits that they omit to give more than the merest hint as to route, expense, or manner of living. Like a prudent housekeeper the author's wife drew up a table of prices, from which it appears that mutton, when it is to be had at all, costs about twopence halfpenny a pound; fish starts at a penny a pound; grapes cost half that sum, and green figs are half the price of grapes, while you can buy wine from three-halfpence a pint, but tea is only procurable at 9s. 6d. a pound, and should, therefore, as "Snaffle" points out, be brought from England. The total cost of the first two months of the trip, exclusive of living in towns, but

including boats, was no more than £1 a week for two persons.

On camp equipment the author has a good deal to say, and from what he writes the tourist would do well to avoid the "brandi," the Italian substitute for a camp bed, as "Snaffle's" two broke down under him at the first time of asking. The editor of a German sporting paper had warned the author that the shooting, though free in Dalmatia, was only very indifferent, and that appears to be the case, for "blank days form the rule, except at certain times and places, as, for instance, wild fowling in winter, and the periodical migrations of quail and woodcock." Near Gradina, however, a stag made its appearance, and what is more he was no farther off than about sixty yards, yet he was not brought to hand then, for although "Snaffle" had a gun which would take ball in one barrel he had nothing but shot cartridges with him, but the author searched for him in vain afterwards, and eventually learned that he had escaped from captivity many miles away. The story of the expedition is pleasantly told, and the illustrations are good, but the index might have been fuller.

More rubbish has possibly been written—and talked—about cooking and gastronomy than in connection with any other subject of domestic economy. In books and newspapers the clerk with an income of perhaps three to five pounds a week is asked to protest against the everlasting roast and boiled, chop and steak, with which he is regaled at home, and is told that appetising little dinners can be served up almost for nothing. A pennyworth of shrimps he is told will make *hors d'œuvre* for two or three people for two days, *au naturel* one day and pickled the next. Our friend is told to abjure

the satisfying soups often found on English middle-class tables and to insist on a real *potage*, a delicious clear soup flavoured with sundry vegetables, yet tasting of none in a pronounced manner. The coarsest of fish, the most unfashionable of cuts from beef and mutton are, he is told, to make up into savoury dishes, until at last the poor man grows thoroughly dissatisfied with his home lot until at last he perhaps joins in a correspondence, "Is Marriage a Failure?" People who write thus for small households entirely forget that a couple of shrimps make a dirty plate, and that the soup and other plates are just as much soiled by a *plât* that costs a farthing as by the cleverest dainty put forth by a *chef*, and that a maid-of-all-work can hardly be expected to use, and of course wash up, about a dozen and a half kitchen utensils besides all the china used in the dining-room.

From these unpractical productions it is a relief to turn to the manly, if the term be permissible in connection with the cookery book before us.* How to describe the work we hardly know. It is certainly not a cookery book, though it contains a number of most excellent recipes, and on that account it cannot be regarded as a book of memories or a collection of stories. We may possibly best describe it as an *omnium gatherum* of good things, both gastronomical and social, from the pen of one whose name is not altogether unknown in these pages, and who, as the genial Nathaniel Gubbins, weekly delights a large number of readers in the columns of the *Sporting Times*. To Mr. John Corlett, "grandest of hosts, best of trenchermen," is the book

dedicated, and even that "Modern Lucullus" must be difficult to please if he cannot find a good deal to please him in Mr. Spencer's book. "No breakfast, no man," is as old, and we are inclined to think, as true a saying as "no foot, no horse," and so the author very appropriately begins with reflections on breakfast, telling, in a style quite his own, some good stories by the way. Many of the recipes are distinctly good, but the author is very much down upon the average hotel breakfast. This incidentally raises the whole question of the *table d'hôte*, an arrangement which can be deemed satisfactory in certain circumstances only. Anyone proposing to take a *table d'hôte* meal should either be present at the "first go off," or should present a waiter with a tip in advance to be made acquainted with the hour at which the next relay will be cooked. If a man really professes to eat on scientific principles theory cannot be further divorced from practice than when he drops down to breakfast or dinner an hour after the viands have been cooked. Luncheons, dinners, salads, and camping out are all treated of in masterly and very amusing style by Mr. Spencer, who has a chapter on drinks of various kinds. A man in a minority of one is, of course, in the wrong, but we cannot give praise to any recipe which involves the mixing of liquors. The man who at dinner drinks claret, pale brandy, yellow chartreuse, curaço, maraschino, and soda water for his dinner, would probably breakfast off a brandy and soda in the morning, yet all these ingredients are included in Mr. Spencer's recipe for Claret Cup.

One other little point. In the preface Mr. Spencer says, speaking of the English householder, "he

* "Cakes and Ale: A Memory of Many Meals," by Edward Spencer. London, Grant Richards.

may possibly be induced to give his steam chest and his gas range a rest, and put the roast beef of Old England on his table." Well, the gas stove is not so bad as it is often painted, but its use requires care, more perhaps than nine out of ten cooks give it; but when used in an enlightened manner it is very far from a bad fit-out. Roasting is frequently put forth as the *summum bonum* of English cookery; but it is wasteful, and roast meat is more indigestible than that which is baked, always supposing that the baking is properly carried out. Again, certain forms of steam cooking are very much to be preferred to boiling. The steam cooker as exemplified

by the "Warren's Pot" of long ago, and Mr. Parrish's appliance of to-day is a valuable adjunct in any kitchen, and a leg of mutton or a chicken steamed is infinitely to be preferred to one boiled, but these steamers, too, require to be treated with judgment. These, however, are small matters in connection with which a certain amount of argument is always permissible. For Mr. Spencer's book as a whole we have nothing but praise. As he tells us, his style is founded upon that of no one else; the reader's interest is sustained from start to finish, while besides being amusing there is much in it which is of use to the housekeeper, whether married or unattached.

The Gallery Ride.

GALLOPING straight, galloping free, racing away with the ball,
 The chestnut mare is stretching herself a length ahead of them all.
 Now we are nearing the middle: just a turn of the wrist,
 Straighten the ball and strike it, when flying it cannot twist.

Behind me the others come thundering, we cannot last at the pace
 It's only a stroke to vict'ry, given a moment's grace.
 Now's the time and the chance. Let me get but one rattling blow,
 Lift the ball in the air, send it flying—it never has gone too low?

Who—whoop, it is straight for the posts! By Jove, I declare it has
 missed,
 Dropped, bumped along on the ground and at the last gave a twist.

BACK (*loquitur*).

"So you've lost us the match, young man, on account of your gallery ride,
 It was pretty to see, no doubt, but at *Polo* you play for your side."

T. F. D.

“Our Van.”

Epsom.—The thrice-told tale must have its repetition in the green covers; not that there is much to add to what has already been written. We knew all about it, for what everybody said would come to pass, in the Derby at least, did so come. In the Oaks nobody was fortunate, and the prophets were confounded; a pity, because, as Chalandry's stable companion made a decidedly good fight in the Derby, the mare should have won the Oaks. We own we do not understand it, and how Chalandry, looking her best, well backed with her splendid action, came to be beaten we cannot explain. We have seen no explanation, and have none to give ourselves. Indeed, it was the first time we made the acquaintance of Limasol, as, though she ran at Doncaster September on the last day, we were not present when she finished second to All Moonshine. We were told that she was backed, and we heard rumours of a successful trial, but as the starting price of Limasol was 100 to 8, we did not perhaps pay the attention to the trial we ought to have done. In fact, the defeat of Chalandry so confounded us that we could scarcely believe our eyes, and are not sure we believe them now. As we have said above, we have heard no explanation as to how she was beaten. That she was as fit as she could well be made we saw, and we submit that her defeat by a comparatively little-known outsider should have been taken more notice of. Instead of which our prophets and analysts have accepted the situation, and we are coolly told that she is probably only a six furlongs mare, as Velasquez is a six-furlong horse.

But Velasquez ran a wonderfully game race in the Derby, and perhaps made Wood uncomfortable for a moment or so. We were very pleased to see the fight Velasquez made, and so, no doubt, was his noble owner. Velasquez has been badly abused since he ran in the Two Thousand, and perhaps some of his critics are now sorry that they spoke. There were people who wanted Lord Rosebery to run his mare in the Derby, and we are extremely glad he did not do so, for her defeat on Friday last would have opened the flood-gates of vituperation and “We told you so.” To see Velasquez's game display in the Derby was a treat indeed, and we shall look forward with redoubled interest to his future.

Of course the enthusiasm roused in Ireland by the victory of an Irishman and an Irish horse was unbounded, and we were very sorry to see a stupid paragraph in some paper about Mr. Gubbins and his family—a mixture of lies and ignorance. We were a good deal in the county Limerick in our younger days, and heard the name often repeated with many expressions of respect and liking. We did not know any of the family, the head of which then was probably the father of the present two Messrs. Gubbins. We were staying with an old friend who lived very near Castle Connell, and we used to go and see that mighty fisherman, Colonel Vandeleur pulling out the salmon. There were other things, too, to see—Irish lasses, and Irish eyes, who played havoc with the susceptible Saxon. But this is not the Derby. Galtee More had a very warm reception, and as he

is a dear old sheep of a horse, reminding us in his demeanour much of Bendigo—two or three hairs of whose tail we cherish now, plucked from him when he won the first Jubilee. We did not venture on such a liberty with the son of Kendal, though we believe he would have stood it, and we were told that he knows Mr. Gubbins well, and likes being noticed by him; altogether a horse after our own heart as "Bendi" was. And as we have shot over the Galtee range in Tipperary, about the wettest mountains we ever encountered, we were very pleased to see that the peasantry "living convenient" as they say in Tipperary, lighted bonfires on the range, and so confident were they of the result of the great race that they collected faggots, weed, and other materials long before the evening. What hill—we beg pardon, mountain—Galtee More takes his name from we are in doubt, but presume it is the biggest. And by the way, what a sequence of good fortune came to Sam Darling from that Derby. He won a race at Windsor on Whit Tuesday, he won two at Hurst Park, and as we remember the old Sam Darling, who was invincible on the back of a famous grey, Isaac, that liked to win on Worcester Racecourse when the Severn had invaded the running track. We well remember, though a boy at the time, old Sam and Isaac, the latter galloping through the water, which was half way up his legs, and winning. We do not believe that Sam was ever beaten on the old grey, and our only regret is not remembering how the good old horse was bred. But these are old memories, and we must hark back to Epsom.

We regret to say that our two-year-olds did not come out well at Epsom. Only Bittern redeemed

the character given him at Kempton a fortnight previously—that of a mad horse—by coming out "clothed, and in his right mind," as we say of the human, and winning the Surrey Breeders' Foal Plate like a decent horse without any return of his Kempton tricks, when he tried all he knew to kill Garrett. Still, it was somewhat risky of those backers who took 11 to 10 about him. At three furlongs from home Our Queen was second, and Wood appeared to us to tell Bittern he must gallop, but he eventually won easily by a length. Perthshire, the colt we shouted over at Epsom Spring, was badly beaten in the Woodcote, not without a suspicion of cuffing it, by Orzil, an Ayrshire colt of Mr. L. Brassey's. To counterbalance this behaviour on the part of our youngsters, the Prince's colt Oakdene ran fairly well in the Derby and was placed fourth by the judge. We were sorry to learn from the staff of the Traffic Department that both on Wednesday and Friday the returns were not good, so we must humbly retract what we have said above of the attendance being a record one.

Royal Ascot.—Jubilee Ascot must be pronounced a success, for it needs a great deal of rain or other untoward circumstances to make it a failure. Our Oriental visitors were there—they have accomplished a good deal of sight-seeing since they arrived—and some of them came in uniforms of such gorgeousness as to make the efforts of the *modiste* appear almost dowdy. Nearly everybody was at Ascot, and yet there was plenty of room, for Major Clement had been scheming and scheming in all departments and with conspicuous success. Nor was the Jubilee Ascot shorn of one of its greatest spectacular attractions—the semi-

state procession. With any amount of State work to get through, the Prince and Princess of Wales made a point of being present; though instead of enconcing themselves in some convenient house near at hand, they "went up and down" daily like some of the Queen's humble subjects; yet after all, this plan has its advantages.

Seldom has a more beautiful June day dawned than the Tuesday of Ascot week. Wednesday was not quite so favourable, as rain fell in the morning and the wind was cool, even chilly at times. Thursday was rather a lucky day, and what a crowd! Every one you did not want to meet was there, and during Thursday night the heavy rain must have caused some misgiving in many minds, yet the afternoon turned out fine, though the company was small. Hospitality as usual reigned supreme; and whether at the picnic in the garden, on the coaches or elsewhere, there was always something to spare for a friend; in fact, the "friends" rather score at Ascot, for a man may run down by train without even a crumb in his pocket and be certain of having been "done well" by the time he leaves the course. The ladies' dresses were, of course, pretty, as usual, but perhaps quieter in colour than one has seen in former years, though of course one saw a few "striking" garments here and there, which showed at once the courage—call it individuality if you like—of wearer and builder.

To get to the racing. The punter must have gone home on Tuesday in a rather thankful frame of mind, for he encountered unusual luck. As a rule Ascot, despite its pleasant surroundings, is not always thought of kindly afterwards. More good things

have been upset at Ascot than perhaps on any racecourse in England. Unless memory plays us false it is not always that the talent can find the winner of the Trial Stakes "at one," but they did it on Tuesday, in theory at least, though it may be doubted whether even many confirmed punters really laid six to one on Kilcock, notwithstanding the fact that the opposition was decidedly weak. We all like to see a big field for the Ascot Stakes, and when the number of starters topped a score we were all glad, for it is a two-mile race, and twenty-one competitors is the biggest field since 1848, when twenty-three went to the post. Mr. Halbronn is no stranger at the ring-side when one of the great Albert Gate firm is disposing of bloodstock, and he received some of his money back on this occasion. Masque II. had a very good record on his side of the channel, and at three to one he was well backed, though Mr. Beddington's Earwig did not want for friends at six to one. The Prince of Wales's Glentilt was amongst the competitors, but loyalty could not make him out the winner. Masque II. and Earwig ran a great race home, the French horse just winning by a neck, Glentilt finishing eighth. If Kilcock was regarded as a certainty for the Trial Stakes what is to be said about Galtee More for the Prince of Wales's Stakes? Thirty-three to one reads like a prohibition price, and the Derby winner was once more successful, while backers made a good choice in picking out Count Schomberg as the probable winner of the Gold Vase.

Eighteen for the Hunt Cup on Wednesday was a good field, and there was plenty of betting on the race. Neither La Sage nor

Teufel were pulled out, and as Sandia had made such a poor show in the Spring at Epsom no one much fancied him, nor was Lord Rosebery's Quarrel, not started on Tuesday, with an eye to this race much liked. Victor Wild, though not favourite, came in for something like an ovation as he left the paddock; but to him who has more was given, as it generally is, and Mr. McCalmont's Knight of the Thistle won by three-quarters of a length.

The event on Thursday, indeed of the week, was Persimmon's victory in the Royal Hunt Cup. On Tuesday the Prince was loyally cheered as he drove along the mile; but on Thursday the reception was, it seemed to me, even still more vigorous. Persimmon held a back seat for part of the journey, but as soon as John Watts let go of his head, Persimmon "hopped along," as someone phrased it, and Watts not having any intention of cutting things fine, allowed his horse to stride away and win by a good eight lengths. The race was as good as over long before the post was reached, and the cheering began some time in advance; it was a real popular victory, and if anything could have added to the pleasure experienced by the Prince of Wales at seeing his good horse win, it must have been the spontaneousness of the cheering which accompanied the victory. It was in the fitness of things, that in this year, above all others, the Royal Colours should be borne first past the post in an important race at Ascot, a meeting founded in the reign of that good sports-woman Queen Anne, and with which the reigning house has always been peculiarly connected.

The Cart-Horse Parade.—We own, with very great regret, we were unable for the first time for

some years to attend the Cart Horse Parade. We were not very well, and Epsom and its fatigue had pulled us down. On our explaining to Sir Walter Gilbey at Epsom that we were unable to walk or stand about, he very kindly said, "You can sit in my brougham, and I will drive you to Cambridge House to luncheon." It was like Sir Walter's kindness his so saying; but we knew he had the calls of his family on him, and that the ladies would occupy the brougham, so we gave up one of the pleasantest outings, where we see noble horses, also meet many friends at Sir Walter Gilbey's very hospitable board; therefore we can tell our readers very little except that the show was as excellent as ever and attracted a very large company to Regent's Park. The horses and their harness, the latter with no diminution of that elbow-grease which has won so many encomiums in the past, and will bear such spirit in the future, were all there, and to our great regret we had to let it go by.

The Crystal Palace and Richmond Horse Shows.—Pompey and Cæsar were very much alike, and in both of these Horse Shows, held within eight days of each other, a number of the exhibits, victorious and unsuccessful, travelled on from Sydenham to Richmond. If, however, we had the same owners, or at least a good many of them, we had different judges, and they lent quite a variety to the proceedings. At the Crystal Palace the hunter *par excellence* was Messrs. Mason and Brown's Rocket, who won as a novice, an intermediate, and as a *bonâ fide* hunter, Mr. Stokes' Torment, Mr. Drage's Revenge, and Mr. John's Rockville, were the other prize-winners in the first three classes, but when the scene

was changed to Richmond, Mr. Brown's horse was left altogether out in the cold. Torment was the best of the novices, and though Rocket competed in both the other classes he failed to get any more than fourth prize.

At both Shows Mr. John's fine chestnut Gendarme was *facile princeps* in the classes for which he was entered, while the Welsh exhibitor scored again in the heavy weight class at Richmond, with Sea Kale, who, if we remember rightly, was the property of Mrs. Hoare, when he won at Warwick at the Royal Show. At both Shows Gendarme gained championship honours. Among the competitors in the harness classes were some American horses brought over to England by Mr. Hulme, and these we liked. Those, however, upon which the owner is reported to have set the most store were unsuccessful, but Cracksman and Marksman gained distinctions both at Sydenham and Richmond. They are excellent movers, trotting well from the shoulders, and bringing their hind legs well under them, and in the cob classes should take a great deal of beating all through the season. As a tandem team they showed most remarkable speed, and were very well driven by the Hungarian who discharges the duties of stud groom to Mr. Hulme.

Mr. Godsell's Lord Bath and Duke of York of course won in most of their classes, but at the Crystal Palace one rather curious circumstance happened. Lord Bath was beaten in one division by Lady Brilliant, yet he was adjudged to be the best single harness horse in the Show. At Richmond champion honours fell to Mr. Ernald Mosley's Amazement, a magnificent roan, of which we have made mention before.

At the Crystal Palace, a very good idea was worked out, in having a class for *bond fide* park hacks which have never won a prize in harness of any description. This we regard as a move in the right direction, because, as we have so often said, so many prizes in the hack classes are awarded to what are really harness horses. It was something, at any rate, to have a saddle class in which well-known harness horses could not be exhibited, but the result was only to show that *bond fide* park hacks are somewhat scarce. Mr. Gooch's white-legged chestnut, Sans Reproche, was no doubt the best in the class, but he could not be regarded as a particularly high class hack. Many of the so-called hacks have too much action, Mr. Gooch's chestnut has too little; in fact he is almost a daisy cutter, and not particularly free; still, as he is temperate and easy in his paces, the judges certainly made no mistake in giving him first prize.

Mr. Ansell's Connaught, a very nice dark chestnut, won at both Shows, while to Richmond Mr. Gooch took a couple of hacks, Bugle March and Cardigan, which were not at the Crystal Palace, and both of these took first prizes.

The coaching competition at Sydenham was a decided success. Nearly all the London coaches entered. Lord Lonsdale was the judge, and he entered *con amore* into the proceedings; he made the most careful overhaul of the horses, harness, and coaches, and then somewhat surprised the respective proprietors by wanting to examine the recesses of the hind boots to see what spare tackle they carried, and in what condition it was. There was, of course, a certain amount of speculation as to which team would be adjudged the best, and knowing

his Lordship's proclivities for action, most people were of opinion that he would give the prize to the Ockham Sportsman team (three chestnuts and a skew-bald), which made a very good show, and this was verified. Delaforce, indeed, got full points for everything. The Virginia Water Old Times had four capital greys, which as working horses for a coach were as good as anything on the ground, while the Boxhill Rocket, the Sevenoaks Excelsior, the St. Albans Regulator, and the Ascot Vigilant, were all very well horsed.

The guards' horn blowing was carried out before such judges of music as Mr. Manns (the famous conductor to the Crystal Palace Band), Mr. Godfrey, and Mr. Hedgcock, and they judged that Arthur Bullock, of the Old Times, was the best performer, not on a yard of tin, but on about a yard and a half of brass or copper. Apart from the competition all the coachmen received prizes in the shape of a whip, presented by the Directors of the Crystal Palace Company, and whoever had the selection chose wisely, for they all handled well, and were just such as a coachman would have chosen for himself. At Richmond the competition was for private drags, and this was easily won by Mr. Budgett, whose fine bays are always admired when he turns out with the Coaching Club at the Magazine. Here again was a competition for horn blowing, which was won by James Watts.

The Royal Military Tournament.—This most excellent show is now rather a matter of history, but it is worthy a few words even at this lapse of time, for it was one of the most successful ever held. The colonial cavalry-men came in for well-merited applause for their display, while the musical

ride of the 3rd (Prince of Wales') Dragoon Guards was one of the best things ever seen. Half the men were mounted on chestnuts, the other half on bays, excepting one who was on a brown horse, which was perhaps as good as any in the Show. There have been so many musical rides that it would seem difficult to hit upon any new figures, yet the riding master of the 3rd Dragoon Guards managed to throw in some novelties, which called forth very great applause. During the latter half of the Tournament the 1st Life Guards did the ride, and theirs too was exceedingly good. The pageant was perhaps the most important item of all. It was capitally staged, and showed the great British Public in what kind of dresses the men fought, who worthily upheld the honour of England at Blenheim, Waterloo, Inkerman, and Tel-el-Kebir. The soldier's uniform of to-day may not be ideally perfect, but it is at any rate an improvement on that in which our soldiers had to fight in the last century. Under Marlborough some of our troops wore scarlet dressing gowns very much like the garment worn by the huntsmen of old, while the discomforts of the head-dress worn by the cavalry can hardly be over-estimated.

The parallel bar and vaulting horse exhibits by the Aldershot Gymnastic Staff, and the bare-back riding were as popular as ever, while the display of all arms, and the competitions of the tent-pegging order left nothing to be desired. The house was crammed at every performance, and all the seats were sold out long before the Tournament came to an end, so that the military charities benefit largely. The driving display by the Royal Horse Artillery, the whole of

the battery of six guns being in the ring at the same time, was exceedingly well managed. The greatest accuracy was of course necessary in all the evolutions, and too much praise can hardly be given to the drivers for the skill with which they managed their horses. The Royal Artillery gave their usual display of trotting, and the Royal Horse Artillery, as usual, brought down the house by their galloping, which on the day of our visit was simply marvellous, as the guns went round the ring several times without touching a single post. Nor must one forget a very smart naval display by the men of H.M.S. *Excellent*; the dexterity with which they handled their guns, and the touch of comedy they gave to their exhibition by suddenly pulling the whole affair to pieces, each man sitting upon a portion of the equipment, was exceedingly amusing, and the cyclists merit a word for the ease with which they managed their bicycles, and the smartness with which they went through their display.

"Baily's Fox-Hunting Directory."—The Editor of this new work, which is to be published in the autumn, is anxious to obtain the names of the thoroughbred sires which stand for service in every hunting county in England and Wales. Will owners of sires oblige by sending to the Editor "Baily's Fox-hunting Directory," 9, New Bridge Street, London, E.C., particulars of their horses as follows:

In the county of the
Hunt; name of sire and description; owner's name and address; fee; groom's fee.

Yachting.—While the sailings of large racing craft up to the present this season can hardly be classed as a success, the regattas

of the south have been marked by some of the best form ever displayed by small raters, notable amongst the boats taking prize pennants being the *Emerald* of the 36-footers, the *C. Lark* in the Solent one design, Miss Cox's *Speedwell* of the 24-foot boats, and the *Vega* in that not very largely represented division the 18-foot raters.

With the advent of the new eighty-five which Fay & Co. are building for Mr. C. D. Rose, there is likely to be one of the most original types of racers ever spreading sail, and though opinions differ to a very considerable degree as to the way in which she is likely to shape, there is every probability that Soper's latest design will be a boat showing a very fast turn of speed in light breeze weather, a characteristic of the new racer *Morning Star*, which quite outsailed the *Audrey* in her maiden matches at Southampton when the winds were more of the zephyr than the hard breeze, and Mr. Coats's craft bids fair to add fresh laurels to the many gained by the *Fairlie* built boats to the design of W. Fife.

With the Jubilee review over, there is likely to be no little extra attention devoted to the regattas, there being no fewer than a score of different days' sailings in the south alone during the present month, the winding up event consisting of several important contests in connection with the Royal Southampton Club, which this year can boast of the most special of marks in royal grace and favour, the Queen's Jubilee Cup certainly forming the leading interesting event in marine pastime during the season.

Though the Redwing boats are only a comparatively minor class in yacht racing, they have certainly found considerable favour

in the Solent, their smart little sails, "ruddier than the cherry," forming a picturesque display in the regattas of the great southern waterway. The Hythe Club boats, like those of Bembridge, are also continuing to merit popular favour.

While only a couple of twenty-raters, the Audrey and the Morning Star, have been seen in the Solent contests this year, the Clyde regattas are likely to be marked by a very much better show of one of the most handy and interesting class of racers, and also for good entries generally. The big boat Bona, which was launched last month on the northern river, may be expected to show in several of the sailings in which the Meteor and Mr. C. D. Rose's new eighty will start.

The time allowance question is one which is likely to be very much debated before the season's end, particularly from the fact of palpably too much margin being allowed to such smaller craft as the Caress, the Meteor upon one occasion having to give away no less than three-quarters of an hour in a not very considerably long run. The inclusion of a leading builder, some well-known designer, and possibly a smart skipper, on the committee of the Yacht Racing Association finds no little favour amongst the yachting fraternity. To see a decadence in large class pleasure craft sailing can be the wish of no devotee of marine pastimes, but it certainly appears likely to be brought about if what can hardly be considered other than an inordinate amount of time allowance marks the racing of our biggest boats.

Of the season's cruisers the Anemone, Mr. Liddell's vessel, specially designed for navigating the French canals, has had a few necessary alterations and additions

carried out, including a lowering funnel to enable her to be taken under the bridges which are invariably to be found at the end of the locks on the waterways of France. The Anemone's name particularly came to the front soon after Mr. Liddell's new craft was put into commission in consequence of the mysterious disappearance of her mate, Gentry, a very capable and much esteemed seaman.

Very many men who help to man the pleasure ships of our country are keenly in favour of the formation of a society, the principles of which would be to aid in a benevolent way any deserving cases of sympathy in connection with yachting, such, to wit, as a caring for the widows and orphans of men who might lose their lives either in racing or cruising. Yacht sailors as a class are a very well-behaved, smart and intelligent set of men, and their claims for a kindly consideration are well worthy of being laid to heart. A lead in the way of carrying into practical effect some particular project of the kind indicated would in all probability receive the cordial support of the great majority of yacht owners.

Racing on the continent, not only yearly at the Riviera, but in the more northerly German waters, certainly shows a growing prominence in the world's sport, whilst our home builders and designers will do well to keep as much as possible to the fore, or "made in Germany" may be likely to find notice on pleasure crafts, as well as upon other things mundane which are from the hand of the technically instructed Teuton. The French, too, can certainly be expected to take advanced steps in the way in which to build a boat.

Sport at the Universities.—

"But oh! prodigious to reflect,"

A Twalmont, sirs, is gane to wreck."

So writes Robert Burns in a half-solemn, half-jocular elegy; re-echoed now by Light and Dark Blues all at the close of another academical year. Somehow, as the moment of departure from old *Alma Mater* approaches, the time past takes a sort of personal figure even in minds of an ordinary and prosaic kind. The customs observed, the friendships made, in connection with, perhaps, the happiest period of their lives, bring many significant reflections to most Oxford and Cambridge men at this stage, especially to him whose career is now finished, and who, henceforth, goes to work as a man among men in the great battle of life! Lord Esher, not long since, publicly stated that nothing can quite compensate for the pleasures of a 'Varsity career—and he was right. Once again have exponents of mind-and-muscle doctrine triumphed heavily in the Honours Lists of both the Universities. The names of prominent sportsmen positively abound therein, to the utter confusion of the prig and smug, whose days are numbered. It is now universally admitted that active participation in sport and pastime contributes an influence resembling the force of italics to mental culture; and, therefore, to success in life. Truly, times change, &c.! Thanks to the sight o' good advice given by famous mentors no end, the rowing at the recent Summer Eights at Oxford was uniformly good. Not for many years past has a more "classy" exhibition been shown all down the line, and the future of Dark Blue oarsmanship is cheering indeed. Chiefly owing to this general excellence, the actual bumps were fewer than

usual, Christ Church excelling in this respect by ascending five places. Merton made three bumps; Brasenose, Oriel, and Lincoln two each; Magdalen and Corpus one each; whilst no fewer than six boats finished *in statu quo ante*. St. John's, Wadham and Hertford were the most noticeable failures. New College justified our confidence by very easily retaining "Head of the River" honours, after giving a superb exposition every successive night. The 'Varsity Sculls again fell to President Philips for the third consecutive year—a record! Quality rather than quantity marked the entries for the 'Varsity Pairs, the final going to H. Gold and R. Carr (Magdalen) in easy fashion.

The general rowing at the Cambridge "Mays" was not so good as usual, but several of the crews gave a brilliant display. Trinity Hall (as we anticipated) had no difficulty in retaining premier position, and it is noteworthy that they now claim highest honours for the *eighth successive year*! Emmanuel were the heroes of the occasion, their first crew attaining second position after some fine work, whilst their Second Division combination ascended on all four nights of the meeting. This entitles them to their oars, a very coveted trophy! Third Trinity, King's and Christ's also rowed capitally throughout; and, of the rest, Pembroke, Sidney, and Queen's showed up well. First Trinity and Lady Margaret were wofully disappointing, yet the "First" men had no end of bad luck to contend with during training. Their second crew and Selwyn were bumped every single night, and gave a very inglorious display. On the whole, the rowing was not up to Cantab traditions, albeit most exciting racing

took place, no fewer than twenty-six bumps being effected, as against twenty in 1896. As the outcome of the racing, New College University, Christ Church, Balliol, and Trinity (Oxford) and "Hall," United Trinity, Emmanuel, King's, and Christ's (Cambridge) will invade Henley. On recent form, we anticipate a large measure of success for the Sister Blues against all comers.

By common consent of all capable critics, the Oxford and Cambridge cricket elevens this season are very powerful ones. This is proved by the trial matches up to date. The Dark Blues have thrashed Mr. A. J. Webbe's XI., Somersetshire, and the M.C.C., as against one defeat by Surrey. The Philadelphians tussle was drawn very much in their favour. Cambridge were decisively defeated by Sussex, but *per contra* boast victories over Mr. C. J. Thornton's XI., Mr. A. J. Webbe's XI., Yorkshire, Hampshire, and the Philadelphians. Their draw with the M.C.C. was altogether in their favour. Both captains have used the nicest discrimination *re* final selection; and, barring accident, the following teams will do battle at Lord's on the 5th, 6th and 7th inst.:—*Oxford*—G. R. Bardswell, F. H. E. Cunliffe, J. C. Hartley, P. F. Waddy (Old Blues); F. L. Fane, R. F. Fox, G. E. Bromley-Martin, A. Eccles (Seniors); F. H. Bateman-Champain, E. C. Wright, and R. E. Foster (Freshmen). *Cambridge*—N. F. Druce, F. Mitchell, E. H. Bray, C. J. Burnup, H. H. Marriott, G. L. Jessop, C. E. M. Wilson, E. B. Shine (Old Blues); H. W. De Zoete, H. B. Taylor (Seniors) and A. E. Fernie, a Freshman. In batting, both teams are very powerful, but the Cantabs score heavily by possessing such a number

of old Parliamentary hands. Most of these are already in fine form, especially their "skipper," N. F. Druce, whose batting this season has been most brilliant. Up to date his average is 98·3! Eccles has been the most consistent scorer for Oxford, although Champain, Bromley-Martin, Fane, &c., have all batted freely against varied conditions of attack. The fielding on both sides has been quite first-class, whilst Bray (Cambridge) and Fox (Oxford) have given a very smart exposition at the wicket. It was at first thought the bowling would be below par this season, but luckily this is not so. Both Hartley and Waddy will appear for Oxford again; and these, with Cunliffe and Wright, form a very formidable quartette. Cunliffe is about the best amateur trundler in England, whilst Waddy and Hartley are renowned for doughty deeds also. Wright is an all-round cricketer of uncommon merit, his bowling on several occasions proving very destructive. Other than these, Bardswell, the popular captain, and Champain, are "good at need" with the ball. Shine and Jessop, the Cantab cracks, are more effective than ever this year, both claiming a capital season's average so far. The bulk of attack generally rests with them. But De Zoete has done some doughty deeds in this direction also, and—to quote a prominent cricketer's remark—"he bowls a deuced nasty ball." Fernie the "Fresher" is a trundler of distinct promise; he varies pace and pitch admirably, and works with his head as well as his arms. He is one of the few really promising amateur bowlers who have "arrived" in 1897. After close observation of both teams, under all sorts and conditions of weather and opposition, we are of opinion that

the Lord's tussle will be a stubborn one. In attack, any superiority either way is more apparent than real; and going in first, on a good wicket, will mean very much. More depends upon the toss this year than the outsider, perhaps, imagines! But we fancy the Cantabs excel in batting, and are a trifle the stronger all round as a team, so shall expect *Cambridge* to revenge their defeat of last year. As a popular spectacle, the match promises to beat its own record. The Duke of York and other magnates galore have expressed their intention to be present, and already the demand for tickets is enormous. May fair weather prevail, the better team win, and the contest be free from any irritating incidents such as marred that of 1896!

Ere these notes see light a further sequence of Inter-'Varsity contests will have been lost and won, *i.e.*, at cycling, swimming and water-polo, lawn-tennis, &c., but reports of these will have been read long before the next BAILY appears. Oxford opened the Term with a commanding lead in the year's record of 9 events to 5, and evidently "nothing succeeds like success." For they still further increased their lead by winning the polo match at Hurlingham, by the big margin of 12 goals to 0. The day was hardly conducive to hilarity, one of Kingsley's keen nor'-easters prevailing throughout, consequently the attendance was more select than numerous. The teams faced each other thus:—

OXFORD.	CAMBRIDGE.
Lord Villiers	Mr. H. P. McCorquodale
Mr. P. Nickalls	Mr. B. Hardy
Mr. P. W. Nickalls	Mr. J. P. Aspinall
Mr. H. Cardwell (back)	Mr. D. V. Hermon (back)

Going off at score, the Dark

Blues pressed at once, and in a few minutes took the measure of their rivals. They appeared to us to have faster cattle than the Cantabs; anyway, they scored just when and how they liked. Lord Villiers was in tremendous form right away, putting on 7 goals himself, whilst the Brothers Nickalls accounted for the remainder between them. Messrs. McCorquodale and Aspinall worked hard and well for the Light Blues, but—frankly speaking—we have seen Mr. Hermon much smarter at back. Nothing but honeyed words can be spoken of the Oxford combination and *finesse*, which was a potent factor in their brilliant success. The Cantab exposition was disappointing, to say the least of it. Unless the Light Blues now win every other single Inter-'Varsity event straight off the reel, the supremacy of Oxford for the year 1896-7 is assured.

Hearty congratulations to Messrs. J. M. Fremantle (Oxford) and J. L. Carter (Cambridge) upon their election as Presidents of the respective athletic clubs. The honour has been deserved by loyal and doughty service either way, and the best interests of this prominent sport are assured under their rule. We regret to hear that friendly relations are somewhat strained just at present over (a) the Hammer and Weight, (b) the professional training ditto. The first of these concern only the clubs themselves, and need no public comment, beyond mentioning that the sooner these items are omitted at Queen's Club the better the general public will like it. But the question of the Cantabs still going in for professional training, for a purely amateur function, is quite another story. We know that most past Cantab athletes regret the innovation, as also

that amateurs generally are opening their eyes with surprise. The Oxonians are justified in most strongly objecting to such a procedure, which is against all traditions of the sister clubs, ay! and the very spirit in which the annual meeting was inaugurated. We trust that Mr. Carter and his *confrères* will cease to have anything to do with professionalism in any shape or form. If Oxonians can train themselves on old-time lines, so can they; and, after all, victory or defeat is not the whole end and object of University competition. There is a higher phase to be considered. Amateurism is already fighting for very existence in this go-ahead age, and if the Universities are inclined to deviate one jot or tittle from their old traditions, this will prove the last straw.

Aquatics.—Henley Prospects.

—Henley will come to the front in marked manner this year. The Diamond Jubilee Regatta is to be "Royal" in every sense of the word. Already the note of preparation is sounded, and once again the quaint little riparian town has awakened from its normal peaceful beauty to the stirring activity of boat-racing on the grand scale. A veritable Mecca of amateur oarsmen, and the premier inland regatta ground of the world, another influx of capable "wet-bobs" has ensued from countries galore. Strange garbs, outmatching Joseph's coat of many colours, are to be seen on every hand. Flags flying from inns and private houses announce that the headquarters of famous rowing clubs are fixed for the nonce at Henley. The champions for aquatic honours draw in their wake a floating population. Thanks to the indefatigable exertions of Messrs. Cooper and Gough, thousands will again ex-

perience the little inconveniences and delights of semi-civilisation. Henley offers such charms in abundance. The double row of gaily-decorated house-boats, launches, &c., extending from Fawley to Temple Island, show that this mode of life—at all events, for a change—has been adopted with eagerness. Like every other event of importance this year, the Royal meeting will receive an additional filip by an invasion of foreign and colonial visitors. Special railway facilities have been arranged to meet all requirements, and, given the presence of Royalty as anticipated, the regatta will have reached its zenith. Nature has been kind to Henley in providing her with a setting of extraordinary summer beauty, as well as with a stretch of water affording an unequalled racecourse in many ways. Of its fairness, as at present arranged, we have our doubts—but that is another story. Enough to express the hope that glorious weather, and the absence of Rude Boreas, may be distinguishing features of the coming meeting. Last year, several events were altogether spoiled by the awful wind, which made the Bucks Station one greatly to be desired. Foreign *entrants* will again give the rowing an international flavour; and, on present prospects, some highly exciting racing will be to the fore.

For the Grand—the proudest trophy an amateur crew can win—Leander (holders) will probably be opposed by New College (Oxford), Trinity Hall (Cambridge), the Utrecht University B.C. (Holland), London and Thames. Stroked by H. Gold, of Oxford fame, and composed of some of England's finest oarsmen, the holders will once more prove a hard nut to crack. The Dutch crew is comparatively an "un-

known quantity" over here so far ; but, from private advices, we fancy they will make a very fine show, if they do not actually win. London will also hold a very strong hand this season, but Thames may be hardly so good, as at present composed. Both New College and Trinity Hall will have to be seriously reckoned with ; and, altogether, we anticipate some of the finest racing for this event seen for years. If the holders are defeated it should be by New College or the Dutchmen. For the Stewards further intensely exciting work should be witnessed. London (holders) will be opposed by Leander, Thames, Utrecht University, Winnipeg R.C. (Canada), and (probably) a couple of University Fours. Guy Nickalls has transferred allegiance from London to Leander this year, and will stroke the latter four, who should make a bold bid for victory. Neither the holders nor the T.R.C. are likely to beat them, on present showing, and most danger is to be expected from the foreign division. The Canadians came over with undeniable credentials, and an all-conquering record for the United States and Canada. Seated thus : (Bow) Armytage, Osborne, Lloyd, Marks (stroke)—they are a pretty light lot, yet get on wondrous pace. Their craft is a beautiful piece of workmanship. It is of paper, with nickel mounts and roller seats, and contains all the latest up-to-date attachments. They will undoubtedly make matters very warm for all comers ; and, if drawn together with Leander, this should be the event of the meeting. We have seen a good deal of Dutch exposition of recent years, and consequently have a wholesome dread of their prowess. They invariably "shape like workmen," as Bill East puts

it. But they are infinitely smarter at eight-oar than four-oar rowing to our mind, and we anticipate more real danger in the Grand than in the Stewards. Always allowing for the draw, we think the final issue will rest between Leander and the Canadians, with the holders their most dangerous customers. For the Ladies, Eton College (holders) will be opposed by Trinity, Balliol, and Christ Church (Oxford), Trinity, King's and Emmanuel (Cambridge), Radley, and (possibly) a Bedford crew. All these are extra smart combinations this year, but so strongly are the Eton boys going once again, that we confidently expect them to retain the trophy. Their most formidable rivals should be Christ Church (Oxford), and Emmanuel (Cambridge). The last-named will also defend their Thames trophy, and will have to stave off some very fine crews. London, Thames, Kingston, Molesey, Cooper's Hill—who make their *début* at Henley—both Universities, and the Delft Students' R.C. (Laga) will all compete. At this stage, it is simply impossible to discriminate 'twixt such an array of talent with any degree of certainty.

From what we have seen, however, the holders, Trinity (Oxford), Cooper's Hill, and Molesey appear to be the most speedy crews. The foreigners have yet to appear upon the scene of action. Trinity (Oxford) will not defend the Wyfolds, but fours from London, Thames, Molesey, Kingston, Soci  t   d'Encouragement (France), &c., will all compete this year. Other than the London crew, we see nothing capable of beating the Frenchmen so far, and another fine struggle is likely to ensue between these crews, as last year. Fain would everybody see the enterprise of the Frenchmen rewarded by

victory in this auspicious year! Caius (Cambridge) will not defend the Visitors this year, and, as it is a purely University affair, this will mean severe competition between the various college crews. Third Trinity (Cambridge) should place this event to their credit. Quality, rather than quantity, will mark the entries for the Goblets, despite the absence of the Brothers Nickalls (holders). Leander, London, Thames, Oxford, and Cambridge will send representatives, as at present arranged, and the Trinity Hall (Cambridge) pair should stand a rosy chance of final success. In the eternal fitness of things, the Diamonds will prove one of the most interesting events in this the "Diamond" Jubilee year. It will be an international affair, and a battle of giants into the bargain. To universal regret, the Hon. Rupert Guinness (holder) will be unable to row this year, and, it is feared, that numerous other engagements at the meeting will prevent Guy Nickalls giving us a further taste of his quality. If he does elect to scull, then we plump for him to win out and out; otherwise the position is a very open one. Three foreign champions are disputing for supremacy, *i.e.*, our old friend Dr. McDowell (America), E. H. Ten Eyeck (America), and J. J. Blussé (Holland). English entries include R. H. Beaumont (Burton-on-Trent), Hon. E. Guinness (Thames), A. G. Everitt (London), H. T. Blackstaffe (Vesta), &c. All these are good men, but whether good enough to prevent another 1892 fiasco remains to be proved. Beaumont beat McDowell easily enough last year, and, allowing for mutual improvement, should do so again. Everitt also beat Blussé for the Championship of the Netherlands last autumn, thus gaining that honour

for the first time by an Englishman. Of Ten Eyeck we know little except by reputation. He is still a school-boy, albeit a pretty big one, as he scales 11st., and possesses the limbs and physique of a much older exponent. He will undoubtedly row well under the mentorship of his father—a professional of "Hop Bitters" rowing fame—but we fancy several native scullers hold him pretty safely. A meeting 'twixt him and young Guinness, another youthful aspirant, would be exceedingly interesting. Blussé and McDowell may have made all the improvement claimed by their friends, but, in our opinion, both Everitt and Beaumont have come on a lot also, and hold the whip hand. We shall expect one of the twain to retain the trophy for Old England, the latter for choice. If "surprise" there be, the holder's young brother will supply it, as (under Bill East) he is going great guns. Following upon Henley comes a rare sequence of regattas upon the Thames and elsewhere, of which—and particularly of the Royal Meeting—we shall chat next month. For obvious reasons, other "wetbob" gossip must also bide a wee.

Football.—The Annual General Meeting of the Football Association aroused an unusual amount of interest, and the attendance of delegates was the largest ever seen at any of the meetings of the Association. It was known that the dispute between Mr. N. L. Jackson and the Council would be brought to a definite issue, and both parties made great efforts to bring up their full voting strength. Mr. Jackson's party had been organised by a body styling themselves the Amateur Committee. The latter ran Mr. C. Wreford Brown for the vacant place in the list of Vice-Presidents caused

by Mr. Jackson's retirement. The nominee of the Council was Mr. G. S. Sherrington. The balance-sheet presented to the meeting was a most satisfactory one. The receipts for the year amounted to £7,778 1s. 4d., including £2,139 19s 7d. from the International matches, and £4,332 1s. 10d. from the semi-finals and final of the English Cup. The expenditure amounted to £3,455 2s. 10d., and of the large balance left, £2,682 17s. 3d. has, by the rules governing the Cup competition, been divided between the clubs taking part in the semi-final and final ties. On the election of officers Lord Kinnaid was re-elected President and Mr. C. E. Hart Hon. Treasurer, without opposition. For the Vice-Presidents (5) a ballot was taken, with the result that Dr. Morley, Mr. C. Crump, Mr. J. C. Clegg, Mr. C. W. Alcock, and Mr. G. S. Sherrington were elected; Mr. Wreford Brown received 43 votes only. A number of alterations in the Rules of the Association were passed, the majority being of a non-contentious character. Strenuous opposition, however, was made when Rule 16 was reached, to which it was proposed to add the words, "The Council shall also have the power to make such regulations for the management of the Association, and the control of the game as from time to time may be necessary." Mr. Jackson proposed to add the words, "and are in accordance with the laws of the game." This amendment was defeated, and, eventually, the proposed addition to the rule secured the necessary two-thirds majority.

Some important alterations in the Laws of Association Football were passed at the meeting of the International Board on June 14.

Law 3 was amended to read that the interval at half-time should not exceed five minutes except with the consent of the referee. A most important addition was made to Law 8, the word "wilfully" being inserted before "handle the ball." In future, therefore, accidental handling will not be penalised by a free kick. The alteration will be welcomed by players, although it will increase the duties of the referee, who will now have to distinguish between wilful and accidental handling. Law 10 was altered to read, "The goalkeeper shall not be charged except when he is holding the ball or obstructing an opponent."

Luton Town have been admitted to membership of the Second Division of the Football League for next season.

Golf.—Never before were the Championships got through so early as in this year. Although we are still on the mere threshold of the season, Mr. H. H. Hilton and Mr. A. J. T. Allan stand before the golfing world as the Open and Amateur Champions respectively of 1897, and Miss Edith Orr as the Lady Champion. For the winners, the arrangement is not without its advantages, giving them, as it probably will do, a longer and certainly a better opportunity to strut the stage with their honoured mantles, but it is doubtful whether it is in the best interest of the game. Last month the contest for the Amateur Championship at Muirfield, with its remarkable results, was dealt with in this column, and there is no need to revert to it.

The Open Championship was played for at Hoylake, with the course stretched to its utmost limits. Hoylake had never been visited before. In the days of the

Champion Belt, a trophy which is now a cherished heirloom in the Morris family, having been won outright by Young Tommy in 1870, the meeting always took place at Prestwick, but when the competition was established on something like its present basis two years afterwards, Prestwick St. Andrew's and Musselburgh were visited in turn. This arrangement worked well enough until the great Golf Renaissance arrived, when claims were put forward by other greens, and the pressure of them and the circumstances of the situation could not be resisted. These claims and the departure of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers from Musselburgh, led to the abandonment of the famous old course there—an abandonment which caused great heart-burning to many respected and honoured golfers. Muirfield then obtained the turn of the meeting, and after a visit in the ordinary sequence to Prestwick, Sandwich was honoured, and this year we had the play at Hoylake, which well deserved the distinction, not only on account of the merits of the course, but also for what it has done in the way of producing first-class players and advancing the interests of the game generally.

As I say, the course was stretched to its utmost limits, and not only so, but the caretaker had worked it into its best possible condition for the occasion. A little rain might have improved the greens somewhat, for they were a trifle hard and difficult to rest upon, but on no other score had the competitors the slightest ground for complaint. There were 88 entrants. Unfortunately, neither Mr. Horace Hutchinson nor Mr. Balfour-Melville were among the number, and what

perhaps is more to be regretted, none of the young *inconnues* who played such havoc with the men of fame and experience at Muirfield put in an appearance. It would have been distinctly interesting to watch the performances of Mr. Allan, Mr. Robb and Mr. Maxwell in a stroke competition over four rounds on a hard fickle course like Hoylake, and see whether their skill and nerve were equal to the test. It would have been particularly interesting in the case of young Mr. Maxwell, who, it will be remembered, defeated both Mr. Ball and Mr. Hilton at Muirfield. However, without these young lions, the contest was quite gladiatorial. Magnificent play was to be seen on both days. Not so long ago amateurs used to enter for the Open Championship as a sort of forlorn hope, or at the best as an opportunity of getting to play alongside the best of the professionals. Nowadays they play to win, and do win. On the first day's play Mr. Hilton, Mr. Ball, and Mr. F. G. Tait stood equal to or in front of such renowned professionals as Herd, Harry Vardon, Taylor, Andrew Kirkcaldy, Sayers, and Auchterlonie; and it was admitted by all competent authorities who saw the play that it was in no respect inferior. The championship lay between James Braid, of Romford, and Mr. Hilton. The former is a cousin of Douglas Rolland, and learned his golf as he did, on the Earlsferry links at Elie, on the northern shore of the Firth of Forth. The two cousins play very much the same game, being both tremendous drivers with play club and cleek, and if Braid be scarcely so brilliant as Rolland was at his best, there is an element of caution and safety about his golf, which was, and

is wanting, in that of the famous match player. I do not mean to say that Braid is incapable upon occasion of a daring shot. He had such an one at the last hole at Hoylake, where he carried the green with his second by means of an amazingly bold and strong cleek drive. But no one watching his play closely can doubt that in gauging the value of the golfer's motto "Far and Sure" Braid gives greater weight to the latter than to the former attribute. He was somewhat behind Mr. Hilton in finishing, and four holes from home he had 18 strokes to beat the score of the latter of 314. At the sixteenth hole he pitched too strong, with the result that his ball trickled into the dip on the far side of the green, and as he was weak with the return stroke—most players are after being too strong—he took six for the hole. At the seventeenth he holed out in five, which is just the right number for the hole. It was thus left with three strokes to tie with Mr. Hilton that Braid took his daring cleek stroke. It landed his ball within seven or eight yards of the hole, so that if he got it down he tied. He made a very good shape at the hole, but the putt did not come off, and Braid had to content himself with second place, and the substantial solatium of £20. To say anything about Mr. Hilton's play is quite unnecessary. It has been the envy and the despair of golfers for the last ten years. How it is done I cannot explain, and I leave the subject with the observation of his partner, Peter Paxton, which if it is not very complimentary to Mr. Hilton, has a good deal of meaning in it, namely, "Weel sir, he just plays like a machine."

The Ladies' Golf Union broke ground in Scotland this year by

holding their Championship meeting at Gullane, a delightful course on the south side of the Firth of Forth, close to Luffness and Muirfield, and not far therefore from the better known North Berwick. Gullane Common has long been famous in Scotland for the fine quality of its turf. In days gone by, when golfers were not so numerous and exigent, it was used for training race horses, and could boast one or two notable winners, and if I am not mistaken there is still a little training done on its beautiful soft springy turf. The golf course consists of 18 holes, but there is room for twice the number if they were required. It is not to be classed as a difficult course, for while the holes are fairly long they are, as a rule, easily approached, and there are scarcely any hazards to punish a bad drive from the tee. At the same time it affords a fair test of golf, whether masculine or feminine, and it must not be assumed by the stranger that in selecting it the ladies had any thought of "an easy thing," or of in any way shirking the issue now very keen between the two sexes of golfers.

There were 102 entrants—55 from England, 37 from Scotland, and 10 from Ireland. In the draw the English representatives to a very considerable extent were brought together, so that in the early rounds it was a case, as one of Scott's characters says, of "Hawks picking out hawks e'en," and the cherished opportunity of seeing English ladies playing against Scottish ones was largely lost. For instance Miss Pascoe, last year's winner, met Miss Izette Pearson, the former from Woking, and the latter from Wimbledon, in the first round of the Tournament. All the same the Scottish ladies came off with flying colours. They won three

of the four medals and the Championship. Miss Edith Orr, the new champion, is one of a family which spends a great deal of time at North Berwick, where they enjoy the tuition of Davie Grant the professional. The whole family are golfers, and as the eldest sister played in the final with Miss Edith, and great things are said of some of the others, there is no saying how long the trophy may adorn the Orr sideboard. An experienced golfer who watched the play throughout assures me that it was of a very high standard of excellence, and far beyond anything he had looked for. The ladies he tells me do not get so long a carry as men, but their drives are invariably straight, and they have a good run, and strange to say they are very strong in their iron play. Next year the meeting is to be held at Great Yarmouth.

There was a very disappointing turn out for the St. George's Cup at Sandwich—nine couples only. The Cup, however, was won by Mr. C. E. Hambro with the magnificent score of 162 for the two rounds. The play was over the full Cup Course, and in the second round Mr. Hambro did it in 78. It need hardly be said that the winner is a very powerful driver.

In the course of the month a great many professional matches were played in various parts of the country. J. H. Taylor figured in several of them, but not with all his wonted success. It seems that lately he has been practising with a new series of clubs of American invention—clubs that are a sort of cross between a croquet mallet and a polo stick, and it is possible they may have affected his game. If so it is a warning to people not to coquette with golf.

Lawn Tennis.—The Irish Championships, which were de-

cided on the splendid courts at Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin, attracted a really fine entry for the opening meeting of the season. Owing to the unsettled weather and the large entry, play extended over seven days. There were seventeen entries for the All-Comers' Singles. The only match in the first round was between the two Irish cracks, H. S. Mahony and G. C. Ball-Greene. The latter retired when Mahony was leading by 2 sets to 1. In the second round the best match was G. W. Hillyard and R. W. Pringle. The former won after a very hard set. In the semi-finals, W. V. Eaves beat S. H. Smith, and R. F. Doherty beat Mahony. The Eaves v. Smith match produced some brilliant play, and although Eaves won all three sets, Smith played a very fine game. The contest between Doherty and Mahony lasted over three hours. Doherty won the first two sets, lost the next two, and won the last at 7—5. Eaves won the final by 3 sets to 1, and, therefore, qualified to meet the holder—Wilfred Baddeley—in the championship round. The holder started well and took the first two sets at 6-1 and 6-2. Then Eaves played up splendidly, and taking the next three sets at 8-6, 6-2, and 6-3, won the championship. Eaves' play was very fine all round. His hitting from the base line was remarkably accurate and his volleying left nothing to be desired.

The other events at the Irish meeting also produced some good matches. In the Championship Doubles, R. F. Doherty and S. H. Smith reached the championship round, beating the Riseleys in the semi-final, and Eaves and Greville in the final. The Baddeleys proved too clever for the challengers in the championship

round, and retained their title without losing a set. Mrs. Hillyard won the Ladies' Singles Championship; Miss Dyas, who had beaten Miss C. Cooper in the second round, being her opponent in the final. Miss Dyas played very well and took the second set, Mrs. Hillyard winning the first and third. Mrs. Hillyard also won the Ladies' Doubles Championship with Miss C. Cooper as her partner, and the Mixed Doubles with G. Greville. Mrs. Hillyard is playing in quite her best form this season.

The Middlesex Championship at Chiswick Park was favoured by delightful weather. The entries were quite up to the average. Twenty names figured on the card for the Gentlemen's Singles Championship. G. Greville qualified to meet H. S. Mahony (holder) in the championship round. Mahony is not playing in anything like his best form this year, and Greville won by 3 sets to 2 after a lengthy match. In the Ladies' Singles Championship, Miss C. Cooper had to defend her title against Miss E. L. Austin, who had won all her matches with ridiculous ease. Miss Austin started well and took the first set at 6 to 1, but Miss Cooper afterwards played a very determined game, and won the next two sets and the match.

The Kent All-Comers' Championship at Beckenham did not attract a very good entry. G. Greville and W. V. Eaves were the most prominent players whose names were on the card for the Singles Championship, but the latter was unable to put in an appearance. Greville reached the final, and in the championship round defeated the holder, M. F. Goodbody, by 3 sets to 2. Miss E. L. Austin, who last year won the Challenge Bowl for Ladies' Singles outright,

made a good start for the new trophy, easily defeating Miss E. R. Morgan in the final.

"The Yashmak" at the Shaftesbury.—This story of the East runs its merry course with unabated vigour. Remembering, as we do, the varied vicissitudes which attended the early history of the Armenian opera, as it was styled previous to its production as "The Yashmak," we are reminded of the rhyme relating to changes of the weather,

"Long warning long last
Short notice soon past."

Certainly we had long warning of the advent of the Armenian opera, and surely it looks like having a long run before it is past. The alterations which have been made in the play since its production, are, we think, in the right direction; the *Danse du Bain*, which failed to make the predicted hit when the dancers footed it upon a large mirror, now goes more decorously upon a more sober foundation, and the new patriotic song "Sixty Years Ago," by Messrs. Scott & Glover, sung by Mr. Scott Russell in the second Act, is received with the greatest enthusiasm. Miss Marguerite Cornille has passed out of the cast again, and Miss Aileen d'Orme resumes the part of Zillah, the Circassian. Mr. John le Hay is as amusing as ever, and with Miss Kitty Loftus has worked up a very bright little burlesque of the quick-change artists "Tragedy in a Restaurant." Mr. Mackinder plays a prominent part with considerable ability, and his song, "There never was a minute little Willie wasn't in it," goes well enough. We are always cheered by the sight of Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay upon the stage; again he plays the rôle which is becoming for him well nigh a perpetual one,

of patron and playfellow of Gaiety young ladies.

Mr. Scott Russell sings well, and Mr. Arthur Melstone makes a comic Sultan. Amongst the many ladies who grace the piece Miss Kitty Loftus and Miss Mabel Love have most to do, and are both kept busy with song and dance. We think that the songs might be better, as there are no really attractive numbers; but the whole play goes brightly from beginning to end; the scenery, both of the Hall of the Cosmopolitan Hotel and of the Garden of the Palace, is extremely pretty, and the stage is generally filled with pretty faces and neat figures.

We long ago came to the con-

clusion that the less attempt made to weave the thread of a continuous story through the fabric of a musical play the better for everybody. Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Seymour Hicks have obliged us in this respect, and there is little need to worry one's mind as to the whys and wherefores of the entrances or exits or utterances of the many talented players engaged.

The great requirements are that everyone should look nice and be amusing, and that there should be plenty of music and variety, and when obtainable, good dancing, and at the Shaftesbury just now we find most of these requirements satisfied.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During May—June, 1897.]

THE death is announced (May 22nd) of the thoroughbred stallion *Retreat*, by Hermit—*Rataplan*, by *Quick March*. *Retreat* was bred by Lord Bradford in 1877 and won the Royal Stakes at Epsom, and finished first for the Ascot Stakes in 1881, and also in 1882. In the latter year he also won the Rous Memorial and the Doncaster Cup. In 1883 he went to stud at the Falmouth Paddocks, Newmarket. Two of his stock, *Fastness* and *Father O'Flynn*, were amongst the winners in 1887, the latter winning the Grand National in 1892. He sired many other winners, including *Alice*, *Capucin*, *Cuttlestone*, *Master Percy*, *Medmenham*, *St. David*, *White Feather*, *Pinewood*, *Flight*, *Fetlar*, *Flank*, *March*, *Meg*, *Meopham*, *Stratagem*, and *Skedaddle* (the latter won the Grand Steeple-chase de Paris in 1893). In 1890 *Retreat* was sold to M. E. Blanc, and of the stock he got while in France probably the best was *Andree*, who won the Grand Prix de Paris in 1895; at that time, however, *Retreat* had been purchased by Mr. Freeman, and returned to this country.

The well known and greatly respected Essex professional cricketer, *Frank Silcock*, passed away on May 26th. Before Essex had any sort of standing in the

cricket world *Silcock* had made a name, and both as a bowler and a batsman was a valued member of the old United South of England eleven. Upon the formation of the Essex County Club he became and was for years one of the most prominent members of the county team, and upon his retirement from the county team he was for some seasons one of the county umpires.

A friendly action on the part of a shareholder, as against the *Kempton Park Racing Company*, praying for an injunction to restrain the defendants from keeping open the enclosure known as *Tattersall's ring*, for betting purposes, was heard on Monday, May 31st, by the Lord Chief Justice. Mr. Asquith, Q.C., and Mr. Cantley appeared for the plaintiff, and Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C., Mr. Walton, Q.C., Mr. Matthews and Mr. Stutfield for the defendants. After hearing the arguments, the injunction was granted, but it was ordered to lie in the office until the appeal was disposed of.

The winner of the Derby on June 2nd, Mr. J. Gubbins' *Galtee More*, covered the course in 2 min. 44 secs., or 2 secs. more than the time of *Persimmon* last year. The

value of the stakes amounted to £5,450, the same as last year.

Limasol, Lord Hindlip's filly, who won the Oaks on June 4th, occupied 2 min. 45 secs. over the course, being 3-5 secs. less than the time last year, when Lord Derby's Canterbury Pilgrim was the winner. The value of the stakes was £4,150, the same amount as last year.

Mr. F. H. Ward, the Hampshire amateur cricketer, died after a short illness on June 7th, at the early age of 24 years. Mr. Ward was a good all-round cricketer; in addition to his success as a batsman he was often effective as a slow bowler. He was also a prominent footballer.

A meeting was held at Langholm, June 8th, to consider as to presenting a testimonial to Mr. Paterson of Terrona, Master of the Eskdaile Hunt, a keen follower of hounds, who has hunted fifty years without missing a season. Mr. Scott, of Erkingholme, presided. It was enthusiastically resolved to aim at presenting Mr. Paterson with his portrait in oils, painted as Master of Hounds. Committees were appointed on both sides of the border to obtain subscriptions.

The Cricket match between Surrey and Leicestershire commenced on June 10th, was finished the same day, Surrey winning by an innings and 94 runs; Leicestershire scored 35 in each innings. In addition to this one, seventeen instances are recorded in which first class matches were commenced and concluded in one day, as follows:—North v. South, at Lord's, July 15th, 1850; M.C.C. and Ground v. Sussex, at Lord's, 1858; Kent v. England, at Lord's, 1858; M.C.C. and Ground v. Surrey at Lord's, May 13th, 1872; Middlesex v. Oxford University, at Prince's, June 18th, 1874; North v. South, at Lord's, May 17th, 1875; M.C.C. and Ground v. Oxford University, at Oxford, May 24th, 1877; M.C.C. and Ground v. Australians, at Lord's, May 27th, 1878; An England Eleven v. Australians, at Aston Lower Grounds, Birmingham, May 26th, 1884; M.C.C. and Ground v. Lancashire, at Lord's, May 18th, 1886; North v. South, at Lord's, May 30th, 1887; Lancashire v.

Surrey, at Old Trafford, Manchester, August 2nd, 1888; M.C.C. and Ground v. Notts, at Lord's, June 1st, 1891; Lancashire v. Somerset, at Old Trafford, August 9th, 1892; M.C.C. and Ground v. Sussex, at Lord's, May 2nd, 1894; Lancashire v. Somerset, at Old Trafford, July 17th, 1894; and Yorkshire v. Somerset, at Huddersfield, July 19th, 1894.

The time for the Ascot Gold Cup, won by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' Perseus, June 17th, was 4 min. 34 secs., and the stakes amounted to £3,380 in value. The winners and value of stakes for several years past were as follows:—Last year, Mr. Hamar Bass's Love Wisely occupied 4min. 37 4-5sec., and the stakes were £2,680. In 1895, when Mr. H. McCalmont's Isinglass won, the time was 4min. 59 2-5sec., and the value of the stakes £2,520. In 1894 Baron de Hirsch's La Fleche was 4min. 45sec., and the stakes were worth £2,620. In 1893 Mr. R. C. Vyner's Marcion covered the course in 4min. 35sec., and the stakes amounted to £2,650; in 1892 Lord Rosslyn's Buccaneer, 4min. 39sec., and the value was £1,280; and in 1891 the Duke of Devonshire's Morion won in 4min. 48 1-5sec., when the stakes were worth £1,420.

The *Sportsman* for June 18th gives the following fish story: "A Jack's Voracity.—On Tuesday last a gentleman named Andrews, while strolling along the river Nene, near Huntingdon, sent his collie dog into the water. After swimming about a short time it was seized by the tail by a large jack, weighing probably about 25lb. An exciting struggle ensued, and it was not until the dog had made several grabs at the fish that the latter released its hold and disappeared. The jack's teeth penetrated the tail of the dog, which bled profusely."

On June 19th, at Rochdale, F. E. Bacon, the chamoion distance runner, beat the record of 11 miles 970 yards, created thirty-four years ago by Louis Bennett ("Deerfoot") by 273 yards. Bacon's time for ten miles was 51min. 11sec., and the total distance covered in the hour was 11 miles, 1,243 yards.

TURF.

GATWICK.—SPRING MEETING.

May 21st.—The Worth Stakes of 910 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. Rose's ch. c. Cyllene, by Bona Vista—Arcadia, gst. 3lb.

S. Loates 1
Mr. Prentice's ch. Filly By

Swillington, 8st. 8lb. O. Madden 2

Mr. L. Brassey's b. f. Petella, 8st. 8lb.Bradford 3
85 to 20 on Cyllene.

May 22nd.—The Prince's Handicap of 1,650 sovs.; 1 1/4 miles.

Mr. A. Cohen's br. h. Green Lawn, by Kendal—Buda, 6 yrs., 8st. 13lb. (inc. 9lb. ex.).....J. Watts 1

Mr. A. J. Schwabe's b. c. Marton, by Hampton, 4 yrs., gst. 7lb. Trundley 2

Duke of Westminster's b. c. Shaddock, by St. Serf, 4 yrs., gst. 3lb.M. Cannon 3

100 to 14 agst. Green Lawn.

YORK.—SPRING MEETING.

May 25th.—The Great Northern Handicap Plate of 445 sovs. ; one mile and a half.

Mr. John Osborne's ch. f. Laughing Girl, by Esterling — Fun, 3 yrs., 6st. 6lb.C. Leader 1

Mr. P. Buchanan's br. f. Unseen, by Bread Knife—Godiva, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb.Dalton 2

Mr. C. H. Hannam's b. c. Secret Service, by Saraband or Grafton, 4 yrs., 7st. 3lb.Harrison 3
9 to 2 agst Laughing Girl.

The Zetland Stakes of 275 sovs. for two year-olds ; T.Y.C.

Mr. L. de Rothchild's b. f. Galinthia, by Galopin—The Fiddler's Wife, 8st. 9lb.C. Wood 1

Mr. A. Alexander's br. c. Ravelaw Castle, 8st. 9lb.Fagan 2

Mr. H. McCalmont's ch. c. Intimidator, 8st. 9lb.C. Loates 3
6 to 5 on Galinthia.

The Eglington Stakes of 269 sovs. for two-year-olds ; T.Y.C.

Lord Zetland's b. g. Pinfold, by Surefoot—Pinta, 8st. 4lb.

Mr. W. Stevenson's ch. c. Doulton, 8st. 7lb.Lane 2

Mr. Vyner's ch. c. Hawberry, 8st. 7lb.Black 3
4 to 1 agst Pinfold.

The Flying Dutchman's Handicap of 275 sovs. ; one mile.

Mr. Schwabe's b. c. Marton, by Hampton—Lady Marion, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb.Trundley 1

Mr. J. Snarry's br. h. Ormac, by Ormonde or Macheath, aged, 8st.Lane 2

Mr. MacLachlan's ch. f. To-Morrow, by Satiety, 5 yrs., 7st. 6lb. (7lb. ex.)G. Bell 3
11 to 10 agst Marton.

Mr. MacLachlan's ch. f. To-Morrow, by Satiety, 5 yrs., 7st. 6lb. (7lb. ex.)G. Bell 3

11 to 10 agst Marton.

DONCASTER.—SPRING MEETING.

May 27th.—The Hopeful Stakes of 220 sovs. for two-year-olds ; Hopeful Course (five furlongs).

Mr. T. W. P. Ravis's ch. c. The Baker, by Bread Knife—Crusado, 9st. 3lb.Lane 1

Mr. T. R. Dewar's b. c. Lord Provost, 8st. 7lb.N. Robinson 2

Lord Zetland's b. g. Santos, 8st. 4lb.Allsopp 3
2 to 1 agst The Baker.

The Doncaster Spring Handicap Plate of 905 sovs. ; the Sandall Mile.

Mr. Vyner's b. h. Sardis, by Crowberry—Sardica, 5 yrs., 7st. 7lb.F. Finlay 1

Mr. H. McCalmont's ch. f. Amphora, by Amphion, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb.O. Madden 2

Mr. C. S. Newton's b. h. Dumbarton, by Barcaldine, 5 yrs., 8st. 6lb.S. Loates 3
8 to 1 agst Sardis.

May 28th.—The Chesterfield Handicap of 270 sovs. ; one mile and a half, over the Old Course.

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Grain of Sense, by Wisdom—Malze, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb.O. Madden 1

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. c. Hendersyde, by Ayrshire, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb.Rumbold 2

Mr. Dobell's br. h. False Step, by Carlton, 5 yrs., 8st. 11lb.Park 3
6 to 4 agst Grain of Sense.

SALISBURY MEETING.

May 28th.—The Salisbury Cup, value 200 sovs. ; a handicap second receives 20 sovs. ; the Straight Mile.

Sir Wm. Ingram's b. c. Comfrey, by Despair—St. Frida, 3 yrs., 8st. 7lb.M. Cannon 1

Mr. Cresswell's b. or br. c. Hamptonwick, 3 yrs., 6st. 11lb. (car. 6st. 12lb.)Toon 2

Mr. W. H. Palmer's b. h. Bohemond, aged, 7st. 2lb.H. Jones 3
6 to 5 on Comfrey.

EPSOM.—SUMMER MEETING.

June 1.—The Egmont Plate (Handicap) of 277 sovs. ; five furlongs.

Mr. D. Seymour's ch. c. Sirdar, by Wild Sherry, dam by Ascetic—Blinker, 3 yrs., 8st. 5lb.

S. Chandley 1

Mr. C. Morley's b. f. Olive Wood, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb.S. Loates 2

Mr. G. E. Paget's b. h. Cardonald, 5 yrs., 7st. 12lb.F. Finlay 3
7 to 1 agst Sirdar.

The Woodcote Stakes of 925 sovs. for two-year-olds ; New T.Y.C. (the last six furlongs on the New Course).

Mr. L. Brassy's ch. c. Orzil, by Ayrshire—Merry Miser, 8st. 9lb.

Bradford 1

Mr. Dewar's b. or br. c. Perthshire, by Royal Hampton, 8st. 12lb. (car. 8st. 13lb.)J. Watts 2

Sir J. Blundell Maple's bl. c. Fire Arm, by Petronel, 8st. 12lb.

Calder 3
5 to 1 agst Orzil.

The Epsom Plate (Handicap) of 467 sovs. ; seven furlongs, on the New Course.

Mr. A. F. Calvert's b. or br. c. Bradwardine, by Barcaldine—Monte Rosa, 4 yrs, 8st. 10lb.

C. Wood †

Lord Cadogan's b. h. Court Ball, by Royal Hampton, 6 yrs., 8st. 6lb.F. Finlay †

- Mr. B. S. Cooper's b. h. Opononax, by Ossian, aged, 8st. O. Madden 3
9 to 4 agst Bradwardine.
130 to 30 agst Court Ball.
- June 2.—The Stanley Stakes of 497 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.
Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. f. Galinthia, by Galopin—The Fiddler's Wife, 8st. 9lb. C. Wood 1
Mr. R. C. Garton's b. f. St. Lucia, 8st. 9lb. Calder 2
Mr. R. Sherwood's ch. c. The Khedive, 8st. 12lb. Rickaby 3
6 to 4 on Galinthia.
- The Derby Stakes of 6,000 sovs., for three-year-olds; colts, 9st. and fillies, 8st. 9lb.; about one mile and a half.
Mr. J. Gubbins's b. c. Galtee More, by Kendal—Morganette
C. Wood 1
Lord Rosebery's b. c. Velasquez, by Donovan—Vista..... J. Watts 2
Sir S. Scott's b. c. History, by Hampton—Isabelle .. M. Cannon 3
4 to 1 on Galtee More.
- June 3rd.—The Great Surrey Breeders' Foal Plate of 1,082 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.
Captain Greer's ch. c. Bittern, by Gallinule—Hirondelle, 8st. 9lb. C. Wood 1
Mr. T. Cannon's ch. f. Our Queen, by Melanion—Reine Blanche, 8st. 6lb. M. Cannon 2
Mr. P. Lorillard's ch. c. Lapwing II., by Sensation—Lizzie Cox, 8st. 9lb. Allsopp 3
11 to 10 agst Bittern.
- The Royal Stakes (Handicap) of 900 sovs.; six furlongs on the New Course.
Mr. W. F. Lee's ch. c. Royal Flush, by Favo—Flush, 4 yrs., 7st. 10lb. N. Robinson 1
Baron de Rothschild's bl. h. Amandier, by Lavaret, aged, 9st. 2lb. J. Watts 2
Mr. Martin D. Rucker's b. h. El Diablo, by Robert the Devil, aged, 8st. 10lb. C. Wood 3
100 to 12 agst Royal Flush.
- The Durdans Plate Handicap of 935 sovs.; the Derby Course, about one mile and a half. 35 subs.
Lord Rosebery's b. h. Quarrel, by Discord—Free and Easy, 6 yrs., 9st. 7lb. J. Watts 1
Lord Ellesmere's br. h. Villiers, by Thurio, 5 yrs., 7st. 8lb. F. Finlay 2
Mr. Theobald's b. c. Phoebus Apollo, by St. Simon, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb. Allsopp 3
8 to 1 agst. Quarrel.
- June 4th.—The Oaks Stakes of 4,215 sovs. for three-year-old fillies, 9st. each, about one mile and a half.
Lord Hindlip's ch. f. Limasol, by Poulet—Queen of Cyprus, 9st. W. Bradford 1
Lord Rosebery's b. f. Chelandry, by Goldfinch—Illuminata, 9st. J. Watts 2
Lord Ellesmere's b. f. Fortalice, by FitzSimon—Zariba, 9st. F. Finlay 3
100 to 8 agst. Limasol.
- The Acorn Stakes of 547 sovs. for two-year-old fillies; five furlongs.
Lord Ellesmere's bl. f. Lissa, by Lowland Chief—Clarissa, 8st. 12lb. N. Robinson 1
Mr. H. J. Smith's b. f. Platonic, by Hawkstone, 8st. 9lb. C. Wood 2
Mr. T. Cannon's ch. f. Horatia, by Ocean Wave—Lalage, 8st. 9lb. M. Cannon 3
5 to 1 agst. Lissa.
- WINDSOR.—FIRST JUNE MEETING.
- June 5.—The Eton Handicap of 323 sovs. for three-year-olds and upwards; one mile.
M. R. Lebaudy's ch. c. Kopeley, by Doublon—Veronica II., 4 yrs., 8st. 5lb. S. Loates 1
Mr. George Lambton's b. h. Red Hat, 5 yrs., 8st. 5lb. Rickaby 2
Mr. W. M. Clarke's br. c. Vigo, 3 yrs., 7st. 2lb. N. Robinson 3
9 to 2 agst. Kopeley.
- HURST PARK.—WHITSUNTIDE MEETING.
- June 7th.—The Whitsuntide Handicap of 467 sovs.; one mile.
Baron de Rothschild's bl. h. Amandier, by Lavaret—Aveline, aged, 8st. 12lb. M. Cannon 1
Mr. Booth's b. g. First Foot, by Pioneer—Sequidilla, 4 years, 7st. 4lb. O. Madden 2
Mr. A. F. Calvert's br. h. Clwyd, by Beauclerc—Strathbrock, 6 yrs., 9st. C. Wood 3
3 to 1 against Amandier.
- June 8th.—The Hampton Court Plate of 475 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs, straight.
Mr. W. Homfray's b. f. Ada Mary, by Veracity—Solo, 8st. 11lb. C. Wood 1
Mr. H. McCalmont's ch. c. Intimider, by Timothy—Strike, 9st. M. Cannon 2
Mr. T. Jennings's ch. f. Deeze, by Gold—Jeannie, 8st. 11lb. C. Loates 3
7 to 1 agst. Ada Mary.

MANCHESTER.—WHITSUNTIDE MEETING.

June 9th.—The John O'Gaunt Plate of 444 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

The Prince of Wales's b. f. Little Dorrit, by Donovan—Pierrette, 8st. 2lb. O. Madden 1

Mr. J. Lowther's b. c. Devil a Saint, by Chittabob, 8st. 8lb. Calder 2

Lord Ellesmere's ch. f. Hedge, by Halbran, 8st. 5lb. C. Wood 3

10 to 1 agst. Little Dorrit.

The Salford Borough Handicap of 980 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. Plunkett's br. c. Bellevin, by Atheling—Miliora, 4 yrs., 9st. M. Cannon 1

Mr. J. Bibby's ch. m. Chin Chin, by Philammon, 6 yrs., 7st. 13lb. F. Finlay 2

Mr. Vyner's b. h. Sardis, by Crowberry, 5 yrs., 9st. (10lb. ex.) Black 3

2 to 1 agst. Bellevin.

The Summer Breeders' Foal Plate of 890 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. f. Nun Nicer, by Common—Priestess, 8st. 9lb. Calder 1

Mr. M. Dawson's b. c. Longtown, by Necromancer, 8st. 12lb. (car. 8st. 13lb.) J. Watts 2

Mr. H. Chaplin's b. f. Yester Year, by Melanion, 8st. 9lb. M. Cannon 3

7 to 1 agst. Nun Nicer.

June 10th.—The Beaufort Handicap of 437 sovs.; five furlongs.

Mr. L. de Rothschild's ch. c. Little Bob, by Chittabob—Lowland Belle, 4 yrs., 7st. 13lb. C. Wood 1

Mr. G. Maclachlan's b. c. Lo Ben, by Laureate II., 4 yrs., 8st. S. Chandley 2

Mr. T. Cannon's b. g. Deep Sea, by Pearl Diver, 5 yrs., 9st. 5lb. M. Cannon 3

6 to 1 agst. Deep Sea.

The Derby Plate of 488 sovs. for three-year-olds and upwards that have not won 500 sovs., either in one sum or collectively, in 1896; one mile.

Mr. H. I. Higham's ch. c. Foston, by Fernandez—Wayward Aggie, 3 yrs., 8st. 2lb. F. Finlay 1

Lord Durham's b. g. not much, by Minting, 3 yrs., 7st. 8lb. Allsopp 2

Mr. J. Lowther's b. c. Langmoor, by King Monmouth, 3 yrs.; 7st. 11lb. (car. 7st. 12lb.) C. Wood 3

13 to 8 agst. Foston.

The Isonomy Welter Handicap of 271 sovs one mile.

Mr. D. Seymour's b. m. Angelina, by Coracle—Culverin, 6 yrs., 8st. 8lb. Rickaby 1

Mr. Vyner's b. c. Albinus, 3 yrs., 8st. 7lb. Black 2

Mr. W. Chatterton's b. m. Grasp, aged, 9st. 5lb. R. Colling 3

10 to 1 agst. Angelina.

June 11th.—The Manchester Cup of 1,890 sovs.; one mile and three quarters.

Mr. Dobell's ch. c. Piety, by Satiety—Devote, 4 yrs., 7st. 3lb. S. Chandley 1

Mr. Belmont's ch. h. Keenan, by Lisbon, 5 yrs., 8st. C. Wood 2

Mr. Woolf Joel's b. c. Conroy, by Bend Or, 3 yrs., 7st. 2lb. F. Allsopp 3

6 to 1 agst. Piety.

June 12.—The De Trafford Handicap of 437 sovs.; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. J. Wallace's b. c. Spook, by Oberon—Lady Lothian, 4 yrs., 9st. M. Cannon 1

Count Mokronoski's b. h. Le Dauphin, by Carlton, 5 yrs., 8 st., 5lb. F. Park 2

Mr. Schawbe's b. c. Marton, by Hampton, 4 yrs., 8st. 6lb. Trundley 3

9 to 2 agst. Spook.

The Whitsuntide plate of 880 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. F. F. Cartwright's ch. c. M.D. by May Duke—Duplicate, 8st. 13lb. F. Leader 1

Mr. Arthur James' br. Filly by Common—Needles, 8st. 10lb. O. Madden 2

Marquis di Serramezzana's b. Colt by Saraband—Lady Yarmouth, 8st. 13lb. C. Wood 3

100 to 12 agst. M.D.

ROYAL ASCOT MEETING.

June 15th to 18th.—The Trial Stakes of 590 sovs.; the New Mile (seven furlongs and 166 yards).

Captain Greer's br. h. Kilcock by Kilwarlin—Bonnie Morn, 5 yrs., 9st. 8lb. J. Watts 1

Mr. A. F. Calvert's ch. c. Bridegroom, 4 yrs., 9st. 8lb. M. Cannon 2

Duke of Westminster's br. c. Guernsey, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb. K. Cannon 3

6 to 1 on Kilcock.

The Ascot Stakes (Handicap) of 1,880 sovs., once round, starting at the distance post (about two miles).

Mr. C. R. Halbron's b. c. Masque II., by Torant—Maskery, 3 yrs. 7st. 9lb. Weatherdon 1

Mr. H. E. Beddington's bl. or br. c. Earwig, by Hampton, 4 yrs., 7st. 10lb. Allsopp 2

- Mr. G. M. Inglis's ch. c. Piety, by Satiety, 4 yrs., 8st. 7lb. (inc. 10lb. ex).Woodburn 3
3 to 1 agst. Masque II.
- The Coventry Stakes of £1,833 10s. for two-year-olds : T.Y.C.
- Mr. L. Brassey's ch. c. Orzil, by Ayrshire—Merry Miser, 9st. Bradford 1
- Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Cap Martin, by Martagon—Flower Girl, 9st.Rickaby 2
- M. E. Blanc's b. c. Manito, by Reverend—Min d'Or, 9st. Barlen 3
- 9 to 2 agst. Orzil.
- The Prince of Wales' Stakes of 1,775 sovs. for three-year-olds ; new course (about one mile and five furlongs).
- Mr. J. Gubbins's br. c. Galtee More, by Kendal—Morganette, 9st. 5lb.C. Wood 1
- Captain Baird's b. c. Ovando, 8st. 3lb.C. Loates 2
- M. R. Lebaudy's ch. c. Golden Age, 8st. 13lb.S. Loates 3
33 to 1 on Galtee More.
- The Gold Vase of 560 sovs. ; two miles.
- M. R. Lebaudy's ch. h. Count Schomberg, by Aughrim—Clonavarn, 5 yrs., 8st. 4lb. S. Loates 1
- Sir W. Ingram's b. c. Comfrey, by Despair, 3 yrs., 7st 8lb. K. Cannon 2
- Mr. L. Brassey's ch. f. Doremi, by Bend Or, 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb. Newton 3
- Evans Count Schomberg.
- The First Year of the Fortieth Ascot Biennial Stakes of 10 sovs. each, with 500 added for two-year-olds ; T.Y.C.
- Mr. P. Lorillard's b. c. Elfin, by Sensation—Equality, 9st. C. Wood 1
- Mr. J. Gretton's Zanoni, by Royal Hampton, 9st.M. Cannon 2
- Sir Tatton Sykes's b. f. La Fere, by St. Simon, 9st.Calder 3
8 to 1 agst. Elfin.
- Third Year of the Forty-third Triennial Stakes of 100 sovs. each h. ft., with 400 sovs. added for the owner, and 100 sovs. for the nominator, of the winner ; for four-year-olds ; once round and in, starting opposite the Stand.
- Duke of Westminster's b. c. Labrador, by Sheen—Ornament, 9st. 1lb.M. Cannon 1
- Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Grain of Sense, 8st. 10lb.Rickaby 2
- Mr. T. Jennings, junr.'s ch. f. Lady Ailsa, 8st. 5lb.Bradford 3
6 to 1 on Labrador.
- June 16th.—The Visitor's Plate (Handicap) of 395 sovs. ; Swinley Course (one mile and a half).
- Sir W. Waldie Griffith's b. c. Hendersyde, by Ayrshire—Deereen, 4 yrs., 7st. 10lb.Rumbold 1
- Mr. T. Simpson Jay's ch. c. Rampion, 4 yrs., 8st.K. Cannon 2
- Lord Ellesmere's br. h. Villiers, 5 yrs., 8st. 2lb.F. Finlay 3
4 to 1 agst. Hendersyde.
- The Fern Hill Stakes of 500 sovs. ; five furlongs.
- Mr. P. Lorillard's br. g. Sandia, by The Sailor Prince—Saluda, 3 yrs., 8st. 11lb.C. Wood 1
- Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. f. Galinthia, 2 yrs., 6st. 13lb. K. Cannon 2
- Mr. F. Alexander's b. f. Mandorla, 2 yrs., 6st. 13lb. F. Leader 3
6 to 1 agst. Sandia.
- The Royal Hunt Cup of 2,380 sovs. ; New Mile (seven furlongs and 166 yds).
- Mr. H. McCalmont's b. c. Knight of the Thistle, by Rosebery—The Empress Maud, 4 yrs., 7st. 5lb.Allsopp 1
- Mr. T. Worton's ch. h. Victor Wild, by Albert Victor—aged, 9st. 12lb.M. Cannon 2
- Mr. A. Cohen's br. h. Green Lawn, by Kendal, 6 yrs., 8st. 8lb.Bradford 3
- 100 to 12 agst Knight of the Thistle.
- The Ascot Derby Stakes of 1,175 sovs. for three-year-olds ; Swinley Course.
- Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Minstrel, by Minting—Poem, 8st. 10lb. J. Watts 1
- Mr. L. Brassey's ch. f. Happy Returns, 7st 13lb.F. Finlay 2
10 to 1 on Minstrel.
- The Second Year of the Thirty-ninth Ascot Biennial Stakes of 1,151 sovs., for three-year-olds ; Old Mile.
- Lord Arlington's b. c. Butter, by Springfield — Margarine, 8st. 7lb.M. Cannon 1
- Lord Cadogan's b. f. Lowly, 8st. 3lb.Allsopp 2
- Mr. R. C. Garton's ch. c. Hips and Haws, 8st. 7lb.Calder 3
Evans Butter.
- The Coronation Stakes of 3,650 sovs. (a sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft, with 300 added), for three-year-old fillies ; Old Mile.
- Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. f. Goletta, by Galopin—Biserta, 8st. 10lb.M. Cannon 1
- Prince Soltykoff's br. f. Perce Neige, by St. Simon, 8st. 3lb. C. Wood 2

Lord Ellesmore's b. f. Fortalice,
by FitzSimon, 8st. 10 lb.

F. Finlay 3

100 to 12 agst Goletta.

The First Year of the Forty-fifth
Triennial Stakes of 537 sovs. for two-
year-olds; T.Y.C.

Mr. C. D. Rose's ch. c. Cyllene, by
Bona Vista—Arcadia, 9st. 3lb.

S. Loates 1

Sir. J. Blundell Maple's b. f. Nun
Nicer, 9st. Calder 2

Mr. Strauss's ch. f. Demonette,
8st. 9 lb. M. Cannon 3

7 to 4 on Cyllene.

The Thirty-fourth New Biennial Stakes
of 880 sovs. for three and four-year-
olds.

Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Balsamo,
by Friar's Balsam—Snood, 4 yrs.,
9st. 7lb. J. Watts 1

Mr. H. McCalmont's ch. g.
Amphora, 4 yrs. 9st. 1lb.

M. Cannon 2

Lord Stanley's br. c. Melange, 4
yrs. 9st. 4lb. Rickaby 3

7 to 4 agst Balsamo.

The Rous Memorial Stakes of 960
sovs.; New Mile (seven furlongs
and 166 yards).

Mr. Fairie's b. c. Eager, by
Enthusiast—Greeba, 3 yrs., 8st.
2lb. Calder 1

Mr. F. Luscombe's ch. h. Marco,
5 yrs. 8st. 13lb. S. Loates 2

Mr. E. C. Clayton's b. c. All
Moonshine, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.

F. Finlay 3

10 to 1 agst Marco.

The Gold Cup, value 3,330 sovs.; three-
year-olds, 7st. 7lb.: four 9st.: five,
six, and aged, 9st. 4lb.; m. and g.
allowed 3lb.; about two miles and
a half.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales' b. c.
Persimmon, St. Simon—Ferdita
II., 4 yrs., 9st. J. Watts 1

Mr. J. C. Sullivan's ch. c. Wink-
field's Pride, by Wingfield, 4st.
9lb. M. Cannon 2

Mr. Hamar Bass's ch. c. Love
Wisely, by Wisdom, 4 yrs., 9st.

S. Loates 3

84 to 40 on Persimmon.

The New Stakes of £1,837 10s., for
two-year-olds; T.Y.C.

Mr. H. McCalmont's ch. c. Florio
Rubattino, by Florentine—
Wealth, 8st. 10lb. M. Cannon 1

Mr. Richard Croker's br. f. Rhoda
B, by Hanover, 8st. 10lb.

C. Wood 2

Lord Warwick's ch. c. Lucknow,
by St. Angelo, 8st. 10lb. (car.
8st. 13lb.) J. Watts 3

20 to 1 agst Florio Rubattino.

The St. James's Palace Stakes of
1,750 sovs., for three-year-olds; Old
Mile.

Sir F. Johnstone's b. c. Vesuvian,
by Royal Hampton—Fuse, 9st.

M. Cannon 1

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's ch. c.
Monterey, 9st. Allsopp 2

Mr. C. D. Rose's b. c. Frisson, 9st.
S. Loates 3

85 to 40 on Vesuvian.

The Thirty-Fifth New Biennial Stakes
of 870 sovs. with 500 sovs. added;
T.Y.C.

Mr. P. Lorillard's br. g. Sandia,
by the Sailor Prince—Saluda, 3
yrs., 9st. 1lb. C. Wood 1

Lord Durham's ch. c. Hellebore,
3 yrs., 9st. Rickaby 2

Mr. H. McCalmont's bl. c. Temple-
combe, 2 yrs., 7st. 2lb.

K. Cannon 3

5 to 4 on Sandia.

The All-Aged Stakes of 330 sovs.;
T.Y.C.

Mr. Martin D. Rucker's ch. h.
Red Heart, by Hilarious or
Cherry Ripe—The Sabine, 5 yrs.,
9st. 9lb. C. Wood 1

Count Lutot's ch. f. Rychla, 2 yrs.,
6st. 8lb. H. Jones 2

20 to 1 on Red Heart.

The Ascot High-Weight Plate of 580
sovs.; one mile and a quarter, 37
subs.

Mr. B. S. Straus' br. c. Teufel,
by Despair, 4 yrs., 8st. 6lb.

Bradford 1

Sir F. Johnstone's b. c. Royal
Corrie, 5 yrs., 9st. 1lb.

M. Cannon 2

Mr. E. H. Baldock's b. c. St.
Fort, 3 yrs., 8st. 3lb. Allsopp 3

11 to 4 agst. Teufel.

The Windsor Castle Stakes of
£736 10s., for two-year-olds; T.Y.C.

Mr. Brinckman's ch. c. Sarratt, by
St. Angelo—Lady Altho, 8st.
10lb. Woodburn 1

Mr. Brassey's ch. c. Paladore, 8st.
10lb. Bradford 2

Sir M. Fitzgerald's ch. c. Heir
Male, 8st. 10lb. Ward 3

10 to 1 agst. Sarratt.

The Hardwicke Stakes, of £2,478 10s.;
Swinley Course (one mile and a
half).

Mr. L. Brassey's b. c. Bay Ronald,
by Hampton—Black Duchess,
4 yrs., 9st. 7lb. Bradford 1

Lord Cadogan's b. f. Lowly, by
Common, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb.

N. Robinson 2

Mr. Hamar Bass's b. Colt by St.
Serf, 3 yrs., 7st. 7lb. F. Finlay 3

11 to 10 agst Bay Ronald.

The Wokingham Stakes (Handicap) of 870 sovs. Second receives 100 sovs.; last three quarters of the New Mile, 59 subs.

Mr. Martin R. Rucker's b. h. El Diablo, by Robert the Devil—Tantrum, aged, 7st. 9lb. (car. 7st. 10lb.).....Wood 1

Mr. H. Higham's ch. c. Foston, by Fernandez—Wayward Aggie, 3 yrs., 6st. 11lb.Dunn 2

Mr. J. Ryan's b. h. Chasseur, by Galopin—Lady Gower, 5 yrs., 7st. 8lb.O. Madden 3
7 to 1 agst El Diablo.

The Queen's Stand Plate of 870 sovs.; second receives 100 sovs.; and the third, 50 sovs.; T.V.C. 24 subs.

Prince Solytkoff's b. h. Woolsthorpe, by Tibthorpe—Light of Other Days, aged, 9st. 13lb.

M. Cannon 1

Mr. Richard Croker's b. h. Americus, 5 yrs., 9st. 10lb. ...Rickaby 2

Mr. Martin D. Rucker's ch. h. Red Heart, 5 yrs., 10st. 2lb. C. Wood 3
6 to 1 agst Woolsthorpe.

The Alexandra Plate of 1,370 sovs.; second receives 400 sovs., and the third 100; to start at the New Mile post, and go once round: about three miles. 24 subs.

Mr. W. Low's b. c. St. Bris, by St. Simon—Nandine, 4 yrs., 9st.

M. Cannon 1

Mr. A. Taylor's ch. f. Queenwood, by Marden—Abeyance, 4 yrs., 8st.Calder 2
100 to 7 on St. Bris.

The Second Year of the Forty-fourth Triennial Stakes of £696 10s., for three-year-olds: second receives 20 per cent., and the third 10 per cent. on the sweepstakes: New Mile (seven furlongs and 166 yards).

Mr. D. C. Rose's b. f. Cortegar, by Galliard—Agnes Court, 8st. 7lb.S. Loates 1

Mr. J. B. Leigh's b. f. Flying Colours, 8st. 12lb. .. M. Cannon 2

Prince Solytkoff's br. f. Perce Neige, 8st.C. Wood 3
2 to 1 agst Cortegar.

CRICKET.

May 21st.—At Leyton, Essex v. Yorkshire, former won by 3 wickets.

May 22nd.—At Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground v. Kent, former won by 10 wickets.

May 22nd.—At the Oval, Surrey v. Sussex, former won by 279 runs.

May 22nd.—At Southampton, Hants v. Lancashire, latter won by 8 wickets.

May 26th.—At Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground v. Essex, former won by 111 runs.

May 26th.—At the Oval, Surrey v. Derbyshire, former won by an innings and 3 runs.

May 26th.—At Lord's, Yorkshire v. Leicestershire, former won by an innings and 129 runs.

May 26th.—At Cambridge, The University v. Sussex, latter won by an innings and 264 runs.

May 28th.—At Leicester, Leicestershire v. Lancashire, latter won by an innings and 101 runs.

May 29th.—At Oxford, The University v. Somerset, former won by 7 wickets.

May 29th.—At Cambridge, The University v. Yorkshire, former won by 4 wickets.

June 1st.—At Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground v. Leicestershire, latter won by 4 wickets.

June 2nd.—At the Oval, Surrey v. Gloucestershire, latter won by 5 wickets.

June 2nd.—At Bradford, Yorkshire v. Hants, former won by 10 wickets.

June 2nd.—At Manchester, Lancashire v. Middlesex, former won by 46 runs.

June 5th.—At Oxford, The University v. Surrey, latter won by 5 wickets.

June 8th.—At Liverpool, Lancashire v. Derbyshire, former won by 1 wicket.

June 10th.—At Leicester, Leicestershire v. Surrey, latter won by an innings and 94 runs.

June 11.—At Oxford, The University v. M.C.C. and Ground, former won by 13 runs.

June 11th.—At Cambridge, The University v. Hampshire, former won by an innings and 21 runs.

June 11th.—At Brighton, Sussex v. Somerset, former won by 1 wicket.

June 11th.—At Halifax, Yorkshire v. Kent, former won by 62 innings and 103 runs.

June 11th.—At Lord's, M.C.C. and Ground v. Derbyshire, former won by 2 wickets.

June 16th.—At the Oval, Surrey v. Somerset, latter won by 224 runs.

June 16th.—At Derby, Derbyshire v. Yorkshire, latter won by 1 wicket.

June 19th.—At Manchester, Lancashire v. Surrey, latter won by an innings and 24 runs.

POLO.

June 5th.—At Hurlingham, Freebooters v. Rugby, former won by 2 goals to 0, and became holders of the open Championship.

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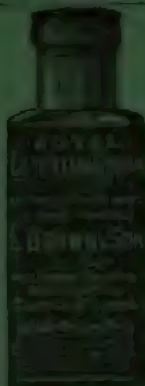
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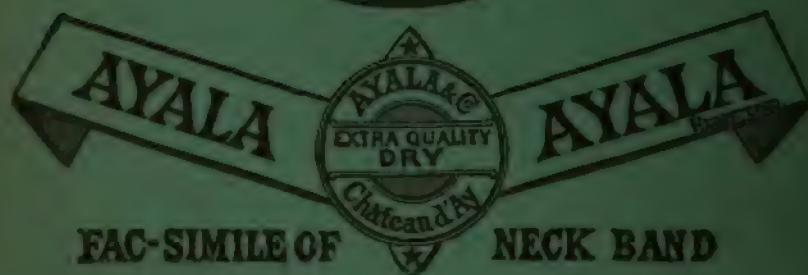
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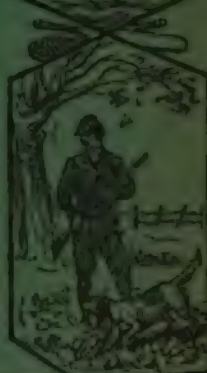
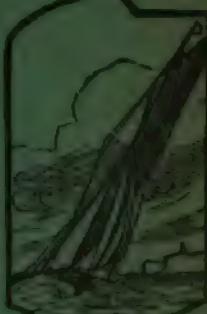
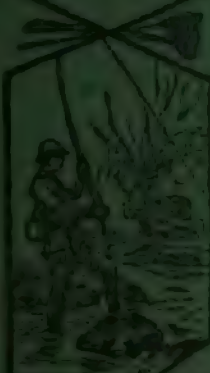
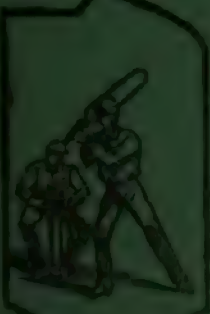
AUGUST, 1897.

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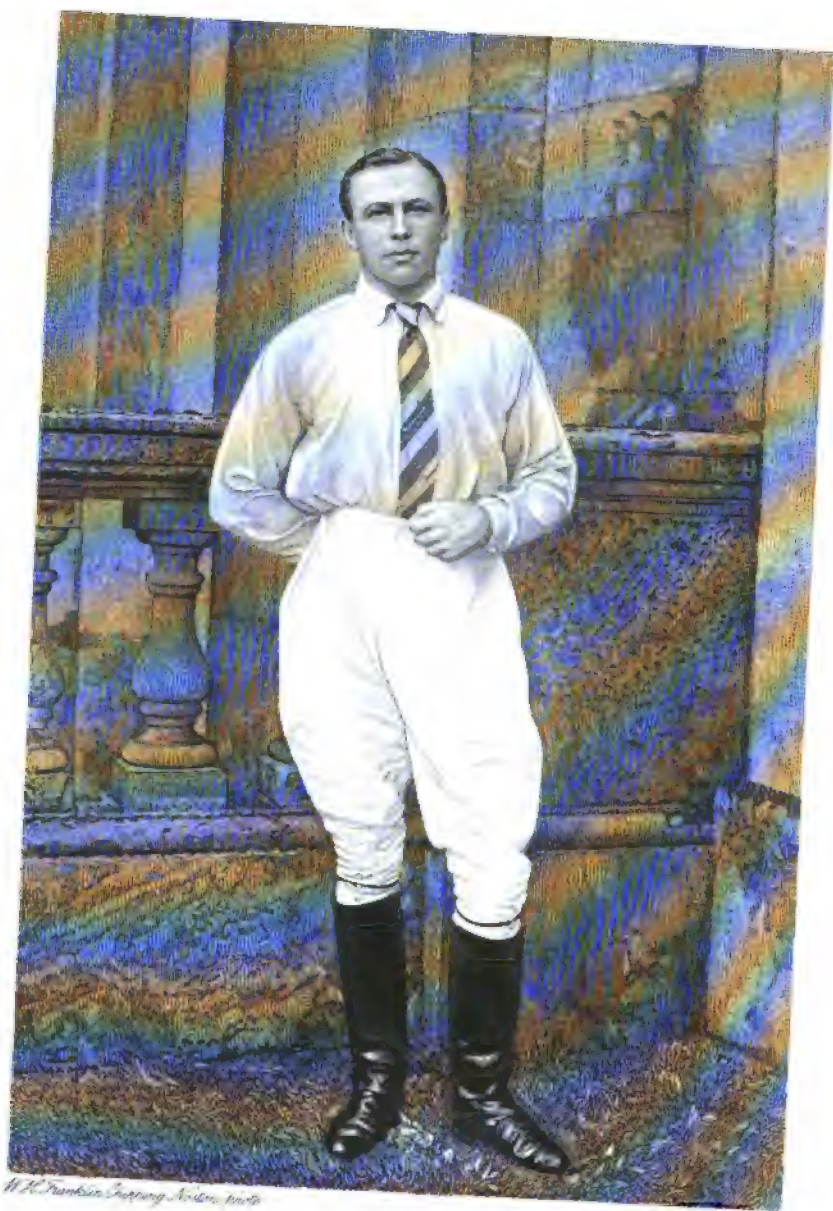
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OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES

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WITH

Steel engraved Portrait of CAPTAIN DENIS ST. GEORGE DALY. Steel Engraving
Portrait of JOHN SCOTT. Engraving of THE DEER PADDOCK.

Captain Denis St. George Daly.

FEW of the faces which month by month have looked out from Baily's Portrait Gallery will recall more pleasant associations than that of Captain Denis Daly. When a man is known among his friends by his Christian name, so that the more formal cognomen is hardly remembered, it is generally a sign of something more and better than popularity. In the minds of those who thus speak of their friends, there is a touch of affection and esteem. Popularity is not difficult

to obtain—a deep purse, a pleasant manner, a good cook, or a brand of champagne have been known to hide a multitude of faults, and secure for a man the good word of his fellows, but affection is harder to win, for it is based upon real virtues, pluck, kindness, tact, and a certain unselfishness which, at the least, makes us unwilling to gain pleasure or ease by the disregard of other people's feelings. To all his friends Captain Daly is known as "Denis," and the familiar

name tells, as I have said, of something more than the popularity of its bearer. But in these pages it is our duty to speak of Captain Daly in his public capacity as a soldier and a sportsman. He was born some 33 years ago, and after the usual preliminaries, joined the 18th Hussars, in which he served till 1893. For five years previous to his retirement he was the popular adjutant of the Yorkshire Hussars. We must all have noted how much the Yeomanry Cavalry have advanced in efficiency and public esteem in the course of the last few years. It is no longer possible to speak with scorn or even with chaff of so fine and useful a body of men. This most desirable result has been obtained by the judicious way in which the authorities have chosen the adjutants, for these have been men who, as good soldiers should, have united the characters of a soldier and a sportsman.

We can well imagine that Captain Daly did his share in this good and patriotic work. But we think that most of our readers will associate him with polo at Hurlingham, and the triumphs of the Freebooters Club during his period of office as captain. The first step Captain Daly took when he began to devote himself to the game, was to provide himself with the best of ponies. Now, to get together a good team of polo ponies is not a mere matter of money. The task requires patience, knowledge, and that consciousness of the strong and weak points of one's own game to which only the best players ever attain. When the present writer first saw Captain Daly playing polo, he was riding a brilliant chestnut Arab, Cheeky Boy, afterwards sold to go to France. About the same time he bought Skittles for £300, and he then had already had Wig in his

possession for some time. These were probably the best ponies he ever had, and we infer that Wig was the favourite from the fact that it was generally on that good pony Captain Daly was photographed in the many groups of winning teams of which he has formed an important member. Wig, no doubt, is one of the ponies that any of the polo players of the last few years would place side by side with Dynamite, Yellowman, Elastic, or the other gallant little animals which have from time to time played at Hurlingham or Ranelagh. Like most other players who have taken "a first" in polo, Captain Daly has of late confined himself to English ponies, and at Mr. Peat's sale he added the well-known Witch to his stud. He was also the owner of Martin-gale, a good pony, though perhaps a trifle keen. Having got together high-class ponies, Captain Daly held to them, and doubtless it is one of the great secrets of consistent play at polo to get ponies as good as you can and that suit you, and then to stick to them. Fortune, which has smiled on Captain Daly in many ways, has placed him above the temptation to part with the best inmates of his stable. To buy and sell, to chop and change, may be good for the pocket, but it is certainly bad for the play, and we doubt if any player will reach the first rank and hold his own in it who is obliged to do this. Change of ponies must result in uncertain play, but Captain Daly, who is as faithful and kindly to his four-legged as to his biped friends, held fast to his ponies until his marriage obliged him to retire, and the ponies were sold. None of his friends could do otherwise than rejoice in so fortunate an event, though we may be permitted to indulge some selfish regrets as to

the absence of so fine a player from the Hurlingham ground with which he was so much identified.

But his polo friends will be expecting us to say a word or two about the principal matches in which Captain Daly has been engaged. Of course his great feat was the gathering of the team three years ago which won the Open Champion Cup at Hurlingham for two years in succession, and which had, we believe, an absolutely undefeated career last season. In his own team Captain Daly played back, and after the retirement of Mr. John Watson from tournament play he was one of the most successful leaders of a side. A brilliant and dashing player, he has nevertheless always the use of his brains, and who so quick as he to see when his chance comes to go up into the game and go through with the ball. Many a brilliant run has he made on Skittles, the rider sitting down to hit the ball, the gallant little mare stretching away, not to be caught when once she had a good start. Another very fine game in which Captain Daly took part was the final of the A. I. P. C. Tournament in 1895, when the Freebooters, on a wet ground and in pouring rain (it *can* rain in Dublin), made no fewer than thirteen goals against the 13th Hussars. It was a fine performance, though we have never thought that it represented anything like the real merits of the two teams. The 13th Hussars, a team of almost perfect combination, were not nearly so well mounted as their opponents, a disadvantage which naturally told much against them with the ground in the state in which it was that day.

But, because we have dwelt so long on the polo career of the subject of this sketch, it must not

be supposed that he is a one-sided sportsman. Some polo players there are, and have been, not undistinguished in the game, who have been no good across country when hounds are running. This is not the case with Captain Daly. Well mounted there as in the polo field he is a quiet resolute rider who likes to see hounds at work. Some part of each season he has spent in Leicestershire; but he has, too, thoroughly enjoyed the good sport shown by his father-in-law, Mr. Albert Brassey's hounds, in the Heythrop country. Mrs. Daly is a neat rider to hounds, and is very fond of hunting. This is fortunate, for it is as important to a happy companionship in marriage that a wife should be able to enter into her husband's sports, as that she should be willing to sympathise in, what we are accustomed to think, the more serious matters of life.

Although during the past season Captain Daly has been seen at Hurlingham, it has only been as a looker-on at the great matches, or as an umpire at the Military Tournament. It is generally understood that he has retired from an active participation in polo, though his interest has in no way diminished. But he is claimed by more important duties. During the absence of Mr. Albert Brassey the duties of Master of the Heythrop Hunt are to be undertaken by Captain Daly. Everyone will recognise the propriety of this arrangement, and if the Heythrop are to lose for a time their very popular Master, no better substitute could be found than the subject of our biography, whose personal character, knowledge, and love for the sport of kings make him so well fitted for the duties of a Master of Hounds.

How to Make a Racehorse.

PERHAPS you will think this title presumptuous, and probably you will have grounds for the assertion. Nevertheless, as nothing in these days is gained by wrapping up either knowledge or money in a stocking, and as after all an opinion has no more worth than the weight it will carry, I shall break no bones in the attempt to throw practical light on my interesting subject.

Let it be quite understood at the outset that I am not going to offer any opinion on *breeding* racehorses. It matters not whether you adopt the new figure system, or any other choice or fashionable system: let us take it for granted that all racehorses are well enough bred. You may, provided you care to sink sufficient capital in your venture, breed them by the score or in fifties—the more the merrier—but, alas, will you in the same ratio *make* racehorses of them when bred? I trow not. Now, when we come to consider what a multitude of public and private studs pervade the country at the present day, and the immense capital that is embarked in them, we begin to measure the importance of our subject, and to throw apologies to the winds. The question that first arises is why are the numbers of racehorses which are made so out of proportion to the number bred?

Statistics are dry things, but they supply stubborn facts, and I am indebted to some elaborate figures carefully worked out that appeared in the *Field* of February 15th, 1896, from the pen of C. B. P. for an illustration of the fact, that high prices for yearlings of choice breeding do not have the effect of making them racehorses. Out of these figures I will only take the

years 1889 and 1890, when the flood of prices may be taken at its height, and the results are clearly proved.

In 1889 41 yearlings sold for 73,850 guineas, and won in stakes £34,126 during their racing careers.

In 1890 58 yearlings fetched 99,730 guineas, and won £64,477 in stakes.

Whilst if you enlarge this Table from 1883 to 1894 you will find a heavy loss each year, varying from £13,000 to £43,000. It will only amplify my argument if I add that the plums during these ten years can be counted on one's fingers — such as La Flèche, Memoir, Mimi, Enterprise, Bona Vista, Enthusiast, Merry Hampton, Childwick, and Wolf's Crag — and yet during these years the sum of 529,590 guineas was expended in buying at auction yearlings for 1,000 guineas and upwards apiece! of which only £215,837 was won back in stakes. Much less than half, mark you, and yet here we have the result of public enterprise in the ablest hands, forgetting altogether the failures of the smaller men, and the heart-burnings of the many unappreciated ones, who, could they only have leaped into the winning list, would immediately have taken their place among the more fortunate 1,000 guinea men. Nevertheless, up come the hapless buyers year after year to immolate themselves at the same shrine of "all fat and no muscle," instead of being, as it should be, "all heart and no peel," as Sir Tatton Sykes began his stud sales with so notably in 1871. And the animal proved worthy of his significant name, although we know him now only by his name of Doncaster, and his cost, like Hermit's, was 1,000 guineas.

Did not Baron Hirsch give 31,350 guineas for 20 yearlings? Sir Blundell Maple 28,550 guineas for 13 yearlings? and Col. North from 1889 to 1891 26,200 for 13 yearlings? Out of these lots each picked only one plum. The Baron's, by far the sweetest, in La Flèche, Col. North's was Simonian, and Sir Blundell Maple's Childwick.

Is it not natural that we should ask ourselves will this last? and what are the reasons for it?

I do not hesitate to say that the primary cause is that the thing is overdone. It is not only that the animals are overfed and unnaturally reared, it is that the ground on which they are reared is overhoused, and tainted—done to death in fact with horses—and although clever grooms and unlimited care will produce to the eye an animal perfect in type and faultless in looks and breeding, the true makings of a racehorse are wanting, and the vast majority of these exquisite beauties, or costly playthings, go to swell the failures, when the test of stamina and soundness come to be tried, and without them a racehorse is no racehorse at all—indeed, little more valuable than a cab horse. How often I have inquired from its breeder how such and such a yearling, which I had noticed as promising, had turned out, and the reply has been, "Ah, he or she was well tried, and heavily engaged, but it turned out unlucky and could not be trained." Thus probably, if it was a filly, it has gone to swell the hecatomb of weak and unsound mares which fill our Stud book; and do little good towards the making of racehorses. Casting one's eye carefully over the list of yearlings sold in 1893 at the July sales at Newmarket, and also at Doncaster, one cannot but be appalled at the

small percentage that have since paid for their corn bills on a racecourse.

There can be but one solution to this grave failure; not only are the majority of these animals too artificially reared, but they are also too thick on ground already overhoused and tainted.

We all know what a close eater of grass a horse is. He will fairly starve out even a sheep, if left long enough with him in one pasture. He will soon destroy all the good grasses that his pasture may produce, and it is no use whatever to put manures on horse pastures, unless you give them rest for a season from the bite or dung of horses. I could give instances of no mean kind that have come under my personal observation, were it not invidious to do so, where horse paddocks have become lamentably unfit for anything from this cause.

Horses, probably more than any other animals, require plenty of room and to spare. In their wild state they roam over the broadest prairies, and choose for themselves fresh pastures day by day. To make racehorses you do not want the sleek, well-kept fatling of the show-yard, you want him with all the dash which the strongest nature of his breeding can bestow upon him. He should have the fat of the land of his own choosing, and should bestir himself to get it. There certainly is much in the choice of soils, but I venture to think that there is more in his having almost entirely new ground to feed and exercise upon.

What a multitude of instances can be given of new ground producing the best racehorses. Take Hermit to begin with. He was one of the first yearlings bred at Middle Park, and so was Doncaster at Sledmere, under the present Sir Tatton's régime. The

Duke of Portland began by breeding Ayrshire, Donovan, Melanion, and other good horses, but he has steadily deteriorated in his animals since then, although no one can say that his mares are not all that money can purchase, or science breed. The same can be said of Mr. Chaplin, at Blankney. He began grandly, but alas, how few winners come from there now. We all know how Hampton Court, with the exception of Sainfoin and La Flèche (and every rule has its exception), has worked itself out to nothing. Poor little weak rats of yearlings they came to be, and it was a good day that ended its career, as it only caused disappointment to buyers. The fate of Yardley seems also sealed, to judge by the prices now realised, and there are more than 100 brood mares on the ground! I am told that the secret of Lord Falmouth's success in breeding was that his youngsters were allowed the free run of Mereworth Park, and that they took full advantage of it. The Duke of Westminster when he bought Doncaster broke new ground and bred Bend 'Or; now he has gone back to the old paddocks with their bleak walls and tainted ground. I do not expect that even his beautiful and priceless mares will make racehorses for him.

I could go on multiplying instances that are unanswerable. Mr. A. Hook bought Wisdom for 50 guineas, and some cheap mares at an average of about £25 a piece. He tried new ground at Hinnington, in Shropshire, with large 20 acre pastures, and bred nothing but racehorses. He then went to fresh ground in Yorkshire, at Bickerton, which had known no horse save the Bramham foxhunters on it for years, and his success stuck to him. How long will this last?

It would not be difficult to repeat instances almost *ad infinitum* to prove my argument. Speaking personally, the first animal I ever bred, on ground that had not had a horse on it for fifty years, I sold for £50, and he turned out the best I ever bred, and was afterwards sold for £4,000. He led the St. Leger winner of his year in all his work, and could win in good company over the last mile of the Derby course, or carry 12st. 7lb. to victory over two miles at Sandown. He was lord of all he surveyed as a colt, and he never forgot it.

Three or four more instances and I have done. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales gave up buying yearlings, which never won him a race, and started breeding at Sandringham. Almost the first horses he had were Florizel II. and Persimmon, and this I maintain is almost wholly owing to the stud farm at Sandringham being virgin soil as far as horseflesh is concerned. Mr. McCalmont, again, began breeding near Newmarket on new ground, and immediately there sprung up an Isinglass to confound all his compeers. Then last, not least, springs up Galtee More, a mountain in himself, bred and nurtured on the finest and widest of Irish pastures at Knockany—on land I am assured valued in Limerick at £6 an acre for fattening oxen—and what more could be wanted to make a Derby winner?

It was only the other day that I heard a practical trainer say, as several yearlings were fairly stretching themselves out in a good pasture, "Ah, if they would only let them do a bit more of that before they come to us, we should not have so many buckshins to complain of when they come to be trained."

I cannot make out that more

than four publicly bred and purchased horses have won the Derby within the last fifty years, and these were Hermit, Doncaster, Merry Hampton, and Sainfoin.

Turning again to Ireland, we cannot wonder that it has sent us such a succession of good horses, or, at all events, horses good enough to beat ours, when we know that there are tens of thousands of acres in the counties of Limerick, Tipperary, Cork, and Kilkenny, of the finest horse land, very sparsely horsed — such a temptation this to imitate Mr. Gubbins, and have some first-rate mares depastured there. It would then, I believe, answer to send over there a few of our high-class stallions, so that foaling mares may be saved the expense and dangers of a sea voyage. It is as essential that in-foal mares should have the advantage of the best and freshest land as that their foals and yearlings should have it. Irishmen, too, will soon learn what it is to feed them with the best of oats and hay. The pastures will supply the bone, the feeding, the condition and the atmosphere the constitution. No doubt Ireland will get overdone after a time, should my dream of the coming next few years be true, but anyhow, overdone England will have had a rest, and the clever and excitable Paddy will have had his turn.

Cannot we also bring the example of new countries such as Australia and New Zealand to exemplify our argument. What has shown more the success of our exported blood there—the stamina and bone of new grazing ground, and plenty of it? Pages might be written to amplify this, but I despise the overloading of horse or subject. The case stands proved to any impartial mind. Is not every wild animal

superior to a tame one in stamina? And must not this also be true of horses?

I hope the public breeders will not think me unkind if, to illustrate my theme, I state that, although they have immensely increased in numbers of late years, they have had much the worst of it as regards breeding winners of classic races, as compared with the private breeders; and this must be greatly accounted for by their using horse-worn pastures so largely, and also to their being over-stocked. It is high time that they set themselves seriously to work to obviate this defect, which buyers are beginning to take serious note of. Even the private breeders, who have dashed into large studs, and been somewhat regardless of the size of their paddocks and the change of ground, are wondering why their finely grown and bred yearlings make such a poor show on the race-course, from what they have expected of them, and that hardly a stayer beyond five furlongs can be discovered amongst them. If they think that this article is of any worth, I trust that they will harden their hearts, and try a change of tactics. It must strike them, as it does me, that there must be something wrong in the state of Denmark when a horse reared in France, carrying a top weight for his age, can beat everything over two miles in the Ascot Stakes, and that moderately bred American horses, according to our ideas, can keep on week after week winning races round the country. To make a racehorse is a study well worth enormous attention, seeing what a value is now placed on a first-rater. If instead of trying to breed ten race-horses in a year people would be content to breed five on the principles I have ventured to lay down, they will

make more racehorses than they now do, and at a greater profit. It will not be many years hence before the market will be opened in this country for Colonial and American yearlings, and a severe competition will set in, which will make it not so easy for us to hold our own. To be forewarned is to be forearmed, and in this ever-memorable year of grace many new and grand departures are likely to be made. Why should not this be one of them?

The horse is by nature glorious in his might. We are told in the Bible that "he smelleth the battle from afar." Is it not so with the true racehorse? You see him step on to the racecourse with a

proud gait. His calm, bold eye surveys the scene in which he is fully conscious of the part he is about to take—the freedom of his youth is not lost upon him now. He knows man as his master, but fears him not. He is conscious of the test to which his strength and soundness is about to be put, and when measured with his rivals his motto is to "do or die." This has been proved over and over again in the battle-field, the hunting-field, and on the racecourse; how glorious it should be, therefore, for us as the Britons of to-day to be as ambitious as ever to *make* racehorses as well as *breed* them.

BORDERER.

My Grandfather's Journals.*

1795-1820.

[Being episodes in the military career of Colonel Theophilus St. Clair, K.H., formerly of the 145th Foot, and some time Assistant in the department of the Quarter-Master-General.]

I.—HOW I WON MY COMMISSION.

It is lying there, in my study, one of my most valued possessions; a small but very ancient chest of Indian workmanship, made of some sweet-smelling wood, camphor wood or sandal wood, stained and darkened with age, brass bound and heavily clamped, ornamented with arabesque designs in thin copper plates, having several solid and enormous locks: a strong box of the days before iron safes, and this one had come from a great Begum or Rani in the far east, who had used it to hoard her countless treasures, ropes of pearls, and lacs of rupees. My maternal grandfather, a famous soldier in

his day, had got it at the sack of Seringapatam, and ever cherished it with the deepest affection. It accompanied him everywhere up and down the world in his varied and eventful service; it had been shipwrecked and long under water, it had been carried on mule-back from Lisbon to the Pyrenees. Latterly it became a sort of muniment box, the receptacle of his personal archives, and there I found them, a great mass of papers, when at last it passed into my hands as a family heirloom.

It would fill pages to catalogue the contents of this curious old chest, with its labyrinth of false bottoms and secret drawers. It cost me no little time and trouble

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to lay bare its inmost recesses; still longer to examine these interesting and often pathetic records of a life that had passed entirely away. Here tenderly tied up with faded ribbons, carefully ticketed and endorsed, were endless bundles of private correspondence, some too sacred almost for perusal, telling of old love passages of hopes and fears, of heartaches, and entrancing joys. One had to me an absorbing personal interest, it was the very letter in which my father had proposed for my mother; other letters were official, copies of reports, despatches, papers on military topics, the burning questions of the hour; many were from men who had made their mark in history, friendly confidences from great soldiers such as O'Hara, Baird, John Moore, Burgoyne, Picton, and Hill. One letter was signed "Wellington," a holograph in the well-known large sloping character of that great commander, conveying his thanks for Captain St. Clair's "useful communication" regarding the roads to the north of Portugal. He had made careful survey and reconnaissance, accompanied by sketches, for my grandfather had found time during his busy life to follow up a pretty taste for water colour, and I have many portfolios full of his drawings. A more detailed account of this adventurous mission I found elsewhere in his manuscript journals.

These last were perhaps the most striking of all the contents of the chest. I came across them almost at the last in a most secret corner in a middle drawer. There were a dozen or more of these books, all of varied size and substance, made of coarse yellow or pale blue paper, and all filled with close handwriting. They were journals, yet not exactly diaries; connected narratives rather of

moving accidents by flood and field, covering a long period of years, and in very various parts of the world. I found episodes in Gibraltar, adventures in the Indies, East and West, in Portugal, Spain, and the South of France; there was the story of an escape when a prisoner of war at Verdun; one, a honeymoon incident had occurred in Belgium, another in Paris, during the occupation by the allied armies after Waterloo. My grandfather must have recorded his experiences as they passed at the time, but it was clear from his references to persons and things that he had retouched and recast these narratives, with a knowledge that could only have been gained in after years. He must have played his part well through the many active operations of the great wars and borne himself admirably. Let those who care to read these pages judge of the man as he paints his own portrait modestly and unconsciously, and admit that he was no bad specimen of that best of British types, the gentleman and the soldier.

I.—HOW I WON MY COMMISSION.

Gibraltar,

September, 1795.

We had been closely shut up within the fortress for some months, ever since the declaration of war. The Spaniards had drawn a cordon of sentries across the neutral ground, we could see large encampments of troops upon the hills between St. Roque and the Queen of Spain's Chair. That was how the great siege had begun, my father said; he had been through it all seventeen years ago, and I longed for such another siege now. It might gain me my commission, and that was my dearest yet almost hopelessly unattainable wish. It seemed almost impossible.

Dad could not purchase me a pair of colours, and he had no influence at Court. Although he had been now nearly three and twenty years in the King's service, he was still a simple captain of artillery, and he had not the means to send me to Woolwich, nor to buy me a commission.

There were only the two of us, he and I. Mother had died when I was born, and Dad had brought me up. I had never left him, but had gone with him from garrison to garrison, living the life of the barrack almost from my first breath. As I grew he taught me all he knew himself of the science and practice of war, with mathematics, surveying, fortification, and drawing. It promised to be wasted knowledge if I was never to be an officer, but nothing else would I learn—except, of course, Spanish, which I soon jabbered as fluently as any monkey, picking it up at once and easily from the people about me on the Rock.

I had many kind friends. The artillery officers, my father's comrades; and others in other regiments were very good to me. I was with them constantly, and shared their sports and amusements. Although a mere slip of a boy, small too for my age, barely fifteen at the time of which I am writing, I could hold my own in most games; I was a fair shot, I could ride anything. Dad let me learn to handle a boat, and as a willing useful hand I was welcome on board any of the small yachts the officers kept for cruising about the bay or crossing over to Africa. I could turn my hand to most things; I could kill a fish, spear a boar, act as interpreter, cook a meal, and make myself useful in a dozen different ways.

Some one had christened me "Saucy," and the name stuck to me, because, I suppose, I was

always ready with an answer, although I did not mean to be impudent. At that time, too, I laughed at whatever happened. I could take a fall from a horse, or a ducking in the water with equal good temper, and would laugh most of all when we missed the gates at gun-fire, and were locked out on the wrong side, to spend the night in the Governor's meadow on the North Front.

But with the outbreak of war there was no more going into Spain; no partridge-shooting in the cork wood; no ibex hunts in the Vermilion Sierra. Dad said it was not safe to go out boating; we might get becalmed and be captured by a *guarda costa* galley, and he did not think I should much like to be carried into Algeciros a prisoner. If he had only known—but let me take it all in turn.

One day Dad was on a garrison board in the Victualling Yard, and he let me off early from my studies. I hardly stayed to say "Thank you, sir," I was so eager to be off for a day's fishing at a new place I had marked down. If only I was allowed to get there, I knew that with my new cane rod and an extra length of casting I might have a chance for a "ranger," an eight or ten pounds fish, perhaps. I had got baskets-full of gray mullet and "old wives," but I was wild to hook something bigger.

I dropped down the stairs of Bombardier's Ramp three at a time (Dad's quarters were in the Moorish castle), and I was near the bottom before I remembered I should get no food till night unless I took some with me. Just then I passed a wine shop, a poor sort of place, where they sold food as well as drink: it had a sign, the words badly spelt and written in chalk, "Aqui se vende vuen bino y se da a comé," so I turned in to

buy a loaf and some bunches of muscatels. The room at the back was fitted up with little tables, but only one was occupied, and with a strange group, as I soon saw. Four were soldiers of the garrison in regimentals, and two were Barbary Moors in turbans and flowing white haiks. They were all drinking, a funny thing, I thought, for the Moors, as wine was against their religion, and they were excellent friends with the soldiers, also an unusual thing. Two of the soldiers were in the uniforms of Eisenhausen's Hanoverians, one was in Woollaton's regiment, and the fourth was a matross* in my father's own company. I knew the man, and no good of him. His name was Fannis, and I heard Dad say he had been a gentleman before he enlisted. But he was a bad character, very mutinous and insubordinate, and had been twice at the halberds within the last year for striking a superior officer.

They were talking Spanish, Fannis (a man of good parts) acting as interpreter. I was struck by the way the two Moors spoke the language, not only fluently, but with an accent I knew was pure Castillian. Many a time had I been laughed at, when we were friends with the Spanish officers and before the war, for my Andalusian gibberish, yet here were a couple of Barbary Moors lisping their c's and z's after the most perfect fashion of the Court at Madrid; a strange thing surely, as strange as any that I was noticing.

I caught a few words while I waited for my bread. "Why wait?" said a Moor. "More men will join," Fannis answered;

"we cannot risk failure;" then looking up, he saw me at the counter. His face grew black with sudden fury, and he half rose from his seat as though he meant to come and threaten me, or worse. I guessed at once that my presence there in the wine shop was not to their liking, and their talk was not for me, nor would my dear Dad be over-pleased if he had found me in a place frequented by the common men, so I stuffed my bread in my pocket, shouldered my rod, and made off for Waterport.

I had not done with adventures that day, for I was presently brought face to face with something that seemed more serious.

The place I was making for was the Old Mole, some rocks on its western side near the Mole Head, well out into the bay. To reach it I must either go through Waterport to the entrance of the Mole, where there were sentries and garrison policemen who would probably stop me, even if they knew me; or I must avoid them and creep along the outside of the mole by the water's edge. I should meet no one that way. I only had to get through an embrasure at the Montague Bastion, drop down from the line wall on to the strip of beach below, and so on, cautiously, to the very point of the Mole.

I was half out of the embrasure when a sharp voice cried,

"Here! Hi! you young villain! Come down off there. Stop him, somebody."

In an instant I was seized by half-a-dozen officious hands, coming from I knew not where, and was hustled along rather roughly, until I found myself standing speechless and shamefaced before a great and awful personage, General O'Hara himself, the Governor of Gibraltar, commonly called, but certainly

* EDITOR'S NOTE.—A *matross* was an artilleryman who helped the gunners to sponge out after firing, and who carried a firelock to act as guard for the stores and ammunition.

not to his face, "the old cock of the Rock."

Of course I knew him well by sight; often and often had I seen him going up and down the fortress he ruled, always in full dress, tremendous and terrible, from the crown of his triangular hat to the soles of his glittering tall boots. A most majestic soldier of the old school, wearing his white wig in corkscrew curls, with a high feather standing up straight in his hat, and a great gold-knobbed stick in his hand.

He stretched the latter towards me, and I thought he meant to strike me senseless then and there, but he only touched me with it lightly on the breast and said, roaring out his words:

"Well, well, well; this is fine conduct. Climbing over the King's wall as though it was an orchard fence. Must I give you straight to the Provost Marshal? Who and what are you, sir?"

Then a mild sweet voice (how often I heard it afterwards! and in very different scenes, still sweet and soft even in the thick of the fight), a voice that matched with the gentle friendly face, interposed, that of Rowland Hill, the General's favourite A.D.C.

"Why, sir, it's 'Saucy' St. Clair, the artillery captain's son. He is going a-fishing I take it. He means no harm, I'm sure. I know him well."

"Is that so, sir?" again roared the General. "And what do you expect to catch over yonder—cannon-ball and red hot shot? 'Zooks, I've fished myself in my time. What are you after, sir?"

"Ranger, sir, a sort of bass, I believe," I found courage to say. "You spin for them as you do for pike, but you must cast out far, and I was thinking that from the end of the Old Mole—if your Excellency would allow me—I might

get a fish fit for your Excellency's table."

"D——n it, that's kindly meant, and you shall come and eat it yourself, lad. Give him a permit, one of you, to go where he likes. And, Hill, see that he is asked to dinner to-night. Fish or no fish, he's a likely lad, and a ranger is a d——d good fish too," and then the kindly hospitable old soul, the best of *bon vivants*, the heartiest and most generous of men passed on, followed by his numerous staff.

After that I was free to go where I pleased. I need not sneak over the line wall nor creep on at the foot of the mole, but I walked past the sentries, permit in hand, wandered in and about the fortification, and settled down to fish in the likeliest spot I could find.

Although we were at war with Spain, communication with Barbary was still open. Indeed, the garrison got most of its supplies from Tangier and Tetuan, and there were boats, lateen craft and faluchas passing to and fro constantly. These lay, when on our side, off Waterport, one or two quite close to the Mole Head, just under the eye of the sentry and within a yard or two of where I was safely ensconced amongst the rocks. I should have taken no notice of them; the rest of this adventure would never have been told had not I heard quite plainly on board one boat, that which was nearest me, the true lisp of Castilian Spanish and spoken by Moors, by a couple of men who seemed to be the anchor watch while their comrades were ashore.

"They are late in returning," said one. "By the Holy Virgin of Atocha, I have my fears."

The oath sounded oddly on the lips of a Mahommedan. Of course, these were no Moors; no more than those in the wine shop.

"This Fannis," said the other, speaking of the artillery matross, "calls himself a son of Holy Mother Church. It was in his pious wish to restore Gibraltar to his most Catholic Majesty that he planned this conspiracy."

"Is it really possible for him to do what he promises? Has he the men at his back, sworn to rise, and enough of them to overcome the more faithful, to kill all the officers and seize the fortress?"

"The most noble the Duke de Albuquerque believes it, or he would not have sent us here to treat with the ringleaders. But by Saint Inés and Saint Agnes I wish the Colonel and his Adjutant were once more safe on board. They are in the lion's jaw up yonder. What if these villains should play them false and give them up to the English?"

"Truly. Traitors to one traitors to all. They have sold their honour, why not sell us also? We may pay too dear for it, even if this great Rock is to be the prize."

I had heard all this, more and more astonished and engrossed, as I crouched in among the rocks, creeping in closer and closer to the falucha so as not to miss a single word. In my deep anxiety I went too far. Somehow I lost my balance, and slipped from my perch, sliding with a great swish into the water, over my head, and I had to swim for it. I should have turned towards the shore, but the disguised Moors in the boat were too quick for me. Disturbed, alarmed, at an interruption that might mean they had been overheard, someone clutched at me with a boat-hook and dragged me on board.

I saw dark faces lowering at me, Moors real and false, and the latter

(no doubt) asked me in good Spanish where I came from, what I was doing, what I thought to be at. It was wisest and best not to understand—that would imply that their dangerous secrets were safe from me; but my repeated "no entiendo," "no sabe" did not prevent them from handling me very roughly, and beating me down in the bottom of the boat, where I lay much bruised and battered upon the rough stones of the ballast. Then one of the crew took out a long sharp knife, and, with teeth gleaming, fiercely warned me with a significant sign that I had better lie quiet or I should come in for worse.

I hardly hoped that I should escape with my life. Of course they could not have harmed me much, there under the Old Mole wall, with the sentry just within earshot, but a few strokes of the oar soon took the boat further out, and I knew then that I was at their mercy.

I do not think I was greatly alarmed for myself. What I felt most was my helplessness to avert the greater and more pressing danger that hung over the garrison. To think that I had come upon this plot and yet that I could not warn them, my dear father, the brave old Governor, all my friends on the Rock; that while I lay a prisoner they might one and all be massacred, and the fortress betrayed to the enemy.

I, and I alone could save them—could prevent this terrible catastrophe. However great the risk—although they would certainly kill me if I failed—I must try to escape from the clutches of these men. But what was my life worth when others so much more precious were at stake?

If I had despaired at the outset my case seemed utterly hopeless when the other Spaniards returned

from the shore. A small boat put them on board, and, in the sharp talk that followed, my capture was quickly told. Both came forward to see me where I lay, and I know that one at least recognised me as the lad they had seen in the wine shop. He turned to the other, the elder and senior, and, with a savage gesture and the word "degollado," gave his opinion that my throat should be immediately cut.

"There is no such hurry," answered the colonel, quietly. "We will take him with us, across the straits and then to Algeciras. He shall be made to account for himself then. But I will have no violence here. I do not war with children. Out oars and get way on the falucha, the wind is from the eastward; we shall have a lift from it, and can hoist the sail when we are past the New Mole."

All hands now worked the boat, the colonel was at the helm, even my guard was withdrawn to take an oar. I was able to turn my head a little towards the bows and make out our course; we were hugging the Rock and pointing, as the Colonel had said, for the New Mole. I calculated that steering so we should pass within a hundred yards of its end, and a flutter of hope revived in me. What if I took my fate in my hands and jumped clean overboard? I could easily swim the distance, and if they fired at me, as was probable, they would draw down a warm return fire, and from the shotted guns always loaded and laid.

My chance came when we were just abreast of the New Mole, and the Colonel, anxious to use the first whiff of wind, gave orders to stand by the sail.

This was my opportunity.

I crawled and wriggled across the sharp-pointed ballast to the

side; all the Spaniards had their backs to me, and were busily engaged with the sail. None as I hoped saw me, when to my horror I found the Colonel was facing me, and had detected what I was at. I thought I was lost, but caught encouragement from a half smile on his face, and I went on. By this time the great lateen sail was half hoisted, but the lower part lay in thick folds, still, upon the gunwale. So I glided under, and letting myself quietly into the water with both hands holding on for a moment to break the splash, I closed my heels and dropped straight down. While well below the surface I struck out and swam, as long and as far as I could manage under water, until obliged to come up for air.

When I rose I saw that the falucha was some fifty yards off, heeling over to a sudden gust into which it had been steered, purposely I do believe by the kindly Spanish Colonel. They had missed me on board by this time. I could hear shouts and angry cries, I saw hands stretched towards me as I swam on, but there was no attempt to pursue me, and I soon touched firm ground.

I must have been watched from the Mole, for the moment I landed I fell into the hands of a file of the guard, who made me prisoner and marched me just as I was, soaking wet and woe-begone, before the officer in command.

Happily he knew me, and at first laughed heartily at my sad plight, but when I declined to explain matters he looked ugly and talked of keeping me in the guardroom till "grand rounds" visited, or he could send to the Town Major. But I begged hard to be allowed to go home; I pleaded the state I was in: that my dad would be growing anxious;

I gave all sorts of reasons but the right one, for I wanted to be the first with the news of the great conspiracy.

At last he let me go, and I ran all the way through Southport into town. I pulled up at the convent where the Governor lived, but here I was halted short and sharp. It was more difficult to get in than it had been to get out of the guard house. The orderly sergeant at the front entrance would not let me pass; the sentry at the side gate stopped me with his bayonet, and fearing to lose more precious time, I was making for the Moorish castle, where I should find my father, when I saw Captain Rowland Hill, the aide-de-camp, coming down the Secretary's Lane.

"Oh, sir," I cried, as I ran up to him, rejoicing, "may I speak to you, sir? I've something very terrible to tell you."

"About that fish? Is that it, Saucy? No catch? Never mind, the Governor will forgive you," he said, in his usual pleasant way.

"It's something far worse. Do not laugh, sir. Let me go in with you, I must tell you in private at once. It is a matter of life and death to hundreds—thousands, perhaps."

"Come along, my lad, I am at your service," he now said, heartily, and he led me through the convent yard into the aide-de-camp's waiting room which overlooks the garden.

I had hardly blurted out the first sentence or two when he said,

"Stay. The General must hear this. I believe he is in his room. Come."

I followed him across a passage, he knocked twice or thrice at a closed door, there was a sleepy reply at last, and we entered to find the great General O'Hara

shorn of his customary splendour, a crimson silk handkerchief replaced the wig with its corkscrew curls, his coat was unbuttoned, he wore slippers, and his great boots were on the floor, standing erect like sentries beside him.

"D——n it, Hill, what brings you here? I do not choose to be disturbed in this way, you know my practice is to take a siesta at this hour—and what dirty young ruffian is this you dare introduce into my most private chamber?"

Half a dozen words, quietly but firmly spoken by Hill, changed the General's demeanour. He became alert in voice and manner, snatched up his wig, and began to draw on his great boots as he listened to the whole story. Then he issued his orders briefly and imperiously.

"Send for the Town Major, and for the Colonel commanding the Artillery; let orders be despatched to Woolaton and Eisenhausen to turn out their corps by companies upon their private parades. Take this young gentleman down the ranks, he may identify the men he saw; Fannis we know; he must be put at once under a close guard."

The arrest of the chief ring-leader must have fallen like a death-blow upon the conspiracy, for before night a dozen or more confederates had come voluntarily with full confessions to their officers, hoping to secure pardon. The plot, in short, was crushed stillborn, and vanished into thin air like a burst bubble. But that it existed, that it was all but ripe for explosion, was soon seen; also that its ramifications were very extensive, and that hundreds of men in the garrison were pledged to support it. Very short shrift was given to the chief conspirators. Fannis was tried next morning by court-martial, and shot the same

evening on the Windmill Hill Flats. The evidence against him was overwhelming. He had been the originator, the life and soul of the plot. A dozen others were sentenced to long terms of transportation, and were despatched to the new convict settlements in Botany Bay.

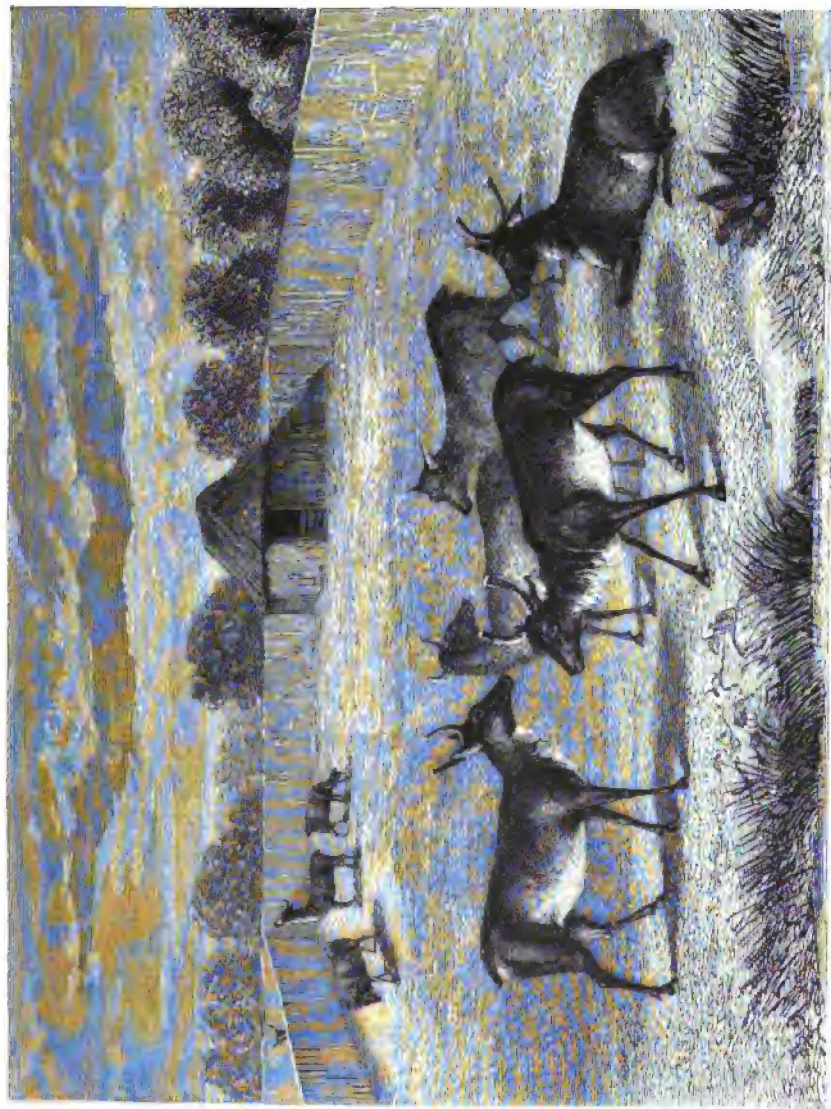
I soon found that the General could reward as well as punish. His gratitude to me was soon shown, and went far beyond mere thanks. In the time that it took to write and receive an answer from home, I was gazetted Ensign in the 145th regiment, at that time stationed in Dublin.

The Deer Paddock.

WHEN, and by whom, hunting the carted deer was invented is one of those matters the history of which is lost in obscurity. The former Dukes of Beaufort hunted the stag in Wiltshire, and, so far as is known, in the time of Queen Anne stag-hunting was carried on very much as it is at the present day on Exmoor and the Quantocks; but about the middle of the last century, so far as can be ascertained, came the first step towards what may be termed artificial hunting, that is to say, a stag was captured in nets and held in readiness to be "let go" before the hounds. From releasing him from some out-building to taking him to some particular spot in an ordinary farm-cart was an easy step, and, when the former practice became tolerably common, the building of a special deer-cart followed as a matter of course, and in the first volume of the old *Sporting Magazine*, facing page 274, is to be seen a picture of turning out the deer for the Royal Hunt in Windsor Forest. In the distance is the stag, with a magnificent pair of antlers, just released from the cart, a two-wheeled affair with a tilt. It is believed that the first regular vehicle was constructed by a coach-builder who, early in

this century, carried on business in Peascod Street, Windsor.

The deer paddock is, of course, in close connection with the deer-cart, since it is in the paddock that the deer, which are conveyed to the place of meeting, are kept, trained, and carted. People who talk glibly about hunting the tame deer should try the experiment of singling out those required for tomorrow's sport from the herd, getting them into the house from the paddock, and thence into the cart, when they would find the word "tameness," like the word pace, is a comparative term. In the paddock the deer are fed on the best hay, beans, and oats, and are exercised. On the evening before hunting the two required are driven into the house, which will be seen at the back of the picture. It is not always easy to get them there. A sort of movable window is removed, and the deer-cart being backed up against it, the partition in the cart is drawn a little forward, and one of the deer is at last induced to get into his carriage, and, on his going round the partition, the attendant shuts the door, and deer number one rides with his "head to the country," that is to say, with his back to the horses, as carriage people would express it.



THE DEER PADDOCK.



The second deer is then made to jump in, and rides with his head to the horses.

The "Druid" gives a very vivid picture of the carting business. It should be mentioned, by the way, that when the deer are driven into the little house they remain fasting all night, so that indigestion may not stop their running powers in the morning. "It is very dangerous," says the "Druid," "to go into them there (that is to say, into the house) except with a large board for a shield . . . King Cole was quite savage; but as Cotterill (the paddock keeper) used to say, 'I would not care about his fighting the shield, if he would only fight the country.'" For very many years the Cotterill family succeeded, father and son, to the duties of deer-keeping, but on one occasion, when the male line failed for a time, the widow Cotterill was allowed to carry on, and, as she had frequently helped her lord and master, she was as *au fait* at the business as he had been, and, assisted by a small son, always had a couple of deer in readiness when the driver came to take away the cart.

Some of the deer in the engraving, it will be noticed, have antlers, but now as a rule hinds and havers are generally used.

The cruelty, about which we have heard so much, of stag-hunting, is simply rubbish, as many of the deer are hunted through several seasons without ruining a hair, and there are perhaps not a dozen men who have hunted with the Queen's who have ever seen a drop of deer's blood shed, at any rate by being touched by the hounds. Men, horses, hounds, and deer are sometimes hurt by barbed wire, but that is the fault of the man who puts it there, and cannot be laid to the door of stag-hunting. The writer very well remembers the career of such well-known deer as The Doctor, Yately, Volunteer, and Miss Gilbert. They were hunted for a long time, and they grew to know the business quite as well as anyone concerned, and when they had run enough they would make for an outhouse, or capacious ditch, and there await the arrival of the hounds, in full knowledge of the fact that they would not be hurt. When the deer is captured, and the strap is put round its hind leg the hounds are allowed to bay at it, and some of these old stagers watch the proceedings with the utmost *sang froid*, and are not one quarter as excited as are some of the hysterical personages who write about the cruelty of stag-hunting.

In an Eastern County.

"THE spring comes slowly up this way," and, in this year in particular, the warm airs that should have given early life and joy to all nature have been sadly cankered by the northern and easterly gales which swept over us from seaward and chilled the bursting vitality in

bird and beast and plant. But, slowly as things animate and inanimate have developed, though the full chorus of renewed life has not burst upon us, as it sometimes does, in one sudden harmonious crash, but has followed a crescendo of melody, we have at last passed

into the full pæan of summer. The nesting of birds, the family arrangements of beasts were all a little delayed but have all been more or less successfully accomplished. The oaks in the park have burgeoned forth in their massive glory of foliage and we are happy in the thought that this may stay the longer with us in that its strength has not been exhausted by premature display. Cold as has been the season, it has been gallantly encountered by bird and beast. They, in England, are true English and though undoubtedly they admit its discomfort, they, like Kingsley the great lover and student of their ways, have no lasting enmity to the "wild northeaster" and do their best to reconcile themselves bravely to its conditions. All the familiar beings about us have followed the laws laid down by Providence and, in doing so, have given to our quiet home a continuous fund of delight unknown to permanent dwellers in cities.

Our rooks. Well the rook is no uncommon creature, but when, "with his sisters, his cousins and his aunts," he deigns to form a small community in front of our windows how kind he is and how much of interest and amusement he affords. Kind, because, as everybody knows, his coming means good luck to the neighbouring homestead, and amusing because his manners and customs are so very human and the inner life of his commonwealths is a never-ending drama founded upon the display of the ordinary influences that sway the world. There was joy in our hearts when, towards the end of February, several rooks came and made a great to-do in the trees of our sanctuary, a tiny bit of covert within thirty yards of the house, which is to the feræ of our small

sporting domain what the Abbey was in days gone by to the debtors of Edinburgh, a place where no man's hand is raised against them. After some days spent in discussing their proposed establishments in all their details, the important business of house-building commenced. There was no precedent to guide the proceedings for, in the memory of man, no rooky colony had ever occupied these trees and no ruins of ancient nests were there to show which were the safest and most comfortable branches. There was great diversity of opinion among these pioneers of a new settlement as to the proper spots to be occupied. Five or six families built on the topmost branches of a large tree which were bare of leaves till near the end of May and through which the gales from the North Sea whistled searchingly. As our old keeper said when the young were afterwards peeping over the nests' brim, "They du fare to be very cold up there. I often wonders how they keeps warm enow to hatch out." Then the rest have occupied some small evergreen oaks where the bundles of sticks can hardly be distinguished among the leaves and where some nests are not much more than twenty feet from the ground, lower than any rooks' nests we ever saw.* All seem to have been satisfied with their quarters however and all have comfortably succeeded in adding to the feathered population.

Why had they come there? First, we hope undoubtedly, with a benevolent desire to be the bearers of good fortune. Secondly and most probably—we do not know; but the rook is a sagacious

* The Rev. F. O. Morris in his "British Birds," notes that some rooks built "on young oaks, only ten or twelve feet high, in the grounds of the Duke of Buccleuch at Dalkeith Palace, although large trees were all around them."

bird that can put two and two together and we have observed that a clump of trees, half a mile distant, which used to hold many nests, has this year been quite deserted. Some of the trees have been marked for felling and their old frequenters may have formed the opinion that it was better to shift their quarters than to await a possibly sudden crash and destruction of their homes.

But the building of their houses was not accomplished without the exhibition of much ill-feeling and indeed of very regrettable crime. One would have thought that there was such an ample supply of material that there could be no room for jealousy and envy in its selection. But, whether particular bits of rotten twig have such special value in a rook's eyes that no moral principle can withstand the temptation to annex them, or whether kleptomania or only pure cussedness is the motive, there is certainly frequent grievous dispute over their possession and, if one has been carefully laid "in situ" by its original finder, it is too frequently, when there is no one to guard it, transferred to another nest. Of course, when the proprietor returns, he finds that he has been robbed. He pursues the thief and taxes him with his iniquity, when onlookers are really shocked at the amount of abuse and bad language that follows, sometimes emphasised with blows from beak and pinion. The lady of our house was, while dressing one morning, much excited in witnessing a very flagrant crime of this sort. She had been watching the proceedings of a careful builder with deep sympathy (for she herself knows the care of providing for a family). A twig had been scientifically laid and the builder had gone to seek for more material. Anxiously the on-

looker was waiting to see another step made in the work when, as she said "before my very eyes another rook came and stole the twig." She confesses to have drummed on the window and to have been moved to cry out "Stop, stop, you've no right to take that." Alas! her remonstrances had no effect.

But, though our rooks have many failings, they show also many municipal and private virtues. No intruders are allowed in the precincts that they have occupied and there is a *levée en masse* when any unwelcome visitor arrives. Then nothing can exceed the mutual devotion of husbands and wives, to which White of Selborne bears witness. "As soon as the rooks have finished their nests and before they lay, the cocks begin to feed the hens, who receive their bounty with a fondling, tremulous voice and fluttering wings and all the little blandishments that are expressed by the young while in a helpless state. This gallant deportment of the male is continued during the whole season of incubation." Not only does the male bird feed his consort but he relieves her in some of the weary duties of maternity by taking her place on the nest and we have often been rude enough to pry with a field-glass into this connubial arrangement, watching the hen receive her loving mate, yield her place on her precious eggs and then delightedly stretch her stiffened pinions in airy meanderings round and round her home.

Alas, that a premature death should be the fate of so many rooklings. The tribes must not be allowed to increase and multiply overmuch for they hungrily raid the newly sown fields and farmers grumble at their depredations. Rook pie too is a much-

esteemed article of food in the district, so that when the young are just able to toddle out of the parent nest and to balance themselves on a near bough, the crack of a tiny rifle is heard and down topples the innocent, to be eagerly borne away to some cottage *batterie de cuisine*. Even our sanctuary is not a complete protection to the babes of its new inhabitants, though perhaps they are more tenderly dealt with than those of longer established colonies. It is generally believed, here at least, that the levying of a death tax upon a rook community by no means discourages it from returning in future years to the same quarters and that it is in fact a certain relief to the social difficulties attending over-population.

To come down to earth. There is a great buzz of life on the outskirts of the sanctuary and indeed sometimes in its leafy recesses. The lady of our house rears much poultry, and has a very well grounded conviction that, to ensure that they thrive properly, particularly when they are bringing up families, they must not be confined to the narrow bounds of a yard but should have complete freedom and elbow room to develop their own instincts and to scratch and search for the casual food which Nature provides. Of course they are most liberally fed in addition, but mothers and offsprings are allowed to wander where they will, seeming to find much satisfaction in questing about for odds and ends of seeds and insects. Each mother has her coop placed in some comfortable corner but, contrary to usual custom, she is not confined in it and only retires to its shelter at nightfall. Each so well knows her particular house that, when bed-time comes, she betakes herself to it followed by her little

ones which scramble in also and shelter themselves under her maternally wings. The hens are all intimate friends and *protégés* of the children, who have the daily duty of searching for eggs and feeding the clamorously chirping families. Whenever a little petticoat is seen on the doorsteps it is a pretty sight to see each hen, surrounded by its own brood, hurrying to be the first to secure the welcome dole of porridge.

The characters of the fluffy youngsters are still immature though they show a great deal of original sin in the way in which they squabble over their dinners, sometimes even squaring up to each other and sparring a feeble little round. But all the hens have long since shown much individuality of character and have each received names from the children, which in most cases mark their moral qualities. Xantippe is unquestionably the *grande dame* of the company. She is one of the oldest and has long maintained an unblemished reputation as the best and most careful of mothers. But she rules her offspring with unwavering sternness, her imperious call is ever promptly obeyed, and no naughty little one dares to stray far from her side. Outside her own little circle, however, her temper and goings-on are really violent in the extreme. No Chanticleer dare interfere with any of her proceedings and all the Dame Partletts scurry away from her neighbourhood to avoid her fierce attacks and probably (for we don't quite understand them) her scathing insults. It is more than suspected that her savage pecks have been the cause of death or serious injury to some of her neighbours' chicks that have unwittingly come in her way. Still she has so much of sterling worth that she might well be the

prototype of Katie Bairdie's pet celebrated in Scottish nursery song

"Katie Bairdie had a hen
That could toddle butt and ben.
Wasna that a dainty hen?
Dance, Katie Bairdie."

"Opty" and "Pessy," presumably Optima and Pessima are at the opposite poles of moral merit. Opty is the best and tenderest of mothers and, unlike Xantippe, appears to rule her nursery more by love than fear. She is trying her hand at maternity for the first time this year and is very proud of her young matronhood. Kind and good as she is however, she will brook no interference and flares up hotly if the rights of her brood are infringed upon by any outsider. No doubt, in such a case, she does right to be angry and it will certainly be long before our poultry chronicles will be able to tell of anyone "fair and wise and good as she." Pessy is her very antipodes. She disgraced herself early in the season by suddenly and entirely throwing up all care of her family. Eleven helpless beings were left to the doubtful mercy of an unkind world. Fortunately they found protectors in higher powers, among whom they are known as the orphans, and they have been so well guarded in infancy that now they are able to look after themselves. But their unnatural mother Pessy leads a flighty and careless life. Occasionally she lays an egg which is the only present justification for her existence. As time goes on to another year she may settle down to the serious business of life but, if not, her doom will be cockie leekie.

"Jupon" is the most eccentric of dames. Last year, possibly from a wish to imitate and associate with a neighbouring family of pheasants, she took to ascending

a Scotch fir, neglecting the comforts of her coop and roosting among the branches. Her brood used to follow her and each day they mounted higher and higher, gathering together on their swaying perch and only returning to earth at breakfast time. This year Jupon has again taken to climbing but she has forgotten to instruct her new brood thoroughly in the process and the poor little wretches have nightly had a weary time in finding the shelter of the outstretched wings. They invariably made a mistake as to the branch to which their mother had gone and, after a painful climb, generally found themselves widely separated and had to retrace their feeble steps in order to make their way to their proper place. Jupon's broods however yield to none in health and strength from thus having partly reverted to the habits of their distant ancestor, the wild jungli moorgi of Hindostan.

It would be tedious to enumerate all the hens, their names and peculiarities. Each is an individual and each daily and hourly shows its individuality. "Sauté" (who always jumps at the food which is offered to her, instead of taking it like the others in a modest and ladylike manner), the hen that *would* lay her eggs in the partridge's nest behind the laurel hedge though they were always removed so as not to inconvenience the rightful owner, the Red Queen, the White Queen, Fru Astrida, Poulet and the rest, are they not well known and intimate friends, who are among the best and most amusing society in the country side? One of the multitude of chickens must be specially mentioned however. One morning it was discovered with a broken wing, an injury of which Xantippe is shrewdly suspected of being the

author. Our yardman thought that its condition was "so sadly" that it should be put out of further suffering, but better counsels prevailed and the whole family assembled to try the effect of a capital operation. The fluffy patient was caught and held while a deft hand with a pair of scissors removed the damaged limb. There was little or no bloodshed, the operation was perfectly successful and seemed to give no shock to the constitution. Of course the patient was at once called Nelson and it has since thriven quite as well as its brothers and sisters.

There is a traditional belief that Chanticleer takes delight in rendering amiable and courteous service to his lady friends by protecting them and leading them to places where he has discovered food or some other good thing. This is not our experience however. Almost all the combed, wattled and plumed heroes that strut about so proudly and look so defiant are sadly deficient in courage and display none of the vigour in emergencies which distinguishes the hens. Xantippe can rout any one of them whenever it pleases her to do so and it is only the youngest pullets that pay them deference. But their deficiency in courage is more than balanced by an excess of greediness. When food is distributed, they shove forward and jostle in the rudest and most selfish way, with no regard for the claims of shy hens and unfriended chickens. One only, a large white fellow, maintains the best traditions of chivalry, and not only does not help himself till the females and weaklings are satisfied but guards them from the interference of others less considerate than himself, will even pick up a tempting morsel in the politest manner, pass it to a hen and invite her to con-

sume it. He has long been known as Sir Galahad and indeed well deserves to bear the name of the most perfect among the knights who sat at the Round Table.

Our ducks and ducklings are not as interesting in their personalities as the other poultry. They plunge and squatter in an elaborately built bathing place which is at their disposal and waddle hither and thither on the best of terms with the rest of our dependent population, exhibiting unflinching appetites and always ready to appropriate any food whether it rightly belongs to them or not. Some of them ought, in all decency, to have feelings of regard towards certain hens that have been their foster mothers but gratitude and affection are not among their prominent qualities. The ducks in which we have taken most interest are some tame mallards which do not associate with the rest of the poultry but have their headquarters in our garden. We came into possession of the original pair two years ago. They then had a brood but all the young except one drake fell victims to the villainous and murdering rats with which we were then infested. Last year only one egg was hatched, producing a duck and in January a friendly farmer presented us with another couple. There have been many records by observers in natural history of wild ducks being temporarily tamed and reconciled to domestic life but in all of them the subjects appear to have, sooner or later, reverted to a completely free and wandering existence. In the case of our original pair of mallards, however, there has been no falling away from cordial domesticity. They have ever been extremely, almost obtrusively, friendly and familiar with our family, coming when called, following its members

round the garden, squatting beside them while they sketched or played croquet, feeding out of their hands, showing no objection to being lifted from the ground and even fluttering and scrambling into the lap of anyone who was willing to receive them. They carried their friendliness so far at one time as to march into the drawing-room through the open French windows and to settle themselves comfortably on two chairs. But this was going too far and, after being ignominiously ejected several times, they realised that they were not desired at such close quarters and they confined themselves to welcoming with a chorus of quacks anyone who issued into the garden. It may of course be said that this continued preference for civilised life is due to a strain of domestic blood and we cannot confidently speak to the absolute purity of their lineage. We can only testify that, both in themselves and their offspring, the characteristic markings of the true wild mallard are most distinct in every point.

We have been watching the nesting of the four ladies whom we now possess. Two of them settled themselves on one nest under a hedge, both sitting conscientiously through the full period of incubation, and there early hatched out a common family which now follows the mothers without making any distinction between them. The very day of their first issue from the shell the tiny ducklings were promptly led to a tree-shaded garden pond and there accomplished their first swim without the smallest difficulty or hesitation. One of them however must have had an attack of cramp or met with some mischance on a second attempt, for its little body was found floating lifeless when a morning visit was paid to enquire

into the family's welfare. Its premature decease did not produce any signs of distress in its relations.

The other two ducks made their nests in the undergrowth on the pond's bank, but they did not begin to sit, one till nearly a fortnight and the other about three weeks later than the two told of above, which had a mutual accommodation home. They have a melancholy tale to tell however. Both have suffered from what looks like a reversal of the ordinary laws of nature. They were performing their incubating duties most steadily and conscientiously, only rising from the nests for the short regulation period daily allowed for feeding and exercise. The eggs of the first were within a few days of hatching when it was discovered that she had been driven from her nest by one of the dames that had hatched out the earlier mutual family. The forlorn and dispossessed mother wandered round in a disconsolate manner but was quite routed by the intruder who settled herself, after long delay, on the nest which she had seized and assumed all the appearance of legitimate motherhood. Of course all this was not discovered for some time but eventually the proper owner of the nest was restored to her rights.

Alas! the disturbance had a fatal effect on the eggs, only three of which were hatched, producing three infirm little creatures, in whom life could not be preserved for more than three or four days, though these were spent in a comfortable basket near the kitchen fire with the most nourishing food always at hand. It was hoped that the duck which had thus interfered with a friend's embryo nursery would not commit such a crime again, but she seems to have a mania for sitting. She

proceeded to oust the remaining lady also from her nest and at once took possession of it, being this time accompanied by the brood of which she was the part owner. What the reason for her extraordinary conduct may be we cannot conjecture. Never before have we seen a hen of any species resume incubation at once, after having regularly gone through her own proper period and successfully hatched her offspring. The only possible solution of the problem may be that, during the long days and nights chilled and embittered by the continuous north-east wind, she may have found some extra warmth in a comfortable nest filled with rapidly maturing eggs. It is little use puzzling. The ordinary normal laws which govern the proceedings of the lower animals are sufficiently difficult of comprehension. When we begin to inquire into their crimes and eccentricities we open up a hopelessly wide field of speculation.

Our pheasants are, for a great part of the year, nearly as completely domestic fowls as our chickens and ducks. In a tolerably thickly-populated district and within a few miles of a rapidly spreading country town, it is impossible to leave any number of birds to breed in the coverts, for, in the long nights of winter, poachers are always prowling about on the many public roads and bye-paths, ready to slip into the woodland and seize an opportunity of clearing off the sleeping roosters from the bare branches. It would require a prohibitive number of keepers to guard every point and we therefore kill down our pheasants pretty close with our shooting parties. In the coverts round the house which are easily protected a fair number are spared to breed naturally, but in

the more distant thickets, there are not to be found after December enough birds to make it worth the while of a poacher to give up his night's rest and undertake a long cold walk, in order to secure them. In order to have the modest head of game, therefore, which we like to be able to show to our friends in October, we have to rear a number of birds more or less artificially and our old keeper, who is wise in the process, is very busy during the spring and early summer in collecting the eggs, placing them under farmyard hens, superintending the hatching out and then tenderly nursing and feeding the feeble little ones till they are fit to be transferred to the coverts. He is able to pick up some eggs that have been laid by wild hens but the largest part of his supply comes from our pheasantry where we keep some birds throughout the year. As a rule the wild hens' eggs are the best and strongest, though last year, for some unexplained reason they almost all proved barren. This year they have done very well and have hatched out most satisfactorily. As we said, our chief supply comes from the pheasantry and it has been curious to observe how the eggs there laid have been affected by our bitterly cold spring.

All those which were earliest laid were markedly different in colour from those produced later, when the sun had acquired more power, five and twenty per cent. of them proved barren and the young that were hatched were delicate and weakly. The later eggs, on the contrary, had all the proper richness of colour, with very few exceptions they have all been hatched and the chickens produced have been strong and lively. In their early days, besides their general colour and appearance,

our keeper's great criterion of the constitutional strength of his young pheasants is their wakefulness. "I du like to see they a bit wild like and running about. When they fares to be allus asleep under the old hen, I thinks very little of em." However it is a very weakly bird indeed that he can't rear and develop into the strong-winged rocketter that shall die a pheasant's natural death in due course, pulled down in sporting fashion to earth by some keen-eyed gunner. Among the many perils that environ the baby life of hand-reared pheasants, not the least come from the various dispositions of the hens which have hatched them. Some of these foster-mothers are especially tender and careful in dealing with the infants, some are quite the reverse. Pheasant chicks are, at the best, but feeble little folk and a rough and careless hen may easily, and indeed does frequently, trample one to death, an accident that never happens in the coop of a hen that has the true maternal spirit, soft and caressing in all its emotions. The feeding of the young chicks has to be most *soigné* and choice. Eggs and a little linseed for the first week and all sorts of condiments later. We shudder when we think of the many bills that will eventually be presented as representing the price of their support till they get into the coverts and do something towards finding their own living. Till the day of their death arrives, however, they require their daily liberal dole of food or the birds that find their natural destiny on our platters would be skinny indeed.

Pheasant shooting is a very pretty pastime and there is doubtless a great amount of woodcraft and knowledge of the animals' habits necessary before the birds can be well shown to the guns and they neither run the risk of being

"plastered" at too close quarters or of appearing in such a way that a fair proportion may not be cleanly and handsomely killed. The shooter who comes as a guest very likely may find the charm of the unknown in the locality of the *chasse*, in its quality and in its general arrangements and he has all the excitement of wishing to shoot "above a bit" in fresh scenes and in new company. But to the man whose coverts are shot, if he has ever experienced the joy of plunging into a real wilderness where all things, even the presence of game, are uncertain, a great deal of the element of true sport is wanting. He knows that so many hundreds or thousands of pheasants have been reared and placed in his woods. If they have not been poached, it is certain that there they remain and he can decide approximately how many shall be killed on any particular day. If such and such a number are accounted for, he knows that so many are left for another day. His keeper will even be probably able to tell him at the end of the season the exact number of cocks and hens that are left in each covert. It is very pleasant to be able to give your friends a day's amusement, it is satisfactory to see all your arrangements turn out well and every man who takes a gun in his hand likes to use it in a sportsmanlike way, but with all its charms in scenery and surroundings and the high place that it rightly takes in English country life, it must be confessed that pheasant shooting lacks a something which is to be found in the pursuit of the real *feræ naturæ*, not only abroad but in field, marsh, and moor-land at home.

Life in an Eastern county would lose half its savour if the partridge disappeared from the land. It is the most friendly to

man as well as one of the shyest of our birds. It finds its home everywhere about us, in our gardens, in our orchards, in every field and hedgerow, but, when anybody approaches, it steals silently away into the thickest vegetation or rises in startled flight with a loud whirr of its short wings. Some English districts present more of the features which the partridge loves than others and here we are peculiarly favoured by his preference. Last year there was an unusually good breeding season and never before were coveys more numerous and healthy. There is no doubt that the great development of driving partridges, instead of walking them up when shooting, has had the effect, here as everywhere else, of greatly increasing their number, and though, of course, we do not aspire to being in the same rank with famous princely sporting manors, yet in our small way we find that the same causes give the same results. This year we have found that though nesting has been a little deferred, everything promises well for a very abundant supply of the little brown birds in September. Numberless pairs were to be seen courting in the spring, we know of many nests in our immediate neighbourhood, and naturally there are very many more which have never been detected. It has been interesting to see how carefully the partridge conceals its nest and eggs till a sufficient number have been laid. There was one nest which we knew of soon after it was made in a tuft of grass close to the garden. We went to look for it again a few days later but utterly failed to find it, though we knew its locality almost to an inch. Again we found it when so many eggs had been laid that they could not alto-

gether be concealed, and when last we saw it the hen was sitting. If all goes well she will probably have a brood of fifteen to eighteen little ones. We shall lose a number of young birds this year as a great deal of clover is being grown by the farmers. This will be cut with a mowing machine, possibly before the broods in the fields are hatched, certainly before they are sufficiently strong to evade the cruel sweep of the blades. The labourers are all very well disposed to game and will do their utmost to prevent wholesale slaughter, but their best efforts can do but little good. Sometimes the eggs are saved and are then put under a hen to be hatched out, and, if any partridge is foolish enough to lay in a very exposed place, its eggs are also removed and placed under a foster mother. But young partridges, though hardy enough, are more difficult to feed than young pheasants. The only food that seems to suit them is ants' eggs and these are not always easily to be procured. It is worthy of remark that, here at least, the red-legged or French partridge commences nesting and laying long before the common partridge. By the way, why do we call the red-legs "Frenchmen," while, on the other side of the channel, they are known as "les Anglais"? A friend, who was discussing the matter with some Normandy peasants, told them that the red-legs were called Frenchmen in England and that they chased and killed the brown English birds. His hearers were delighted at the thought that a bird known as French should annoy anything English. "*Entends tu ? Qu'ils fassant se sauver les perdrix Anglais. Tiens, c'est rudement bon, ça.*"

C. STEIN.

The Coming Grouse Season.

THE Jubilee is over ; the crowds, the decorations, and the "stands to view the procession" have all vanished ; the greatest and most glorious pageant of modern times is a thing of the past, and weary citizens, from the "jaded legislator" at Westminster down to the Whitechapel loafer who takes his holiday sadly among the Kentish hop-gardens, are beginning to count the days to when they shall escape from the reek and stink of the great city ; and a certain proportion of them—thrice blessed by fortune or opportunity—are already dreaming of the purple moors and everlasting hills among which they will shortly find themselves. Already are gunmakers' shops crowded with guns sent to be overhauled, while perspiring shopmen take down fresh orders for cartridges ; already chastely designed, if gaudily patterned, shooting suits marked "For the Moors" have appeared in the windows of Messrs. Moses and Abraham, the eminent West-end clothiers ; already the Northern railway companies are advertising an increased service of trains to Inverness ; while every other acquaintance you meet in the street asks you if you are going to Scotland this year. Thrice happy the man who can answer "Yes." And, by the way, how astonishingly the number of people who *do* go grouse-shooting has increased of late years ; when the writer was a lad, this was a sport only confined to the very rich who could afford to rent moors—which, after all, were far cheaper in those days—and their fashionable friends, or to the inhabitants of Northern Britain, and a man of moderate means living in the South of England who went to

Scotland for grouse-shooting was looked on then in very much the same light as one who goes to Norway for elk-hunting at the present time ; but now, people in every class of life, doctors, lawyers, soldiers, sailors, nay, even poor scribblers, seem to get their occasional bit of grouse-shooting, and yet rents of moors are far higher, and money—at all events, among the classes I am referring to—is assuredly no more plentiful than formerly.

If there be a more delightful feeling than that of waking up on a fine August morning in some comfortable Highland shooting lodge with the prospect of a good day's sport before one, the writer does not know it. How cool and fresh the air that steals in at one's open window compared to the atmosphere reeking from five million lungs that we have been breathing for the last few months ; how soothing the music of the stream in the glen below the house after the city's ceaseless roar. Again, how pleasant after a breakfast—a meal to which one is apt to pay scant attention in London—in which trout that but an hour before were leaping in their native element and not slowly decaying on a fishmonger's slab, and eggs the like of which we have not tasted for many a month, have formed no unimportant part, to stroll out into the sunshine, and while enjoying the postprandial pipe to interchange civilities with the pleasant-mannered keepers and gillies before we begin the real business of the day. Then follows this and its hundred incidents, many trivial but all delightful ; the feeling of almost boyish delight when you dropped that first old cock dead

as a door-nail at forty yards, or got that right and left of teal by the side of the little moorland loch; the erratic behaviour of the young dogs or the sagacity of the old ones; the halt for lunch, and the pipe and the pleasant gossip after it,

"If Sir A. goes Romeward,
If Miss B. sings true,
If the Fleet comes homeward,
If the mare will do,"

and, above all, the glorious feeling of exhilaration as each rise in the ground, each turn on the hillside brings before you some fresh panorama of light and shade flecked mountains, of purple sweeps of heather, and sunny lochs dimpling beneath the summer breeze.

I have here written of grouse-shooting in accordance with the popular idea of its being a purely Scottish sport, and this, too, although I am writing these lines almost within view of the best grouse moors in the world, and in a district where more grouse are killed in a good season than in any three Scotch counties put together, but then grouse-shooting on an English moor and on a Scottish, or rather a Highland one, are two totally distinct things. The sport on the former, however good it may be, cannot escape the charge of monotony; it is "*toujours* grouse" and "*toujours* grouse driving; there are none of those delightful days one gets on the fringe of a Highland moor, when the bag may include a dozen varieties of game: there is no fishing; the scenery, though it may be wild and desolate, lacks the grandeur and beauty of Scotland, and, above all—to the writer, at least—there is always the unpleasant sensation which one does not experience in Ross-shire or Sutherland, that one is still within the haunts of men, and that twenty or thirty miles in any direc-

tion will bring us to some hideous manufacturing or mining district.

It is not without shame that I write even a line which may be held derogatory to the English moors, or to the pleasures of grouse driving, but good fun as they have both many a time afforded me, it is always a matter of surprise to me that any man with sufficient wealth and leisure to choose between them, can ever hesitate between Yorkshire and the Highlands, though, on the other hand, I must admit that a really first-rate day's grouse driving, that is to say, perfect weather, vast quantities of grouse fairly distributed among guns who are neither reckless nor jealous, a good but not an extravagant lunch, a reliable loader, and plenty of drivers who thoroughly understand their business, is probably the most enjoyable form of shooting that exists. But how often are all these *desiderata* vouchsafed at once in a life time, and on the other hand, what is more miserable than grouse driving when none of them are obtained?

It is a matter of some regret to the writer, although he has already arrived at that time of life when "the first hill after lunch" has become a thing that can no longer be treated with the arrogance of youth, that driving is becoming so universal in Scotland. True, it is maintained that our *fin de siècle* grouse have been so educated up to the standard of the modern breechloader, that it is impossible to kill them over dogs after the first few days of the season; and that, in addition, the stock of grouse is increased by driving. That there is a good deal of truth in the first of these allegations is indisputable, but I cannot but think that if people were content to shoot their moors less heavily at the beginning of the season,

they would find birds lie quite well during the hot days of September. Then again, I cannot agree with the dictum that driving has increased the stock of grouse in the Highlands; though no doubt this has been the case on one or two specially suitable moors, such as the Moy Hall ones in Inverness-shire, but driving has been very generally practised in Scotland for the last fifteen or twenty years, and yet it is an undeniable fact that bags are not so large on many famous moors as formerly. There are very few moors in the *Highlands* proper—I am not now referring in any way to the lowland moors which more resemble the English ones—adapted by nature for driving; the beaters either cannot or will not properly work the “tops” where the old cocks congregate, and consequently these which are supposed to be the chief aim and object of driving are rarely, if ever, brought forward to the butts. A couple of good shots quietly working the high ground on a hot day will do far more good in killing down the noxious old birds, than would be obtained in several days of the indiscriminate kind of driving usually practised in Scotland. I am aware that my humble opinion is at variance with that of many of the best authorities of the day, but I think my strongest argument would be to take a file of *The Field* of some twenty or thirty years ago, and to compare the bags (of purely Highland moors) chronicled therein, with those of the present time.

But a truce to this re-opening of the old controversy as to the merits or demerits of grouse driving, and let us rather glance at the prospects of the coming season which are, I fear, in many districts none too bright. In most instances a far too heavy breeding stock was left at the end

of last year, and the extraordinarily late and protracted spring, with its biting east winds and cold sunless days, which retarded the growth of the young heather, was admirably adapted to supplement this evil, and consequently I fear that on many English and lowland moors the season will prove to be a disappointing one. On the other hand, Highland moors are notoriously less universally affected by bad seasons; in the same district one may find two moors, the one absolutely decimated by disease or a bad breeding time; while the other, scarce ten miles away, is literally “craaling” with healthy birds, and these, I fancy, will to a great extent be the prevalent conditions this autumn.

But after all, the killing of so many brace of grouse is not the only aim and object of our going to the moors; it is to the “total change of scenery and decoration,” to the feeling of healthful relaxation, to the glorious bracing air “like an ocean of seething champagne,” to the views of hill and dale, of mountain and glen, and—if we care to seek them—to the “sermons in stones and the books in the running brooks,” which, in the writer’s opinion at least, are so easily found among the everlasting hills, that the true sportsman and lover of nature turns with such deep gratitude.

In conclusion, let me wish all my fortunate readers who may be bound for the moors this month; no matter whether ensconced in their butt on a Yorkshire fell, they mark with beating heart the flying covey speeding down on them fifty miles an hour, or whether they toil in pursuit of Rake and Ponto up the heathery slopes of some Highland Ben, the best of health, weather and sport, and plenty of straight powder.

P. S.

The Soldiers' Tournaments, County Cup, and other Polo.

THE result of the Regimental Tournament was decided, not on July 3rd, but on the day before, for the real turning point of the match was the struggle between the 10th Hussars and the Royal Horse Guards. It was a curious instance of the way in which history repeats itself that last year the Regimental Tournament was practically won before the final struggle. On the Thursday in that year the Inniskillings played a most exciting match with the 13th Hussars, and the latter exhausted themselves and wore out their ponies, thus allowing the 9th Lancers to wrest the final victory from them. This year the 10th Hussars and the Royal Horse Guards played a desperate game on the Friday, and on the Saturday the Hussars' ponies were stiff and tired, and the Inniskillings won very easily indeed. Yet the winning team never played in quite the form they showed last year, and had the 10th Hussars not had a free hit on the Friday, which gave them a goal to the good, the result would in the opinion of many polo players have been different. The Royal Horse Guards was on the whole the team that showed the best throughout the week. The Inniskillings, who started favourites, lost ground owing to their rather disappointing play in the earlier matches. In considering their form it is, however, only wise to remember that the Dragoon team was drawn against regiments much their inferiors in play, and that they were never, from first to last, called upon to do their best. There is no game where a team is so affected by the play of their

adversaries as polo, and in order to see first-class polo you must have two teams which are fairly even. To go back to the beginning of the Tournament—there were good entries, including the 10th Hussars, Royal Horse Guards, 1st Life Guards, Queen's Bays, 17th Lancers, Inniskilling Dragoons, Scots Greys, 12th Lancers, 15th Hussars, and Royal Artillery. To these would have been added the 13th Hussars had they not at the last moment been prevented from playing. Captain Maclaren came all the way from India to take part in the match, and the team and ponies were ready, so that it was a disappointment to all not to see them in the field. The 13th Hussars, as things turned out, would have had a very great chance, and their presence would have added much to the interest of the Tournament. The Royal Artillery were a strong team, and in their trial matches showed very good form, and after the fine game they played against Rugby just before that team won the Championship every one was anxious to see how they came out. By some unaccountable failure they made no show at all in the Regimental, certainly they never reached anything like their usual standard.

The Queen's Bays made their first appearance since their return from India, but their team was comparatively a new one, their ponies not long since bought, and whether it was easier or more difficult to hit the ball on an English than an Indian ground, at all events it was a change, and they did not appear to advantage. But a regiment so keen about

polo cannot fail to make its mark, and they have plenty of time before them. The 17th Lancers, whose return to the Tournament was welcome to us all, were practically making a new team. The Scots Greys have two good players in Mr. T. Conolly and Captain Bulkeley-Johnson, and should come on. The 15th Hussars will probably see a better day, but they have played a good deal better than they did during the Tournament. To my mind the best of the teams among those which could not be said to have a chance, was the 12th Lancers, which played a very good game indeed against the 10th Hussars, and for a time seemed quite to hold their own. But, of course, the interest of this Tournament turns on the coming of the Royal Horse Guards. If the reader will contrast the position the team holds this year with that which it had last, he will see what can be done by patience, keenness, and good coaching. In the first place no team could possibly be better in their places, and moreover, the places suited the men. Mr. Marjoribanks is a most loyal and unselfish No. 1, and this is the more meritorious that he is a very fine hard hitter when he gets the chance. Mr. Ward is a first-rate horseman, and a capital No. 2. He is a little led away at times by his own brilliancy of play, and needs to practise backhanders and near side strokes in private. Mr. Ward does a great deal of work, and has it in him to stand out as a first-class forward. I would suggest Captain Renton to him as a model for imitation. Mr. Rose is well known as a Freebooter, and is a great stand-by to the team. At No. 3 he was notably judicious in relieving the pressure on his back in the match with the 10th. Captain Fitzgerald, who

used to play No. 3, now plays back. No one player in the team has come forward this season more than he, and it is not too much to say that he played a first-rate game on July 2nd.

One advantage the Royal Horse Guards have—and it is a great one—is that they are beautifully mounted. Unquestionably they have the best lot of ponies in England at the present moment. The Nurse, the wonderful old brown mare (she was playing in 1888) that Mr. Ward rides, and Yellowman, are two of the best polo ponies possible, the latter being a model of a weight-carrier. Then there is Lady Day, the chestnut mare that made so great a name when Lord Southampton used to play her in the Freebooters' team.

The 10th Hussars' ponies were also a capital collection of fast and handy ponies, but their average of age is rather high, and they were nearly all very stiff after the Friday's game. The Inniskillings had a various team with some very good ones among them, notably a brown of Major Rimington's, and a bay ridden by Mr. Neil Haig, that I think used to belong to Mr. Frank Wise, of the 13th Hussars.

Now, to turn to the great match itself. The teams were :—

10th HUSSARS.		R. H. G.
Mr. Curzon		Captain Fitzgerald
Mr. Barry		Mr. E. Rose
Lord William Bentinck		Mr. R. Ward
Mr. T. Brand		Mr. Marjoribanks
Umpires : Col. Reilly and Captain Maclaren.		

A careful comparison of the two teams will show the Horse Guards were stronger in front, and that, granting Mr. Brand was in his best form, the 10th Hussars were stronger behind. The actual play also showed that the 10th Hussars, from long practice together, were very good at passing the ball. The turf was heavy and greasy,

having been watered somewhat too heavily. The luck was about evenly divided, the Hussars losing a man with a broken collar-bone, and having to call on a substitute, and the Royal Horse Guards having a point decided against them on a foul, about which I shall have more to say presently. The pace was uniformly fast throughout, and the play of the backs on both sides good, still the attack of the Horse Guards, and the defence of the Hussars, was, as might have been expected, the strong point of each team. I do not think the Editor of BAILY would bear with me if I were to transcribe my notes of the game, but the following is a fair analysis of the play.

From the first both sides galloped hard. The ball was rapidly exchanged between goal and goal. The Royal Horse Guards had the best of the attack, but Mr. T. Brand's defence was so good, and Lord William Bentinck's play at No. 3 so sound, that it was difficult for the attacking side to score. Mr. Ward's dashes at the goal were good, but he could not quite control the ball in the last stroke or two. The Horse Guards were the first to score, and then Lord William Bentinck got the ball at the corner, neared the Putney entrance, and taking it along inside the adversary, and close to the goal line, scored with a very difficult angle shot. Not long after this the Hussars lost their No. 2 by an accident, and Mr. Barry, the fifth man, had to be called in. The change, however, did not make very much difference, and the game went on to the close of half-time, always fast and exciting. Then an incident happened which may be said to have decided the game. The Hussars claimed a foul, and a free hit was allowed them. Mr. Brand

hit the ball at once through the posts. It was contended that the right course was for the Umpire to place the ball, and after notice given, for the strike to be made. The Royal Horse Guards team apparently expected this course to be adopted, and were taken by surprise. An objection was raised, but was over-ruled, and the goal was allowed to the 10th Hussars. As, however, the same question was again raised on the following day and decided in exactly the opposite way, there is evidently some want of clearness or definition in the rules as they stand on this point. The best course would be to lay down that the side allowed a free hit should wait until the Umpire had placed the ball, and until the opposite side had arranged themselves between the ball and the goal at the prescribed distance of ten yards. Then the Umpire should give the word, and the stroke should be made.

The game after this went on evenly, both sides scoring four, until the time was up. After a long struggle, fortune rather favoured the Hussars, and they hit the winning goal.

But when the final tie was played on Saturday, the winners had to pay the penalty of their hard won victory, for the Hussar men were stale, and their ponies obviously very leg-weary. The result was a sharp struggle for twenty minutes, and then a decided victory for the Inniskillings. The latter were unlucky not to win last year. This year they have no reason to complain of fortune. Had there been no Sub-alterns' tournament at Ranelagh, the Inniskillings would have stood out as probably the best team of the year. They had won every match in the course of the Regimental contest, well and fairly, and though they were not the

team they were last year, yet men can do no more than win. As it happened, however, the Subalterns' tournament has thrown a good deal of light on its predecessor. This contest was, if anything, almost more interesting as a whole than the struggle at the older club. True it is, that there was no match to equal in intensity of interest the struggle of July 2nd, between the 10th Hussars and the Royal Horse Guards, but the two best Subalterns' teams worked their way into the final, and met on Saturday, July 10th. To say that it was an exciting game would be too much, the Horse Guards team having the better of the match throughout.

R. H. G. | INNISKILLINGS.

Mr. Marjoribanks
Mr. Reginald Ward
Mr. C. E. Rose
Mr. Drage (back)

Mr. Holland (back)
Mr. Neil Haig
Mr. Ansell
Mr. Fryer

Umpires : Mr. Raulinson and Colonel Reilley.

The two forwards of the Horse Guards were decidedly better than those of the Dragoons. Mr. Drage (who learned the game in India) was playing in his first tournament in England, and not only proved himself a useful back, but improved steadily throughout the week's play. But he was fortunate in being so little interfered with, both Mr. Drage and his No. 3 being allowed to go free during nearly the whole match. On the other hand, Mr. Marjoribanks was a rare combination of power and quickness as No. 1, and many an exciting hustle took place with Mr. Holland. Mr. Ward, who played quite as brilliantly and far more steadily than usual, made great use of the opportunities Mr. Majoribanks afforded him by clearing the front. Mr. Rose was a model No 3, steady, watchful, and quick either to support his No. 2 or to fall back. With such play and such ponies the result was never in

doubt, and the final score of five to three hardly represented the ease of the Royal Horse Guards victory.

The Cup was a very artistic and graceful trophy, and chosen with the good taste which characterises Ranelagh prizes. Another point that could not but be pleasant to a lover of polo was the general interest excited by these games. Hurlingham, on Saturday, July 3rd, was a marvellous sight. Our Royal Family, whose sympathies are both with soldiers and sport, were strongly represented. On the pavilion were T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Dukes of Cambridge and Connaught, Princess Charles of Denmark, and several of our royal visitors. The pavilion and the line of chairs on the bandstand were a glow of colour. Only less brilliant was the Ranelagh gathering on the 10th, and in both cases soldiers past and present were very numerous. But it is time to turn to more serious topics. The successes of polo have been so great, and polo players owe so much to the judicious revision of the rules by the Hurlingham Committee that it seems ungracious to complain. Yet it is impossible to deny that they have lost a great opportunity. That the County Cup should not only have failed to produce the shadow of a struggle in the Jubilee year but have absolutely ended in a farce, is to be regretted. There has been ample warning of coming failure since the last time this Cup was won by Edinburgh, for there has been a steady falling off of entries and of interest. Why have there been no entries from representative clubs like Liverpool, Edinburgh, Fetcham Park, Eden Park, Stansted, Cirencester, and many others I could name? Surely it does not pass the wit of

man, still less of the Polo Committee, to arrange bye-laws that should include the genuine and exclude those which are in no sense county clubs.

With a fine sense of humour the authorities of the Rugby Club chose four men who were as far removed as possible from being a county team. Good players and well mounted, four gentlemen from Paris, Edinburgh, Leicestershire, and London, can scarcely be said to constitute a county team, whatever else they may be. May I suggest the COSMOPOLITANS as a suitable title for the winners of the County Cup in 1897? To find fault is safe ground; less firm is one's footing in making suggestions, yet I will venture. Why should the committee not decide what teams are *not* county? That is simple, at all events. The following should certainly be excluded: Hurlingham, Ranelagh, and Rugby—which are cosmopolitan in their membership—all Regimental teams other than Yeomanry, and all teams which have no ground of their own, which would exclude the Freebooters and Stock Exchange. What is wanted is that the County Cup should be within reach of any recognised club having a ground of its own and a local membership. Soldiers stationed in the neighbourhood of a County Club might be permitted to play in the proportion of two men each from different regi-

ments. No local team should be excluded merely on account of its strength as long as it is made up of local players. Properly arranged, the County Cup might and ought to be an institution useful to polo. At present it does harm.

The past month has seen two of the best Pony shows which Hurlingham and Ranelagh have ever given us. The latter had rather the better entries, the judging at the former was on the whole the sounder and more systematic. But, at all events, the prospects of polo pony breeding are very good, for the first necessity of a good breed, a fine collection of suitable mares, exists. The prize mares, and, for the matter of that, many not in the list, were first-rate. Charlton, Little Fairy, Luna, Early Dawn, Austey, Montana Belle, Reading, Serf Beauty, and many others were a collection of which any show might be proud. The Polo Pony Stud-Book Society has had directly and indirectly much to do with this result, and the Council and Secretary may be congratulated on the all but certainty that we shall see a race of polo and riding ponies breeding true to a type. By the way, I hear there is at Elvaston a foal by Umpire—Dancing Girl. If heredity goes for anything, what a polo pony it should make!

T. F. D.



J. Jackson, R.A.]

[From Engraving by W. R. Fry.

JOHN SCOTT.

Animal Painters.*

XXXVIII.—JOHN SCOTT.

By SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

A CONSIDERABLE number of the artists, whose works have been noticed in this series, began life under conditions which might well have stifled the artistic instinct, had it not been the mainspring of their character, if we may use the expression; but surely never did parent of future artist make less happy choice than did Scott senior when he bound his son apprentice to a tallow-chandler. There is nothing, it is true, to show that the young Scott had evinced any marked aptitude for the career in which he was destined to excel; but the difference between the vocation into which he was inducted by his parents, and that for which Nature had so liberally endowed him, is so wide as to be almost grotesque.

John Scott was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the year 1774: he was probably handicapped with little education when he became apprentice to Mr. Greenwell, who conducted the oleaginous trade above mentioned, in the old Flesh Market of Newcastle; but the inborn artistic spirit quickly developed, for during his apprenticeship we find him haunting the premises of a local engraver, from whom he acquired a knowledge of both line and mezzotint engraving. Of the man who was thus instrumental in helping the future artist to learn the rudiments of his real vocation, little is known. From the fact that he was on his way home from Newcastle races, when he

was waylaid and cruelly murdered we may infer that he was a man of sporting tastes; and perhaps his proclivities may have influenced the direction of his pupil's talents. Though the tallow-chandlery business must have been at least uncongenial to a youth of artistic temperament, Scott remained with Mr. Greenwell until his indentures expired, when he left the shop and took up the graver's tool in earnest. Success was waiting for him, as his first task was to engrave a series of profile portraits for Angus' *French Revolution*. Among his Newcastle friends, Scott numbered a Mr. Fisher, parish clerk of St. Nicholas Church; Mr. Fisher was also the proprietor of a circulating library, and this business naturally brought him in contact with the educated classes. To a gentleman who frequented his library, Mr. Fisher showed examples of Scott's work, including his maiden effort, a plate entitled *Duck Shooting*, taken from a schoolboy's copy book. The gentleman was so favourably impressed by these engravings, that Mr. Fisher allowed Scott to make use of his name in addressing to Robert Pollard, a request for employment in London. Pollard, also a native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, was then plying his craft in Spa Fields; his opinion of the specimens of engraving submitted by Scott, is sufficiently evidenced by his reply to the application. He promised his young fellow-townsmen work, and on Scott's arrival in London, took him, not only without premium, but at a weekly wage, which he increased

* Under this heading will be continued monthly the series of brief articles connected with the lives of painters whose works appertain to animal life and sport, and who lived between the years 1600 and 1860.

in ratio with the young man's progress.

It was in 1795, when Scott was in his twenty-first year, that his work attracted the notice of Mr. John Wheble. Mr. Wheble was the founder of *The Middlesex Journal* and *The County Chronicle*, and he achieved no little notoriety by identifying himself with the movements promoted by Wilkes, Horne Tooke, and other fiery politicians of the same class. For aiding Wilkes to avoid the law, Mr. Wheble was summoned to the Bar of the House of Commons; he was acquitted, and as showing the popular feeling of the time, it is worth noting that the Constitutional Society voted him an award of 100 guineas in recognition of his courage in assisting Wilkes to hide. It is not, however, with Mr. Wheble, the politician, that we are concerned, but with Mr. Wheble, the bookseller and journalist. One of his ventures was *The Sporting Magazine*, which he started in 1792, and it was for *The Sporting Magazine* that he sought the services of John Scott. The first engraving bearing Scott's name appeared in the issue of that publication for July, 1795; it was entitled "Sir William Rowley's Dog-Kennels at Tendring Hall, Suffolk," and from this time, onward till 1822, his connection with Mr. Wheble's magazine was continuous. Reference to the 56 volumes (286 monthly issues), published between the dates mentioned, shows numerous plates by Scott, several from designs of his own, others from paintings by various artists. During the latter portion of the period named, his contributions are less frequent, owing to failure of health due to overwork; and were no other evidence forthcoming to prove the man's wonderful industry, the number of plates in different

publications, and the detached pieces, many of them of large size, show that Scott must have worked against time, both physically and mentally. The extent of his output should at least have brought in returns considerable enough to tide him over a period of rest; but from the following letter, which appeared in *The Sporting Magazine*, for November, 1822, it seems that he had not been able to make, or at all events had not made, any provision against illness, and that the breakdown in health, which compelled cessation of work, found him practically penniless:—

"I cannot refrain from expressing to you the pleasure I felt on viewing the charming embellishment you gave us in your last number, in the portrait of the celebrated horse Moses. I must be permitted to say it is one of the best that has adorned your interesting Miscellany for sometime past, and that is saying not a little.

"But this admiration, Mr. Editor, was mingled with regret and sympathy, when I heard that the unfortunate artist, who has produced this and numerous other fine specimens of animal engraving, should be compelled by affliction to make a public appeal to the charity of his fellow-men. It must be distressing to all, but particularly some, admirers of art, to behold one of its greatest ornaments thus overtaken by the storms of adversity in the decline of a brilliant career of fame. I am happy, however, to find on enquiry that Mr. Scott's bodily health is so far restored as to enable him to resume his labours partially; and that his mind lacks none of its original vigour, the above work, with various others executed by his own hand, abundantly prove.

"The generosity and charitable feelings of a British public have again been displayed, by commencing a subscription to shield this unfortunate gentleman from pecuniary difficulties, and enable him to pursue his profession unmolested. As an admirer of art, and a lover of philanthropy, I have added my humble aid, and sincerely hope this laudable attempt to do good may be fully accomplished.

"I am yours, &c.,
"PHILANTHROS."

It is the more curious that Scott should have failed to make pecuniary provision against compulsory idleness, for he was evi-

dently impressed with a sense that the artist's means of livelihood, dependent as it is entirely upon his enjoyment of health, is precarious. That he realised this and the disastrous results of improvidence would seem clear from the fact that he was one of the eight painters who, in 1809-10, established the Artists' Benevolent Fund for the benefit of decayed artists, their widows and children; and there is something pathetic in the circumstance that (like Robert Pollard, his first London master), after a protracted illness of six years' duration, he himself became a pensioner of the institution in founding which he had borne a share.

As an engraver, of course, Scott had eminent predecessors; among them may be named G. B. Cipriani (born 1727), who came from Florence to England in 1755; and Francis Bartolozzi (born 1725), also a Florentine who came to this country in 1764. Cipriani and Bartolozzi were the first engravers of real eminence; to them is due credit for having created a taste for line engraving. The first English-born engravers were: James MacArdell (born 1710), William Wynne Ryland (born 1732), William Mallet (born 1735), Valentine Green (born 1739), Richard Earlom (born 1743), and John Raphael Smith (born 1752). Each one of these established a high reputation as a line and mezzotint engraver, reproducing portraits and subject pictures of our greatest artists, Sir Joshua Reynolds and others. In one important respect, however, John Scott is entitled to a place above his predecessors; it was reserved to him to found a school of engravers, whose speciality was the reproduction of pictures of animal life and incidents of sport; a place may perhaps be claimed

for him above all save the two Florentine artists whose genius first opened the eyes of the world to the artistic quality and beauties of engraving. Nor must it be forgotten that John Scott was a clever draughtsman and designer; he designed, among other plates, many exquisite pieces which stand as frontispieces to volumes of *The Sporting Magazine* and other publications. He particularly excelled in imparting a life-like expression to his beasts and birds; as an instance of his talent in this direction may be cited his plate of *The Lurcher*, which appears in *The Sportsman's Cabinet*, published by J. Cundee, London, in 1804. This picture, by the way, was one of the class which Scott considered by far the most difficult to reproduce by reason of the delicate handling required to preserve the moonlight effect. In every case attention is arrested by the marvellous skill with which he conveys the senses of texture in the coats of his animals, and the animation in the eyes of his dogs. The same publication contains examples of this in his *Shepherd's Dog* and *The Water Dog*; the eyes in each case look liquid with light. In the possession of Charles Dean, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn Fields, is a copy of *The Sportsman's Cabinet*, published by Cundee, in 1803, in folio size. This is enriched with proofs and etchings, and is elegantly bound. It contains the brief but important inscription "The only copy taken off, signed John Scott," and to this particular book is prefixed a portrait of Scott published by his widow. This portrait is reproduced with the present article; the original engraving was done gratuitously by Fry for Mrs. Scott, investing the picture with additional interest.

Artists sometimes complain, and sometimes with reason, that the

engravers' interpretation of their work does them injustice. Happy the painter whose picture was entrusted to Scott; such was his artistic talent and so intimate his knowledge of animal life that he could *improve* when copying the picture on his plate. Thomas Landseer, it is worth reminding the reader, laid his famous brother under a similar obligation; his reproductions of Sir Edwin's great pictures were made with such ability and artistic feeling that in some respects the merit of the original was enhanced in the engraving.

It may be justly claimed for Scott that he was a genius; the clearness with which his plates are always cut, whether the subject be animal, bird or figure, betrays the bold firm hand of self-confidence. Close and discriminating study of Nature, nice appreciation of form, and exceptional talent in presenting life-like character blend to give Scott's work the accuracy of a photograph. Its excellence was fully recognised in the most acceptable form—namely commissions; but we must reproduce from *The Sporting Magazine* of April, 1832, a eulogistic notice which, though published after the death of Scott, was without question inspired by contemplation of his numerous plates:—

“To remark that the art of engraving has now reached a degree of perfection which leaves other countries far behind us is almost superfluous, since every picture-shop in London proves the fact; but in no department we may venture to say has its genius been so widely exercised. We may also add so liberally appreciated as in, and by, the sporting world.”

It is not too much to say that John Scott's combination of talents as a draughtsman and engraver equipped him for the production of works that have never been surpassed. Among these atten-

tion may be called to the following:

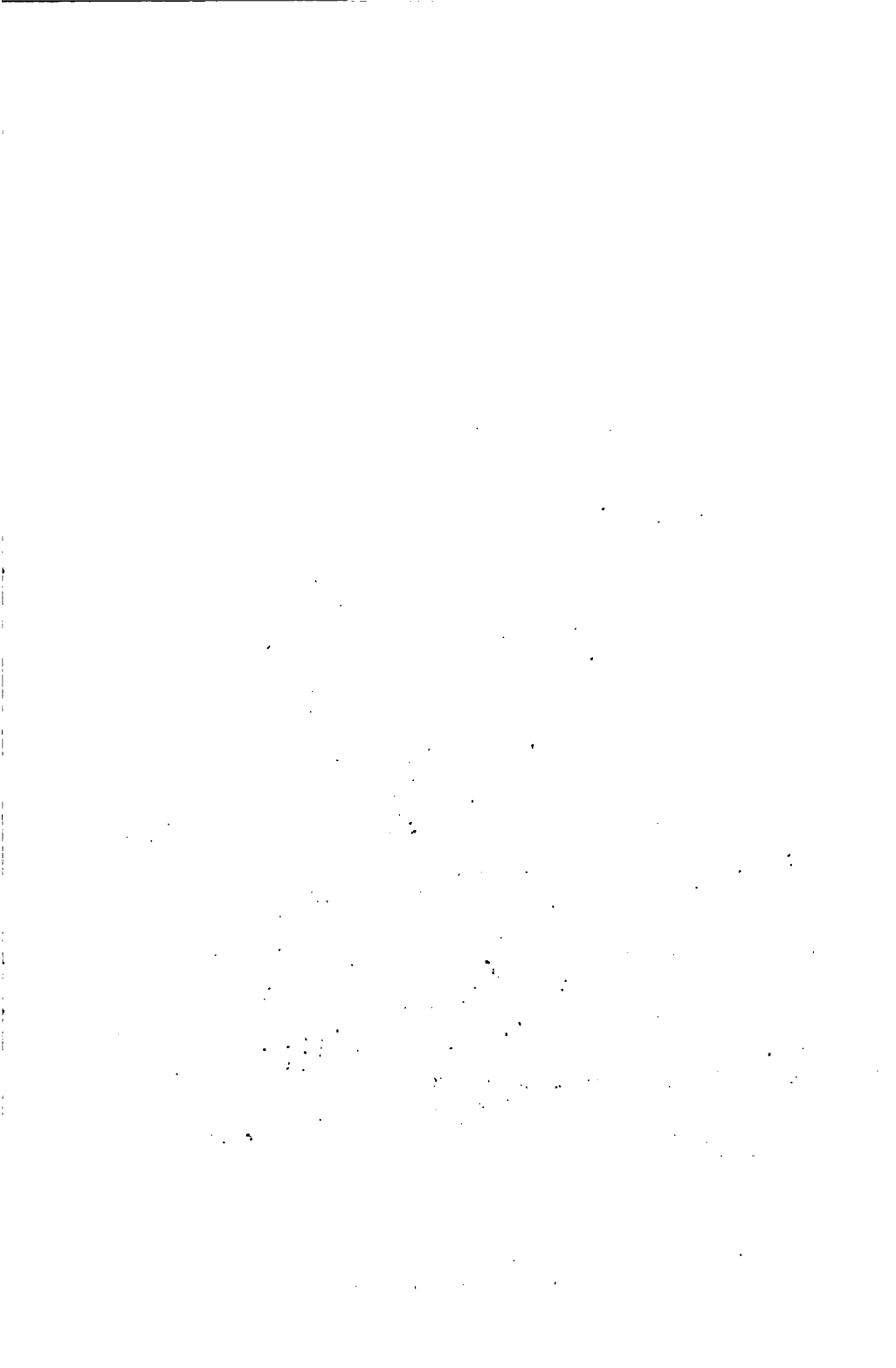
The plates in Britton's *Cathedral Antiquities* and in Westall's *Illustrations of the Book of Common Prayer*, published by Tresham and Ottley.

The Cottagers, after one of a series of paintings by Thomas Gainsborough. Scott's signal success as an engraver of landscape as well as of animal subjects, is proved by the fact that the proprietors of the publication in which the plate appeared were compelled by the demand to republish separately the part containing it.

The Benevolent Cottager, from a picture in the collection of Lord de Tabley; and, *Daughter of Lord Charles Bentinck*, from a miniature by Alfred Edward Chalon, representing the child seated with a doll in one hand, the other resting on a Scotch terrier. Scott engraved and published both these plates on his own account.

His first great works were the plates from Sawrey Gilpin's "*The Death of the Fox*" (exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1793), and Philip Reinagle's "*The Fox Breaking Cover*" (exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1805). Scott's large engravings from these pictures were not executed until 1811, eighteen years after the former was painted. The engraver had the plates in hand for six years; they display in marked degree his great abilities, and the opinion of the best judges of the day is reflected in the fact that on the day the engravings were published, 28th May, 1811, the Society of Arts presented John Scott with their large Gold Medal "for having completed two such works which do so much honour to his country and himself."

None of Scott's plates are better known to sportsmen of



the fact that the *Chlorophyll* content of the leaves was not significantly different from that of the control. This suggests that the *Chlorophyll* content of the leaves is not a good indicator of the degree of damage to the plant. The *Chlorophyll* content of the leaves was not significantly different from that of the control. This suggests that the *Chlorophyll* content of the leaves is not a good indicator of the degree of damage to the plant.

He went on to say that
the respondents
had never been
in the area.

the way to achieve this:

The purpose of this paper is to present a new method for the analysis of the stability of the system (1) with respect to the initial conditions. The method is based on the use of the Lyapunov function and the results of the stability analysis are presented in the form of a theorem. The theorem is proved in the Appendix. The results of the stability analysis are presented in the form of a theorem. The theorem is proved in the Appendix.

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No. 6 of Scott's plat in
 letter head to Southern



Death of the Dove

the present day than those exquisitely fine pieces which he contributed to *Rural Sports*, by the Rev. Wm. B. Daniel; the first edition of which was published in four volumes in 1801, by Bunney and Gold, London. These pictures include portraits of renowned foxhounds, harriers, beagles, pointers, and greyhounds, a terrier worrying a fox, greyhounds coursing a hare, and other beautiful examples of engraving. In 1827 a copy of *Rural Sports*, containing numerous rare specimens of engraving, many from private plates by Scott, and bound by Thomas Gosden, a renowned London bookbinder and publisher, likewise a sporting character, was sold to Mr. Tayleure, printseller, of Waterloo Place, for 90 gs.

In the early numbers of *The Sporting Magazine* we find some fine specimens of Scott's work in plates from portraits of famous racehorses painted by George Stubbs, R.A.; among these we may note those of *Ambrosio*; *Marske the sire of Eclipse*; *Mambrino*, *Shark*, *Gimcrack*, and *Eclipse*. In the same publication of later dates we find numerous plates from the works of our greatest animal painters, Henry Alken, J. F. Herring, Abraham Cooper, R.A., and Ben Marshall. The last named was a close friend of Scott's, and by long practice the engraver so thoroughly caught the spirit of the artist that the engraved print was really a *facsimile* of the original painting.

In the *Sportsman's Repository*, published in 1820 by Sherwood, Neely and Jones, is "a series of highly finished engravings by Scott, representing the horse and the dog in all their varieties," from the works of Benjamin Marshall:—*Wellesley Arabian*, the property of the Hon. Henry Wellesley; the racehorse *Eleanor*, the

property of Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart.; the hunter *Duncombe*, the property of Mr. George Treacher; *Roan Billy*, the property of a gentleman; *The Charger*, the property of General Ward; the coach-horse *David*, the property of Mr. Henry Villebois; the cart-horse *Dumblin*, the property of Messrs. Horn and Davey.

The Songs of the Chase, published by Sherwood, Neely and Jones, London, 1811, owed not a little of its attractiveness to the illustrations furnished by Scott.

The frontispiece is appropriate: it is a portrait, by Benjamin Marshall, of Thomas Gosden, the celebrated sporting bookbinder, and the title-page bears an emblematical design suggestive of sports and games. The preface, dated from Much Hadham, near Bishop Stortford, Herts, in 1811, is by Thomas Gosden, who bound many of the editions of this work, which is a collection of verses on field sports, and includes nearly one hundred songs on fox-hunting, fifty on hare-hunting, and nearly as many in praise of stag-hunting; upwards of ninety on hunting generally, on racing twenty, on shooting twenty-four, and several on angling, hawking, archery, &c.

A Hack, the property of Charles Bell, Esq., painted by Abraham Cooper, R.A., and engraved by Scott.

The Social Day, by Peter Cox, Esq., contains five designs: two by James Ward, R.A., *Swans on the Thames* and *A Spaniel at a Tomb*; one by Abraham Cooper, R.A.; *A Child found in a lane by a Traveller*; one by William Henry Pyne, A.R.A., *A Barouche and Four*; and one by George Garrard, A.R.A., *A Park Scene*.

A copy of *Walton's Angler*, which Mr. Sotheby sold by auction about the year 1825 to J. Dent, Esq., for 120 guineas, contained upwards

of 800 drawings, etchings, engravings, &c., many of which were by Scott.

Another copy of *Walton and Cotton's Compleat Angler* (Samuel Bagsters, London, 1803, on the largest paper). This edition is very copiously and beautifully illustrated, containing 254 plates and drawings. Several of the plates "proof" are by Scott. The binding, by Thomas Gosden, is probably the finest example of his art existing, and a MS. note by his hand on the fly leaf states that "the bands of the book are made out of the wood which belonged to Cotton's Fishing House." This book is now in the Elsenham Hall Library.

Silver Buttons, published by J. H. Burn, London, 1821. This series of animals, birds, &c., illustrative of British Field Sports, is a unique application of the art of the engraver. It consists of 14 beautifully executed engravings on India paper by Scott. The notice attached to each small plate is an extract from Bewick and Daniel. Thomas Gosden commissioned Abraham Cooper, R.A., to draw the designs which were engraved by Scott on a silver plate, from which the buttons were then cut. These *Silver Buttons* were sold for shooting coats, and there is in the Elsenham collection a case containing the set of fourteen.

The Sportsman's Vocal Library, or Songs of the Chase. Second edition, published by Sherwood, Neely and Jones, 1811. The frontispiece entitled "The Sportsman," is from a painting by Benjamin Marshall, and the book is also embellished with a design of dead game, fish, &c., drawn and engraved by Scott.

The Chase, by William Somerville, published by William Tegg, London. Nine engravings by Scott after paintings by J. N. Sartorius.

The Chase, another edition, published by Sherwood, Neely and Jones, London, 1817, with preface by Edward Topham, Esq. Eight engravings by Scott after paintings by J. N. Sartorius.

Essay on Hunting. Third edition, published by Edward Jeffery and Son, London, 1820. On the frontispiece is a beautiful embellishment of dead game, fish, etc., designed and engraved by Scott.

Book-Plates. Scott designed and engraved two book-plates for his friend Thomas Gosden, one representing a stag's head, with various sporting trophies; the other a rock with fish, gun, game-bag, fishing-rod, pannier, &c.

Jupiter, a thoroughbred stallion in a field, challenging a mare in the next pasture, over a rustic fence. This picture was painted by Sawrey Gilpin, R.A., for the celebrated Colonel Thornton, of Thorneville Royal, Yorkshire: it was engraved in a masterly manner and was published in 1820 by Scott. He also engraved four other works for Colonel Thornton, *A White Terrier—Harriers—Spaniels, Mopsy and Molly, and A Pointer* in some sedges at a snipe; the two former also by Gilpin, the latter two by Philip Reinagle, R.A.

The Sportsman's Repository, by John Scott, published by Henry G. Bohn, London, in 1845, eighteen years after Scott's death, contains forty-two engraved plates representing the Horse and the Dog in all their varieties, from paintings by different artists.

After a long and painful illness, John Scott died on the 24th December, 1827, in the 53rd year of his age, leaving a widow, one son, and several daughters. His remains were deposited at Chelsea. James Barenger, animal painter,

and Thomas Frazer Ranson, engraver, and his fellow townsman, were the only two mourners who attended his funeral, except the members of his own family. An obituary notice in *The Sporting Magazine* of the following February alludes in feeling terms to the circumstances of his death; the illness which terminated fatally was induced by intense application and study. As the letter from "Philanthropos" already quoted, shows us, disease found the un-

fortunate man unprepared in a pecuniary sense, and despite the aid of the charitable and the pension accorded by the Artists' Benevolent Fund, it is to be feared that the closing years of his life were passed in penury.

SIR WALTER GILBEY would be glad to hear from anyone who can furnish information concerning the life and works of James Barenger, an animal painter, who was a contemporary of John Scott.

Peterborough Horse and Hound Show.

"HORSE AND HOUND" is pre-eminently the legend for the very complete Show for which Peterborough is famous, though one must not forget at the same time that cattle, sheep, pigs, and heavy horses are there as well, so the Show has something for all tastes, but in these pages "Horse and Hound" is our motto.

HUNTERS.

The hunters were uniformly good, as they always are at Peterborough, and one again had a chance of seeing how fresh judges would deal with horses which had already won prizes at previous shows. The hunter brood mare class, supported of course by well-to-do breeders, were very good. In the hands of Major Dent and Major Ricardo (both Masters of Hounds), every justice was done to competitors, and they certainly made no mistake in giving Mr. Wilkinson's Lady Grosvenor first prize for mares up to from 12 to 14 st. (she was third at the Royal, but for some reason or other failed to obtain honours at Doncaster), while in

the heavier class Sir Gilbert Greenall's Scarlet again beat Mr. Hartley's Marion. The young stock, too, were quite up to Peterborough form, the ten yearlings being worthy of a place in a show ring; and the same may be said of the two-year-olds, in which division the victor was Mr. John's Goldfinder, a thoroughbred youngster, by Strathmore, and he too bids well to make a real good hunter.

The judges were unable to agree as to which of the three-year-olds deserved the first prize. It lay between Mr. Gale's Huntsman, who was bred by Frank Gillard, and Mr. Bradley's Sequent, one of the long line of winners by Havoc out of Sally. Each had its good points, but as neither judge would succumb to the other, Mr. Maxwell Angas was called in as referee, and he, after some deliberation, decided in favour of Huntsman. He certainly shows more quality than the other, but he does not move his hind legs in a hunter-like fashion, and not a few of the critics on the ground would have

reversed the placings. Still, the judges in the ring have a better chance of seeing what are the real merits of a horse than the people outside, and so no exception must be taken to this decision.

The riding classes were taken by Mr. M. Angas aforesaid, and Mr. Hatfield Harter, and they first dealt with a very capital class of weight-carrying hunters. Herein the changes and chances of the show ring were again made manifest, for whereas at the Royal, at Manchester, Neasden was put in front of Sir Gilbert Greenall's Devonian, the former was now passed over for first prize, which was awarded to Devonian, a decision which commended itself to most people. Mr. Bradley's Sultan has hardly improved with time, but still the judges deemed him good enough for second place; and Mr. Stokes's Plebeian, a horse which has come on a good deal lately, was third. The middle-weight class was deemed a victory for Mr. John's Gendarme, and so it turned out; and this redoubtable steed was also the champion hunter of the show, while second prize went to the same stable with Athboy; though possibly Mr. Drage's Favourite, who was third, will be a far preferable mount to hounds than either of the others.

The light-weights made a strong class, and Mr. Drage's Spite, who won the first prize, moved as a hunter should, and looked in every way a desirable mount. Next to him came Mr. Stokes's Goldmint, who won at the Royal. In the four-year-old class, Mr. John's Rockville, who had tried his luck in the weight-carrying class, was placed at the head of the list, and next to him came Plebeian, who had been second in the class in which Rockville competed, but then he beat the other. This apparent contradiction, however,

can be accounted for by the fact that the judges very properly thought Rockville was not up to the stipulated minimum weight of 15 st., and so they passed him over, whereas, as a four-year-old, they regarded him as having the pull of Plebeian. A good many of these horses, if appearance goes for anything, could have carried us very well to the hounds we were to see on the morrow, even the fastest of them, and so on the second day we left some of the pony and harness classes to take care of themselves, and spent a long summer day with the foxhounds.

FOXHOUNDS.

If all the world and his wife failed to put in an appearance in the very convenient structure in which the Show is now held, there were at any rate a good many Masters of Hounds present, among them being Colonel Anstruther Thomson, Mr. Robert Watson, Lord Middleton (President of the year), Sir Gilbert Greenall, Lord Spencer, Lord Worcester, Lord Yarborough, Lord Ribblesdale, and Lord Enniskillen; Sir Bache Cunard, Major Ricardo, and Major Browning; Captain Biddulph and Mr. Lindsell; Mr. Ames, Mr. Hargreaves, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Arkwright, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Cazenove, Mr. Peel, Mr. Charters, Mr. Williams, Mr. Radcliff, Mr. Wright, Mr. Wicksted, Mr. Straker, Mr. Wroughton, Mr. Swan, Mr. Wharton, &c. Judging at Peterborough has never been a very easy task, and in former years those gentlemen, who conscientiously worked from morning till night, must have been sadly sick of their job. It was, therefore, a wise determination on the part of the Executive to arrange this year for a shift of judges, two being supposed to

work up to luncheon, and then to be relieved by their colleagues. As it happened, Mr. W. E. Rigden and Mr. H. E. Preston began with the dog-hounds, for their colleagues had not then arrived.

We speak from memory, but we are inclined to think that Mr. Preston is the first gentleman who has never kept hounds who has officiated as judge. We say this, however, not to his discredit, for he has almost lived in a kennel, and is perhaps as fine a judge of foxhounds as the oldest master. The Yorkshire sportsmen know him well, and, what is more, believe in him, while those who may not have known how good a judge he is, certainly came away with a favourable opinion of his powers after seeing the awards that were made. The present, by the way, was the thirty-ninth show of foxhounds held. The first nineteen, of which Mr. Parrington was always the leading spirit, were held in Yorkshire, and the "Druid" has given us more than one very cheerful picture of the functions of those days. If, however, today they are less festive than they used to be, they are at the same time certainly more representative. The last twenty have been held at Peterborough, and Mr. Parrington and the Marquis of Huntly have been perhaps instrumental in getting them held there. There was a talk, by the way, some time ago, of trying to induce Messrs. Tattersall to hold a Hound Sale at Peterborough, by way of adding to the already great attractions, and possibly another day this may come, if there happen to be any good hounds in the market.

Twenty-one packs in all were represented, and though the entries were about the same as last year, there were twenty more couples than in 1896. The Atherstone sent three couples;

the Old Berkeley (West) two; the Cheshire seven; Cleveland two; North Cotswold one; Dumfries-shire one; Essex half; East Essex one; Mr. Fernie's four; Earl Fitzwilliam's nine; Ledbury three; Mr. Mackenzie's eight; Morpeth one; Oakley eight and a half; Puckeridge four; Pytchley three; Mr. Burdon Sander-son's one; Sinnington one; the Cirencester division of the V.W.H. (Lord Bathurst's) two and a half; and the Warwickshire eight and a half—total seventy-two couples.

The first-class, as usual, was for the best couple of unentered dog-hounds, whelped since December 1st, 1895, and for this there were sixteen entries, but the Atherstone, Pytchley, Morpeth, and Ledbury were absentees, and so saved the judges a little time. It was certainly no easy task to judge the class, so evenly were some of the merits balanced. Mr. Mackenzie's and the Warwickshire were very soon spotted as likely winners, and they came in for a close examination, as also did the Cheshire and Lord Bathurst's. The Oakley, Mr. Fernie's, the East Essex, and Lord Bathurst's were eventually sent away, and Mr. Mackenzie (whose entries were not quite as the catalogue gave them) was placed first with Spartan and Dexter, the Warwickshire being second with Turncoat and Tuscan, both good-looking sons of Talisman. If the Warwickshire had to play second fiddle on this occasion, they had their revenge just afterwards, when their Tuscan gained the special prize for the best single unentered doghound in the show.

Then came the class for two couples of entered hounds, in which eight kennels were represented, Earl Fitzwilliam's sending two entries. The choice of the judges lay apparently between

the Atherstone, Mr. Mackenzie's, Oakley, Pytchley, and Warwickshire, and as to the probable winners opinions were somewhat divided. Some we heard prophesying a prize (though only second) to Lord Fitzwilliam, who certainly showed some very fine hounds; others again inclined to the Pytchley; while others favoured the Warwickshire; and the Warwickshire it was, for their Grecian, Tancred, Tarquin, and Nailer (the last-named taking the place of Trouncer), formed an exceedingly nice level lot, all of them carrying their bone well down into the feet. Last year Tancred, Tarquin, and Grecian ran second in their classes. The Pytchley were second with Painter, Granby, Marksman, and Potentate. The first-named is by the Oakley Dancer, the last by Belvoir Gordon. It must have been a very near thing between the two, and we should say that the Oakley were not very far away. Altogether this must be considered as an exceedingly strong class.

Ten kennels tried their luck in the class for stallion hounds, some of them, the Atherstone, the Dumfries-shire, Mr. Mackenzie's, the Oakley, and Warwickshire, sending a couple each; the Cheshire, Mr. Fernie's, Earl Fitzwilliam's, the Pytchley, and Earl Bathurst's contenting themselves with a single entry. This was another Warwickshire triumph, Tancred, a two-season hunter, obtaining the first prize, he being preferred to Talisman, who is in his fourth season; while the second prize went to Atherstone Galloper, a three-season hunter, by the Oakley Dancer. The winner (Tancred) is a finely-shaped hound with any amount of quality and substance. He made a very good show, too, which, if not quite half

the battle, at least counts for a good deal, and in this respect, even if other things were equal, he had a decided pull over most of his companions. To the victorious two couples above mentioned, the Warwickshire added Talisman and Tuscan, when it came to fighting for the President's Cup, for the best three couples, and they came successfully out of the struggle, their opponents being the Atherstone, Cheshire, Mr. Fernie's, Oakley, and Pytchley. This silver cup was the gift of Lord Middleton, the President. By desire of the late Mr. Chaworth Musters, of the 3rd Hussars, his representatives gave a cup for the best dog hound exhibited in any of the classes, and this went to the Warwickshire Tancred.

So far as dog hounds are concerned, Lord Willoughby de Broke won £5 for being second in the first class; a silver horn, of the value of £10, for the best unentered dog hound; £10 for winning in the two couple class; £5 for the best stallion hound; a silver cup, of unknown value, given by Lord Middleton; and the Chaworth Musters' £5 cup; the total, therefore, reaching £35, exclusive of the President's Cup, while James Cooper, kennel huntsman, gets £9. The bitches brought £33 and £8.

Although a couple of classes for bitches were taken before adjourning, the finish of the dog hounds is a proper moment at which to refer to the luncheon, and to say that the scarlet table looked as brilliant as ever, and the speakers were very much on the spot. They spoke hopefully of hunting, and gave some very excellent advice. Some of the Colonial troopers were present, and one of their number, in replying to the toast of their health, invited his hearers, whenever they felt inclined, to come

over and try a kangaroo hunt for a change, this being more or less Australia's national sport. Mr. Muntz's Parliamentary experience stands him in good stead on these occasions, and in awarding all the praise he could to foxhounds, he declared he had been for forty years trying to kill one, and had never succeeded.

Upon Sir Herbert Langham (a former master of the Pytchley) and Mr. T. Butt Miller, master of the Cricklade division of the V.W.H., fell the task of judging the bitches, and they began with a pretty tough piece of work—the unentered bitches. One of the pleasantest incidents of this difficult class was the number of unfashionable countries represented. The Warwickshire and Mr. Mackenzie's would of course be in the place in the most august foxhound company; but who, a decade ago, would ever have expected Ledbury, Morpeth, or West Norfolk to enter at Peterborough? Good hunting qualities, as everyone knows, may be found in the most perfectly-shaped hounds as well as in those of plainer exterior; but to get together a pack of nearly faultless make requires time, money, and experience.

The moral of these remarks is that, though the Warwickshire once more carried too many guns for their rivals in Sentiment and Serious, it was not by any means a walk over, and all credit to Mr. Swan of the Morpeth that he was able to show a couple good enough to run second to Lord Willoughby de Broke's entries, and beat such formidable kennels as the Cheshire and Mr. Mackenzie's. The Morpeth Wonderful and Pickle were quite a nice couple, and in the future may be "heard of" in the entered classes. It says something for them, too, that Sentiment, one of the Warwickshire couple,

obtained the special prize as being the best hound in the class. One ought not to omit saying that if the Puckeridge failed to win the special prize with Waitress, the kennel had at least a reflected glory in the Show, as the Morpeth Pickle is by Belvoir Pirate—the late Mr. Gosling's Cautious, who was by Belvoir Nominal.

There was another big class for the best two couples of entered hounds, and Lord Fitzwilliam, who had not sent anything to Peterborough for upwards of ten years was here represented by two lots, and one cannot help thinking that they scarcely received the attention they deserved. The final selection lay between the Cheshire, Oakley, Mr. Mackenzie and the Warwickshire. There was a good deal to be said in favour of each kennel, but the judges perhaps made no mistake in giving pride of place to Mr. Mackenzie, his two couples, Vigilant (a first season bitch by Belvoir Valiant), Dairy Maid, Wanton and Winifred, being on the whole more uniform than any of the others, for in a class like this, super-excellence on the part of one or two hounds cannot atone for the shortcomings of the remainder. Mr. Mackenzie's fine kennel, too, had a share in the winning of the second prize taken by the Cheshire, their Rantipole, a first season bitch, being by Mr. Mackenzie's Rallywood, while their Handsome is by the Warwickshire Hermit, and the quartet was completed by the homebred Darling and Dora. Both lots were worth looking carefully over, while to those which did not win prizes much praise can be awarded. The invincible Warwickshire were again to the fore in the brood bitch class, taking first and second prizes with Needful (by Belvoir Nominal

—Royalty by Milton Richmond, a pedigree good enough for anything) and Seamstress by Wild-boy. The Oakley Dahlia, winner for the second year in succession of the cup for the best bitch in the show, would be hard to match anywhere, and it is, perhaps, seldom that two bitches of the class of Needful and Seamstress could be found so much alike; had either been taken ill it would probably have been impossible to find her a fitting companion, and we say this after seeing the couple in conjunction with Sentiment, Serious, Ruin and Princess in the three couples class, which they won against Mr. Mackenzie, the Oakley, Cheshire and Puckeridge.

The last class of all every one enjoyed. It was for unentered doghounds coming from kennels which had never taken a first prize, three equal prizes being given. This brought a capital entry of eleven, the Dumfriesshire, Lord Fitzwilliam, Ledbury, Morpeth, Sinnington, Old Berkeley (West), Puckeridge, and Mr. Burdon Sanderson, the last three sending two entries each. This showed a great wealth in raw material in maiden kennels, and every one was glad when one of the three equal prizes was awarded to Lord Fitzwilliam's Rubicon, who had made a very good show in the first class. Lord Fitzwilliam, be it remarked, had sent more hounds to the show than any other master, he being represented by no fewer than nine couples.

After the show the scarlet-coated brigade "went away," and on the Thursday we found the place very much quieter when the harriers and beagles were shown. The number of entries fell somewhat short of those of other years and of expectation.

Our old friend the great blue old-fashioned hound of the Peniston Hunt was absent. The smaller hounds were uniformly good all through, in fact they formed the strongest section of the show, while the beagles were very weak. Mr. E. E. Barclay (now master of the Puckeridge, but who prior to his casting aside the green coat hunted two countries, one in Essex and the other in Suffolk) and Mr. G. P. E. Evans, of the Cambridgeshire. The thoroughness with which Mr. Barclay managed his kennel was made manifest by the entries, as no fewer than eighteen (including duplicates) were connected with his stock, while the Aldenham and one or two other packs were directly and indirectly well represented.

In the Doghound classes the smaller hounds came first, the class at the beginning of the catalogue being for the best couple of unentered hounds between 16 and 19 inches high. Mr. Quare, who a few years ago started his pack, is an Essex sportsman, whose family have for generations furthered the interests of hunting in all its forms, won with Dexter and Dancer, the latter by Scalper, who is the son of the Aldenham Windsor, now the property of Mr. Quare. The Foxbush were Mr. Quare's only opponents, and their Chieftain and Valiant, a very smart couple of harriers necessarily gained second honours. In the entered class the Bentley, who had scratched for the first class, now won with Wellfield and Gainer, and here be it remarked that the Bentley and Vale and Lune clothe their men in scarlet, the Bentley wearing green collars like the Cheshire. It would be difficult to pick any serious fault with the winning couple, while their legs and feet are quite be-

yond reproach. Mr. Quare carried on his success by winning the Champion Cup for the best small dog hound in the show with Scalper, a very nice level truly made hound, and then he carried off the Cup for the best three couple of small hounds.

The succeeding classes were for hounds standing from 19 to 21 inches, but were not equal in quality to the smaller hounds. The Eamont couple, Ranger and Tyrant, were not particularly well matched, but they were the best of a rather middling class; both were possibly inferior to the Aldenham Woodman, but his companion Worcester was not quite up to the mark, so the Aldenham had to play second fiddle. In the entered class victory rested with Major Robertson Aikman's Tapster and Rajah, a fair but not very striking couple, even though the sire of Tapster is Belvoir Dashwood; still, one must not forget that both these hounds have good records, Tapster, now eight years old, having been the best stallion hound in 1893, while Rajah obtained a similar distinction in 1896. The Eamont were to some extent recompensed for not taking the first prize by having their Watchman by Roderick — Major Wickham's Woeful selected as the best single hound of any age exceeding 19 inches but not over 21 inches, while the Eamont also took the Cup for the best three couples with a very nice level lot. The good opinion entertained by the judges as to the merits of Eamont Watchman was shown when he was picked out as the stallion hound of the yard, Major Aikman's Rajah coming second.

In the Bitch classes the order of size was reversed, the larger coming first in the catalogue; and in the unentered class Major Aikman's Gleaming and Gloaming

—the former very much smarter than her companion—won from the Eamont, Tyranny, and Terror, by Major Aikman's Lanark. The entered class (19 to 21 inches) was an exceedingly difficult class to judge, as the doctrine of compensation had to be very strictly applied. So far as necks and shoulders are concerned, Major Aikman's Gaslight and Dado were unquestionably to be preferred; but in the matter of feet and legs the Clumber, Famous, and Fashion were superior. The point the judges had to decide was whether the superiority in necks and shoulders in the one case was less or greater than the excellence of legs and feet in the other, a problem which took them some time to solve, but at last they came to the conclusion that at any rate necks were more of a luxury than feet and legs, and so the Clumber couple had the verdict, and Major Aikman's Wayward, a bitch with a peculiar, but not faulty, conformation of neck won the Champion Cup, while Major Aikman's representatives also won Mrs. Cheape's Cup for the best three couples.

The harriers standing from 16 to 19 inches were, as already mentioned, better than the bigger specimens, and the unentered class brought out one couple from the Bentley, and two couples each from the Foxbush and Mr. Mercer's. The last named showed a rare smart couple in Sprightly and Barmaid, the former by the Aldenham Wamba, the latter by Mr. Barclay's (now Mr. Quare's) Scalper. Showing well-arched ribs, cleanly cut necks and shoulders, and good legs and feet, they won handsomely from the Foxbush, Charity, and Careless, a very smart couple; and then came Mrs. Cheape's trio, her Verity and Waterwitch winning in the entered

class, beating Mr. Quare's, the only other couple entered. The Bentley Buxom then gained the Challenge Cup for small bitches, and won in the three couples class; then came the competition for the Cup presented by the Peterborough Agricultural Society for the best bitch between 16 inches and 21 inches, this being won by Major Aikman's Whimsical, by Croome Woodman.

Mr. C. E. Faber and Mr. J. G. Smyth judged the beagles, which made up a few weak classes, both in point of numbers and quality. This is somewhat singular, as foot-beagles are now exceedingly popular, and there are many more packs than there used to be. In the first place, the beagles at Peterborough struck us as being too big. Sixteen inches was the maximum height, and with about three exceptions they ran the limit precious close. Christ Church, Oxford, were second to the Cheshire (whose Bellman was champion last year) Bellman and Benedict, with Ranger and Rattler, while their Lavender and Frantic beat the Thorpe Satchville, Madcap, and Dauntless in the bitch class; but concerning the sound-

ness of the decision there were two opinions. The Christ Church Ranger won the championship for dogs, and the Thorpe Satchville, Dauntless, the best beagle in the show, we thought, that for bitches. The remaining two prizes went to the Cheshire, their Cymbal and Buxom winning in the unentered class, while the Mayor of Peterborough's Cup for the best three beagles went to the same kennel. Among those present were the Duchess of Newcastle, Mrs. Cheape, Mr. Carleton Cowper, Mr. L. E. Rickards, Major Robertson Aikman, Mr. Carlton Cross, Mr. Amcotts Wilson, Mr. Carpenter, Major Wickham, Mr. Mercer, Mr. C. W. M. Kemp, &c.

The two days of hound shows were very enjoyable, reminding those who were present of the immense amount of trouble necessarily undertaken by masters, whether of foxhounds or harriers, while the recurrence of the Peterborough *réunion* is suggestive of the fact that on the 12th inst.—not a great way off now—stag-hunting will begin on Exmoor; cub-hunting will soon follow in its train, with the regular season to follow.

Cricket.

FINE weather favoured the first week in July when the fashionable matches between Oxford and Cambridge, and Harrow and Eton, were played at Lord's. For the 'Varsity match Cambridge, with eight old Blues, were considered superior to Oxford, who had but four of last year's eleven, and, after Mr. Druce had won the

toss, a shade of odds was laid upon the Light Blues.

The total of 156, which was all they could put together in their first innings was not a performance which flattered their backers, and, with the exception of Mr. Druce, who played an innings of 41, no one made more than 20 runs. Oxford were able to head

this total, but only by 6 runs, and again it was the Captain of the team who made top score; and, after a run of bad luck, it was very gratifying to see Mr. Bardswell hit up a score of 35 runs. Mr. Jessop was the most successful bowler, and his fast deliveries secured 6 wickets at a cost of a little over 10 runs a-piece.

It was upon the Tuesday afternoon that Cambridge began to draw away from their opponents, and after Mr. Mitchell was unluckily out to a bumping ball from Mr. Hartley, Messrs. Burnup and Marriott made a most useful stand, and put up the century before Marriott was caught at mid-off for a well-played 50. A sad blow befell the supporters of Cambridge when Mr. Druce, undoubtedly the first batsman in either eleven, made a similar stroke and retired for a duck's-egg.

Then it was that Mr. Jessop, most intrepid and valiant of hitters, stepped to the wicket amidst encouraging applause, and advancing bravely to the first ball he received, the Gloucestershire amateur smote it fiercely into the Pavilion. This was the prelude to the most entertaining quarter of an hour in the entire match; Mr. Jessop would not be denied, and off the 17 balls which he received during his stay at the wicket he scored no fewer than 42 runs, including 9 fours, and it was a sad disappointment to lovers of bright cricket when he "had a go" at a very short ball and was caught at cover-point from a skyer. This display of Mr. Jessop's was all the more grateful because the batting in the match had up to that time been distinctly slow and at times quite tedious, as, indeed, it was destined again to be after the exodus of Mr. Jessop. Mr. Wilson next occupied the crease

for two and a-half hours, and his score of 77 was of great value to the side, although not interesting to the spectators. Mr. Shine assisted in putting on 72 runs for the ninth wicket, of which his own share amounted to 45, and when, at ten minutes past six o'clock, the last Cambridge wicket fell, Oxford were in the unenviable position of being 330 runs behind, and having to bat for five minutes that night.

Mr. Bardswell very nobly went himself to the wicket, accompanied by Mr. Fane, and successfully they kept their wickets up until the call of time.

On the Wednesday morning Messrs. Bardswell and Fane took the score up to 49 before the first man was out, and just previous to the fall of this wicket the more sanguine supporters of Oxford began to cherish hopes of a repetition of the glory of 1896, when the Dark Blues went in to face an equally formidable total, and, thanks to the brilliant play of Mr. G. O. Smith and the Captain, Mr. H. Leveson-Gower, succeeded in pulling off a great victory. This was a very short-lived hope, however, as, after the first two batsmen, no one offered any substantial opposition to the bowling, and the whole side were out early in the afternoon for the poor score of 151, leaving Cambridge victorious by 179 runs; in this innings Messrs. De Zoete with 4 wickets for 26 runs, and Shine, with 4 for 28, were the most successful bowlers.

There can be no doubt that the better side won, but we scarcely think that the Oxonians did themselves justice.

One curious feature of the match was the extraordinary number of no-balls called by the umpires, W. Hearn and Phillips, in the course of the game; no fewer

than twenty-six of these figure in the score-sheet, but there were many more delivered from which the batsmen scored, and so they are not chronicled. In the second innings of Cambridge Mr. Cunliffe delivered 8 no-balls, and Mr. Hartley no fewer than 6, whilst of the other team Mr. Jessop is the chief offender; it would appear that bowlers nowadays, in their zeal to bowl as far as possible at the end of the crease, are somewhat careless as to whether they touch the return crease or no. Of the twenty-two players engaged in the match, Messrs. Druce, Jessop, and Cunliffe were selected to play for the Gentlemen at Lord's, but Mr. Druce was compelled to decline.

July 9th and 10th saw Lord's filled with the customary fashionable crowd which patronises the Eton and Harrow match. Although the boys played away hard from 11 o'clock till 7 on the Friday, and from 11 till 7.30 on the Saturday, no definite result could be arrived at, and still another drawn game was added to the unsatisfactory list of unfinished matches. Four times running now has this match been drawn, and under present conditions there can be no doubt that so long as this match is limited to two days it is far more likely to result in a draw than in favour of either team.

Considering the intense keenness which is displayed by so many thousands of people over the Eton and Harrow match, it would appear desirable that every effort should be made to secure a definite result, and surely the time has now arrived when the authorities of the two Schools ought to agree to devote another day to the encounter and make it in future a three days' match.

At present the desire for ob-

taining a definite result causes the boys to play for such long hours during the two days, that the match in fine weather almost amounts to a task of endurance rather than of ability and skill; and we sincerely trust that the object-lesson of the last four years will not be lost upon the powers that be at Eton and Harrow.

Harrow were more generally fancied with seven old choices, including Dowson, who "in law an infant and in years a boy," possesses the head, judgment and ability of a veteran cricketer. It must, we think, be an unparalleled event for a boy when playing his third Eton *v.* Harrow Match to be still the youngest member of the eleven, yet such is the case with this young gentleman.

Eton, depressed, perhaps, by the recent reverse at the hands of Winchester, never looked like gaining an advantage, and the follow-on was only saved by the last pair of batsmen on the Saturday morning. From this moment it was clear that Harrow could not lose the game, and might win it, but the general opinion was that another drawn match was the real certainty.

Maw, the Harrow Captain, was again unlucky, and failed to display his undoubted ability, but upon Dowson joining Cole on the fall of the first wicket, with the score at 8, there commenced one of the finest partnerships ever made in this match, and it was not until the score had been increased by 200 runs that Dowson retired for an admirable innings of 64. Cole, who throughout his stay at the wicket was always playing fine fast cricket, had the bowling at his mercy until his score reached 142, when he was finely caught in the deep

field, having failed by only ten runs to make the biggest score ever known in the Schools Match, an honour which still belongs to Sir Emilius Bayley, of Eton fame. The Harrow innings was ultimately declared closed at 3.15, leaving Eton just under four hours in which to keep up their wickets, and with the ground in perfect order and Dowson somewhat wearied after his two hours' innings, the Light Blues were able to continue their batting up to 7.30, when with 3 wickets in hand, they were still some 115 runs to the bad.

F. Mitchell, a son of the distinguished Mr. R. A. H. Mitchell, scored an invaluable innings of 48 for Eton, and in the Harrow first innings took 7 wickets at a fairly moderate cost. Discarding his underhand style of bowling, he kept a very good length with slow overhand deliveries which had a strong bias from leg, and most of the batsmen were from time to time in serious difficulty with him. The rest of the Eton bowling was far from deadly, in fact, when Harrow were beating it about on the Saturday morning, it looked very poor stuff indeed.

It is fortunate for Harrow that a good majority of this year's eleven are likely to be available next year, including Dowson and Robertson, who did so well this season.

The annual engagements between the Gentlemen and Players at Lord's and the Oval resulted in victories for the Players. It was in no sense a representative team which took the field at the Surrey County Ground on behalf of the Amateurs, but for the big match at Lord's little exception could be taken to the side captained by Dr. W. G. Grace, as but for the voluntary absence of Mr. N. F.

Druce the side was probably as good as could have been selected in the absence of Messrs. Woods, who could not leave Somerset, and Lionel Palairret, who was abroad. Arthur Shrewsbury, who captained the Players at Lord's, added another century to the many he has compiled in this match, and he was unlucky to be run out with his score at 125. Gunn again left his mark upon the Amateur bowling, and scored 59 before he succumbed to a ball from Mr. Cunliffe. Moreover, Gunn all but succeeded in scoring five boundaries off one over of Mr. Bull, but his last stroke being fielded he had to be content with 19 runs from the over, a mode of progression we should like to see adopted at Trent Bridge. The Gentlemen were set 352 to win, and failed by 78 runs to accomplish the task, as only three of the team made scores over 20 runs.

Dr. Grace played well for 66, but it was after luncheon when Messrs. Jessop and Ford were associated, that the brightest batting was seen. In the course of thirty-five minutes 88 runs were added to the total, and Mr. Jessop's share of this amounted to 67, which included a five and eleven fours, one of which landed on the top storey of the Pavilion; probably just now Mr. Jessop is the most interesting batsman of the day to watch.

Mr. Francis Ford carried out his bat in each innings, the first time for 50 runs, and the second time for 79, and this aggregate of 129 runs, without being out, is distinctly good. Upon July 12th-13th the record score for the first wicket was eclipsed. Messrs. H. T. Hewett and L. C. H. Palairret had, in 1892, scored 346 against Yorkshire, and it was left for two men who fielded upon that occasion to surpass this total, and

J. T. Brown and J. Tunnicliffe, at Sheffield, had so mastered the Sussex bowling that the score had mounted to 378 before a wicket fell. The ground at Bramhall Lane has been abused and distrusted of late years by cricketers, but this score made by Yorkshire

of 681 for 5 wickets, including a score of 311 by J. T. Brown must, we think, now restore confidence in the ground.

Sussex, playing without Ranjitsinhji, endured a severe defeat by an innings and 5 wickets and 307 runs.

The Old Hostelries.

YES! the old times were good old times in many things, and good old-fashioned inns which remained often in the hands of the same family for half a century or more were, according to the public announcement, in reality places for "good entertainment for man and beast." And this welcome applied to all visitors, whether noblemen or wealthy gentlemen, whose party arrived in a carriage and four—and sometimes occupying two carriages—and who required a drawing-room and dining-room, besides many bedrooms, as well as to chance passengers who were content with the accommodation of the coffee-room; but it was rather an expensive luxury for all classes except to commercial travellers, who had a regular tariff.

The landlord had a good time of it, especially if there were large public rooms in the hotel for county balls, public dinners, bishops' visitations, hunt dinners, political meetings, &c., and if he added posting to his business he was in clover.

The best picture of travelling and of a good country hotel is in Maria Edgeworth's charming story of "The Basket Woman," contained in her stories for children, and written early in this century. Professor Ruskin, on the occasion

of a guest leaving his house at Brantwood, always devotes an hour or two to showing him his matchless collection of things in his *sanctum sanctorum*, which he values most, such as old Missals, manuscripts, rare jewels, and original copies of books of all dates and ages; and his final remark to the writer of this, after exhibiting his treasures, was—"When I am dead, please remember that I give the post of honour in my book-case to Maria Edgeworth's stories, as they contain the truest picture of English life at the beginning of this century ever written."

The bloom, or rather outward show, has departed from off most of the high-class country hotels of the past since the coaching days, and many of them have been modernised and altered out of knowledge, and crowds of visitors come and go almost unnoticed.

The old commercial houses do not appear to have suffered much change, though their customers are of a different class. "The bagmen," as they were called when they rode with saddle-bags across their horses, in days when wheeled traffic was impossible in winter, gave a cheery appearance to the roads as they drove on their journeys in the later days of the road, and rare good judges they were of a house. It was pleasant

to see them come in out of the weather on a cold winter night, and hang up their whips and overcoats in the commercial room, and bring in their driving seat, which contained their papers. And on occasions when a chance visitor had leave to join the company in the commercial room after 9 o'clock, when smoking began, he was sure to receive a friendly welcome, and hear a great deal about horses and Tom So-and-So's black mare, and Dick's piebald, and the bagmen were always good company. In these days a "traveller" (the term "bagman" is now out of date) has no occasion to know a horse from a donkey—a thorough knowledge of Bradshaw is his sheet-anchor now. There was dignity in a bagman's order to the boots—"slippers, and a pan of coals in number ten"—for in days past old-fashioned people, not content with a heavily curtained four-poster and a thick feather bed, had a terrible engine called a warming-pan, half filled with live coals, put inside their beds, which left a smell of Vesuvius in eruption. But they lived and enjoyed life in their own way, and doubtless the present generation are as well cared for as their forefathers were as regards comfort and good living.

As a boy I had great experience of the old coaching inns—from 1833, when I first went to school, until 1840, when the South-western Railway was opened, and my journey involved a night in London and sometimes two nights. The first part of my journey was by the "Commodore" (Pickwick Commodore) to the "Golden Cross," which was my resting-place. The coach drove in from the Strand under a centre archway into the yard where the stables were, and where the horses "went up to bed," the stables

being tier upon tier, one set of stables in the area and three sets over each other, like lawyers' first, second, and third floor chambers, approachable by an incline at the side—a very unhealthy plan. The coaches were packed in the yard, now a North-western goods department, and coaches from other yards bound for the West of England picked up passengers at the "Golden Cross," and finally at the "White Bear" in the Regent's Circus and "Hatchett's."

The "Golden Cross" was a good old inn, full of bustle and bell-ringing and running to and fro of waiters, but the bedrooms in my early days seemed very stuffy, carpeted all over, and furnished with four-post bedsteads shut in by thick curtains; there were heavy chests of drawers, and a very small basin and jug, and supplied with hard white soap which never lathered, and limp, thin towels which got wet through at once. There was a terrible nightmare in the shape of a kind of iron perforated bucket with many holes, which threw ghost's eyes all over the room when a feeble rushlight was lit at night. And, to tell the truth, the thick and heavy damask curtains, and carpet which could not be taken up, and the dense feather beds and wooden bedsteads harboured *animalcula* which murdered sleep. How different from the customs in most modern inns now, where the greatest comfort is obtained owing to bedrooms being airy, with plenty of elbow-room, practically unfurnished, and where the traveller finds the curtainless bed, the phantom spring mattress with a horsehair mattress on the top, the bath and a clothes-horse full of towels, a writing-table and an easy-chair, with full liberty to smoke a pipe. To tell the truth,

it is a terrible thing to look back when the picture comes before one of the boots coming in at half-past six a.m. to call one, when a small boy made the pleasant announcement that the "Telegraph" would start at 7.30, and one had in view the prospect of an outside place on a wet morning.

The rough music of the boots striking a light with the flint and steel tinder-box must have been as harsh to my ears as the ring of the hammer of the carpenters who are putting up the gallows must be to the condemned man in his cell.

I look back pleasurably on my old Charing Cross days. There was absolute novelty in watching the constant change of passengers coming and going; I delighted in the hot rolls and sausages at breakfast; the beef steak and oyster sauce at dinner; the play and the supper afterwards—broiled bones, baked potatoes, and negus—three things now dead and forgotten. Those were the days of hackney coaches; break-neck cabs, when the driver sat over the wheel (*vide* "Pickwick"); Thames wherries at the different stairs all along the Strand shore. Hackney coachmen, cabmen, and Thames wherry-men would on the smallest provocation wrangle over their fare, and the quarrel between the cabman and Mr. Pickwick was quite true to the life, as were the "asides" of the hot pie-man to put Mr. Pickwick's party under the pump. The pie-man, with his cry of "toss or buy, toss or buy!" was ubiquitous.

Cheap steamers did not run between bridges till 1838, and the fare was fourpence from Old Swan Pier, London Bridge, to Old Swan Pier, Chelsea.

Omnibuses—and few of them—carrying only twelve inside

passengers—no knifeboard or seats outside—ran from the Bank to Hyde Park, fare sixpence any distance; if beyond the Bank or Hyde Park sixpence extra. Four-wheel cabs came in about the same time as the cheap steamers.

Police were not very numerous, and their dress—single-breasted tail-coat, white metal buttons and heavy top hat—was ridiculous. They were not popular, and were much baited by the crowd. They did not take much notice of ordinary street quarrels; and in the streets, and especially amongst the crowds about coaching inns, where porters and hangers-on were numerous—an appeal to the fist was a popular amusement.

The Lowther Arcade is *the* evergreen of London. There is not the slightest alteration between it now and sixty years ago. I fancy that the first inhabitants have never died or grown older; that the same people have been for sixty years standing, and will from now till the end of the world, stand, outside selling phantom goods to the same people.

Branch coaches used to run from the "Bricklayer's Arms" and "Elephant and Castle" to take passengers to the West End who did not wish to go to the yards in the City, such as the "Spread Eagle," in Gracechurch Street; the "White Horse," Fetter Lane, and other well-known yards. And two-horse coaches ran to Hampstead, Highgate, Clapton, and the like, before omnibuses became general. Long coaches, which consisted of an ordinary coach as regarded the fore part, and a kind of wagonette lower down instead of back seats, ran to Greenwich and Blackheath drawn by four horses.

All London was ear-marked almost by coaching inns; and even now cabmen can read the

codes and signals of the past from tradition.

All our old yards are gone and most of our old taverns too. The most infamous acts of vandalism were when the "Tabard," in Southwark, from which the Pilgrim Fathers and Chaucer started some five hundred years ago; and the destruction of "The Cock," in Fleet Street, which every judge and chancellor, from the days of James I. until now frequented when students in the Temple took their meals, and where Mr. Pepys took Mrs. Knipp to supper, and, like an old fool, recorded it in his diary. When the lease of "The Cock" was out it was announced that all the old habitués of the house would "boycott" it; and terms of compromise were on the *tapis* by having an arch thrown over the old coffee room and upper room, and preserving them entire, incorporating them as a centre to the projected new building. Pending the arrangement, the Bank of England people, who have as much sentiment as a jackass in a fit, stepped in and built their "money shop," and wiped out the history of three centuries and a half, and never even placed a stone or tablet in the wall recording that the "Olde Cocke Alehouse" once stood there.

Another great loss was the "Old Dog" in Holywell Street. It was little known to the general world, and was abolished some forty years since. There was nothing to indicate that it was a tavern except some name (in small letters) of the proprietor over a narrow passage, at the end of which was a small bar, in which a more than middle-aged spinster sat. She had been housekeeper to a city merchant. She had under her command a kind of

female aide-de-camp, "Betty," as old as herself. At the end of the passage was a large square room, with a large fireplace, comfortably furnished, which was the coffee-room. It was mostly frequented by well-to-do merchants and old-fashioned solicitors, who liked a good dinner and good port wine, and a good plain dinner of fish and joint, such as a haunch of mutton, or noble sirloin of beef, with all the etceteras, and pudding. The charge was 3s. 6d. for dinner. The wine, which was of the very best, was an expensive item. Few strangers ever came there, and most of the customers were introduced by the old staggers. It had been an old Jacobite house, and is mentioned in "The Fortunes of Nigel," though not by name; there was an exit into Wych Street, and doubtless many a plot had been made there. The plate and silver were very handsome, and included massive tankards, and *inter alia* solid silver "rat-tail" forks and spoons. It was whispered that in a back parlour whist was played for rather "tall" stakes.

So much for all that. At the present time it may be possible to save even now the oldest inn yard in London, "The Old Bell," in Holborn. There it stands with the old inn yard and the gallery round it, on to which the bedrooms open. The rear of the house is three hundred years old, and the front part dates from 1720. The present landlord was born there, and his family held it for over a hundred years. There are the queer old corners and passages, and bedrooms, and coffee-room, hung with portraits of the landlord's family painted a century ago; the old stables; the old booking-office, now a quaint old smoking-room. The old inn is a good going concern, and

might be made one of the lions of London.

Will no one save the old historical inn from the builders? There is a Four-in-Hand Driving Club, a Coaching Club, and literary clubs, and there are sports clubs, and antiquarian clubs enough in London. If these clubs are only for show we know what their aid will be worth. If they are realities, let them come forward and show their hand, and preserve a valuable old relic. There is plenty of space for a club-room in the old building without interfering with the hotel business.

The older portion of the hostelry dates from the time of Queen Eliza-

beth, and the imaginative spectator can honestly people in fancy the old place with his favourite heroes or scoundrels depicted by Shakespeare or Pepys, or Steele, or Addison, or Fielding and Smollett, or any of the more modern writers.

Since this article was commenced the auctioneer's hammer fell on the lease of "The Old Bell" on July 5th; but such things have been known as purchasers "under the hammer" listening to arguments from influential people backed by a long purse, so there is yet a possibility of a great deal if not all the relics of the past being preserved. F. G.

The Sportsman's Library.

THERE is no more certain evidence of the popularity of a sport or pastime than that an abundance of literature should spring up around it.*

Polo as played in Persia some two thousand years ago may have enjoyed a popularity somewhat akin to that which it enjoys to-day, but so far as we know the game has remained unhonoured and unsung through the ages until recent days, when Messrs. Moray Brown, E. D. Miller, and more recently Mr. Dale, have supplied lovers of Polo with some excellent additions to their library.

Mr. Dale is possibly better known to our readers as "Stone-clink" of the *Field* newspaper, and his experience and knowledge of the game have encouraged him to render a great service to the

Polo world by the publication of the modern volume which bears his name. Mr. Dale has approached his work in a very business-like way, and has broken up his subject matter under a variety of headings, so that the student of Polo can readily turn to any part of the work from which he may require immediate information.

We all know that in the pursuit of most pastimes a pennyweight of practice is worth a ton of theory, and as a rule we are inclined to agree that players, whether of Polo, or Cricket, or Croquet, gain but little valuable aid from text-books or manuals. Mr. Dale, however, has written some chapters of a didactic nature which we would recommend to the earnest perusal of all players young to the game. There is many a deep wrinkle to be gained from a study of the chapters which deal with the selection and train-

* "The Game of Polo," by T. F. Dale ("Stone-clink" of the *Field*). Archibald Constable & Co., 2, Whitehall Gardens, Westminster, London. Price £1 1s. nett



From "The Game of Polo."]

POLO IN INDIA.

ing of man and beast for this fascinating pastime; and Mr. Dale is fortunate in the possession of a faculty which is rare enough, for he is able to express his ideas of the technique of the game in language so clear that he who runs (or gallops) may read.

An interesting chapter upon the expense and danger of the game of Polo should go a long way towards allaying anxiety. The danger appears but slight, and, as a rule, only to be apprehended when clumsy players are concerned. The expensive side of the game of Polo is more obvious, and the author is unable to represent it quite as a poor man's game. He makes, however, a nice little estimate which goes to demonstrate that a man can keep a couple of ponies at Hurlingham or Ranelagh, and play regularly at an estimated cost of about £160 for the season. We are of opinion, however, that most men who go in for Polo at all keenly must confess that it is a most expensive hobby, and more than ever now have competition and keenness driven the price of the best ponies far above rubies. In Mr. Dale's opinion the most economic policy lies in paying a good price for good ponies, and never refusing a good offer for them, and here we are inclined to most cordially agree with him. The training of a pony to the high pitch which is the standard to-day, can only be done at the cost of a great deal of time, and if a man cannot afford the time it is only fair that he should pay the money for a first-class mount.

A very interesting chapter upon the breeding of Polo ponies will be read with great interest. The views of a variety of authorities upon the game, including Lord Harrington, Mr. John Watson, and others, are indicated, and the

author discusses with great ability the *pros* and *cons* of this somewhat difficult topic, *Tot homines quot sententia*, and in the multitude of counsellors there is truth if you can find it.

So much for the author's share of the work. It is all good, and this volume must rank with the works of Messrs. Moray Brown and E. D. Miller as one of the standard books upon a game which each year grows in importance and popularity. The illustrations with which the work is plentifully besprinkled are not in our opinion quite as good as might have been hoped for, and this same comment applies to the reproductions of various portraits of celebrated ponies. We take this opportunity, through the courtesy of the publishers, of reproducing the illustration of a game of Polo in India, which is full of life and action. The paper and type are particularly good; and although the nett price for the volume is twenty-one shillings, this is an item which may well figure amongst the expenses of all polo players without any imputation of reckless extravagance.

After reading Mr. Halford's *Magnum Opus*, the latest addition to the Angler's Library, it is interesting to peruse the recent publication by Delagrave, of Paris, of M. G. Albert Petit's fascinating book on "The Trout and Fly-Fishing."* In his preface M. Petit remarks that "the taste for fishing has lately undergone a considerable change, or rather, has increased in France to an unexpected extent," and his book is written with a view, not only to guide the beginner, but to encourage those of his countrymen who already possess a liking for the

* "La Truite de la Rivière; Pêche à la mouche artificielle," par G. Albert Petit. Librairie, Ch. Delagrave, Paris.

gentle "art" of which Izaak Walton wrote in 1653.

The book is divided into eight chapters, and is illustrated throughout by MM. G. Fraipont, Guydo, and Juillerat. In his first chapter M. Petit deals with the impedimenta required by the angler, and enlarges upon the difficulties to be overcome, and the necessity for rods and tackle to be of the best quality. The next chapter is devoted to the art of casting, and the novice is initiated in the ways of "back," "forward," and "steeple"-casting amongst many others.

Then we are introduced to the flies, and this chapter, of nearly one hundred pages, contains exhaustive descriptions of the various zoological sections, and gives useful hints on fly-dressing and the choice of insects according to the season. Chapter IV., on the accessories and costume of the angler, is one which will perhaps appeal more to the native than to the English fisherman, for the latter, as in the case of shooting, thinks less about his appearance than his weapons, while with our Gallic neighbours the *costume de chasse* is an item of the first importance.

In Chapter V. we are given "practical advice and essential principles," and these comprise all preparations on the bank of the stream, the art of playing and landing the fish, and the means of carrying and preserving the "bag."

Chapter VI., which is comparatively short, compares wet and dry fly-fishing, and assists the reader to fish "up" or "down" stream. Then comes a chapter on the weather, the hour, the season, and the streams themselves, and this also points out the difficulties of selection.

The last chapter is entitled "Pleasures and Pains," and all

the accidents to tackle, and the best ways of repairing them are well explained.

In short, M. Petit has done his work thoroughly, and if his book is read by those for whom, as he explains, he undertook the task, viz., those who at present ignore the sensations of this "superior art," we do not doubt that the number of the disciples of old Izaak will show a still greater increase in France than he mentions in his preface.

This new edition of a very complete and interesting work* has been made more complete and more interesting by the author, for Mr. Rawdon Lee has brought his book right up to date, and in the most interesting chapter upon the Foxhound — properly characterised by Mr. Rawdon Lee as "the most perfect of his race, perfect in shape, in pace, in nose, in courage," we get accounts of extraordinary runs which happened but a few months ago.

Mr. Rawdon Lee is fortunate in enjoying the assistance of Mr. Arthur Wardle, whose illustrations of various types of hounds are extremely well done.

This is a book, the excellence of which is already well-known, and the quality of the new edition is the best as regards paper, type and illustrations.

Few people can hope to know as much about their canine friends as does Mr. Rawdon Lee, but every enthusiast can gain a deal of doggy information from a perusal of these most interesting and well-written pages.

Part V. of the "Encyclopædia of Sport"† advances matters through

* A History and Description of the Modern Dogs of Great Britain and Ireland, Sporting Division." Two volumes, by Rawdon B. Lee. London: Horace Cox, Field Office, Windsor House, Breems Buildings, E.C. A new edition, 1897.

† "Encyclopædia of Sport." London: Laurence and Bullen, Ltd. Monthly parts, 2s.

the C's into the early D's. The important topics of Croquet and Cycling are fully dealt with, twenty-three pages being devoted to the latter, and there is much good to be gained from the advice of such experts as Mr. Lacy Hillier and

the Countess of Malmesbury. The illustrations of "Red Deer" and "Frost Breaking" are excellent, and the work promises, when completed, to be a very valuable addition to the Sportsman's Library.

Sea Fly Fishing in Scotland.

I do not know whether many of my readers have tried "fly-fishing in the sea," but if not I assure them that it has in it some elements of attraction. I shall not, of course, attempt to compare it in any sense with fly-fishing for trout or salmon in loch or stream, or even with angling for sea-trout in the brackish or tidal waters and vöes of Shetland and elsewhere, for it has perhaps little in common with the angler's art in its higher developments or natural surroundings; and it may be that he who has once drunk nectar with the gods is to be excused for ever after despising the drinks of common men! If it be so, the enthusiastic captor of the lordly salmon, or the speckled beauty of the trout stream, is perhaps more or less justified in his belief that nothing else in the way of fishing is worthy of the name. I am not myself, I confess, a votary of sea-fishing pure and simple, and I even think that that form of it represented by what is known as hand-line fishing for cod or had-dock, anchored hour after hour in a small boat on some bank or in a favourite bay on the coast, to rise and fall perennially with the waves, or lie like a "painted ship upon a painted ocean," in cold nor'-easter or blazing noon, is one which must be deemed at best but a doubtful pleasure. Nor is it to me a

high-class recreation, or form of sport, to fish from odorous pier, or mussel-clad jetty, with rod and line and float, and all the rest of it, for such fish, great or small, as may choose to come within the fisherman's reach, as he balances himself on the pier top, or seeks a precarious footing among the cross-spars and beams below.

But trolling for saithe or lythe with white flies, bent with good tackle on a stout grilse or trout rod, along a rocky coast of an evening in summer or autumn, as the sun is setting, is, to my mind, a different thing altogether. In the first place, there are in it the elements of movement, variety, change of scene; in the next a certain amount of knowledge of the habits of the fish, the places which they frequent, and the time and manner of successfully getting them is required; and, lastly, the tackle to be used, while it should be strong enough for the immediate purpose, yet should nevertheless be such as to necessitate your giving the fish, when hooked, a certain amount of "law" and "play" before you can safely land him in the bottom of the boat; for a saithe or lythe of 1 lb. or 2 lbs. is a strong fish, and fights gamely immediately on being hooked; and though his powers of endurance in the struggle for life will not compare with

those of the trout of equal size, he is quite formidable enough to hold on an average trout rod when he comes to be a fish of 6, 7, or 8 lbs. weight.

Then, again, it must be said for the saithe, with his dark sea-green back and silver sides, small head, and elegant proportions, as for the lythe, with his back of brilliant golden-copper hues, that they are distinctly handsome fish as sea fish go; and, although not possessing the same high culinary qualifications, they may, I think, so far at least as appearance goes, fairly be deemed aristocrats of the wave in comparison with the soulless-looking cod, or Hercules-headed haddock. All these things naturally add something more or less distinctive to this form of sea-fishing, and even raise it, I venture to believe, to the dignity of "sport."

The best time of the year for saithe and lythe fly-fishing in Scottish seas is the months of July, August, and September. These fish are found mostly over rocky beds and channels within a mile or so of the coast line, and from the hour before sunset until dark is the time that they rise by far the most freely to the fly, being then apparently in the habit of swimming nearer to the top of the water. The flies are not "cast," as in stream or lake trout fishing, but "trolled," the boat being pulled gently along in what the East Coast fishermen call "podley"* time, and over what is locally known to be the best fishing ground. The length of line used is generally about twice the size of the rod, or rather more (but it may be of practically any reasonable length if a reel be used), and attached

to the end of it, a yard or less above the flies, is a small lead sinker, or weight, which helps to keep the line "taut" in the water, and to sink the flies a little way below the surface, this being considered by experts a desirable thing. Two rods are frequently employed, one on each side of the stern of the boat, and projecting over it, and it is believed to be an advantage to allow the points of the rods to dip rather under the surface of the water. A good landing-net is also very useful in bringing the fish on board, as it not infrequently happens that two are hooked at once, and if no landing-net is available one or both of them are often lost in lifting them into the boat. The size of fly used is commonly that of a small, or medium-sized, salmon fly, dressed roughly with white, yellow, or parti-coloured feathers on clear sea-hooks, and with a body of red or other bright colour, to which a little gold or silver tinsel is a useful addition. More than two flies are never used, and they should be kept fairly well apart, and bent on strong salmon or double trout gut. So much for the impedimenta of the game.

Some evenings of sea fly-fishing come vividly back to me in memory as I write. My first experiences were on the Fifeshire coast, very near to the East Neuk, and over a quarter of a century ago now, and many a good basket of fine fish we have killed there in those days. Sometimes it was with a rolling sea coming in from the German Ocean, and making the spray fly from the bows of our little yawl (sharp fore and aft) as we pulled her as quietly as possible along the rocky shores and sandy bays of that fine bold coast; but most successful of all, as a rule, were

* Fifeshire name for saithe.

the comparatively quiet summer or autumn evenings, when there was not too much swell on the water, and a soft, warm, but rippling breeze from the sea, with the sun "droppin' slow" away in the west, and the tide on the turn. Anything, from fifty to one hundred fish in a couple of hours or so, was then no uncommon basket, and some of them were always good ones.

Similar nights we have had, too, on the western sea-board. Where the broad Atlantic sweeps into the bays of green Kintyre, and on the deep waters of Loch Fyne (beloved of the herring), with its engirdling hills of heather and birch, starred here and there by mountain stream and bracken-clad waterfall, our lines have been cast; but neither the quantity nor the quality of the fish there seemed to us quite so good as on the East Coast, or we were not fortunate in coming across the biggest ones, although those we did get often yielded very fair sport. Yet they had other attractions, those nights on the western seas, with their deep red sunsets flooding the purple and rock-clad hills ere they passed into the shades of evening; while in paddling along the quiet depths of Loch Fyne, you might quite as likely as not be suddenly startled by the blow of a bottled-nosed whale intent on herring, and see his leviathan form rising a black and shining island before you, not more, perhaps, than 100 yards off, and making you feel, for a time, at least, sufficiently uncomfortable as to where his next "rise" might be!

But we specially remember, as a sort of red-letter night, an evening's sea fly-fishing on another shore. It was in autumn, off St. Abb's Head, on the Berwickshire coast. Near to this noble head-

land, which, with its lighthouse-crowned summit, may be said to guard the southern entrance to the Firth of Forth, is the little fishing village of Coldingham, nestling along the face of the cliffs and bay, and making, with its red-tiled roofs and background of green slopes, its black boats with their brown sails, its foreground of yellow beach and hanging labyrinths of drying herring-nets, and the blue smoke of its cottages curling up in the evening light, a pleasant and striking bit of colour when looked at from the sea. We had a "tryst" with the village schoolmaster, a keen fisherman, for a night's fishing off St. Abb's, and he had promised to provide the boat and the crew, together with all needful requisites as to rods and flies. We did not much like the look of the sea as we wended our way, with another friend, down to the little pier. It was what is called in seafaring language rather a "dirty" night. A considerable swell was rolling in from the North Sea, dark clouds were coming up from the south-east, with every now and then a misty rain, and, in the offing, the sea-horses were chasing each other gaily; but the wind was moist and warm rather than chilly, and although the omens portended a rising gale in the near future, not much of it had come to us as yet. Our host, who joined us on the road, thought we might safely risk it, as we should be comparatively sheltered in the particular fishing-ground we were going to try; and on getting to the pier, we found our little East Coast yawl and crew of a couple of smart fisher-boys await-
ing us.

As we rowed out of the small port, or semi-natural harbour, an old fisherman mending his nets hailed us from his boat to say to

the schoolmaster that he thought we should find rather much sea on outside; but we told him we were going, at any rate, to see what it was like! Our destination was a stretch of rock-bound and rock-strewn sea right under the beetling crags of St. Abb's, and dark, gloomy, and precipitous enough they looked in the fading light and flying cloud of that autumn evening—a gloom accentuated, perhaps, by the white waves dashing ceaselessly against their base. Here and there around us detached masses and pinnacles or stacks of rock rose out of the sea, while circles of foam appearing now and again showed where a sunken rock was breaking the surface of the water. It was amid those picturesque but somewhat hazardous surroundings that our host informed us we should have the best chance of fish that night, and his words proved to be not those of idle tales. Yet we were frequently conscious that but for the excellent local knowledge and undoubted skill of our fisher-boy crew we should quickly have come to utter grief and shipwreck in that rock-abounding archipelago. And I have sometimes since been profoundly impressed with the belief that it was at best but risky navigation; so that I am not sure now that I should really like to try it again under exactly similar conditions of wind and water and tide. To feel the keel of your comparatively frail bark just grate over a sunken rock in a lumpy sea, or to observe

the white foam break behind you as, but a moment before, you have been carried over the top of another, are sensations which one requires to get a little accustomed to in order thoroughly to enjoy.

But we came to no grief and we had excellent sport. Once or twice, when a big lythe was hooked and dived straight down into the depths, as they always do when first struck, two of us had to hold tightly on to the stout rod in that billowy sea before we could get him safely played and brought on board; and once my friend very nearly went over the gun-whale as a good fish happened to rise and take his fly, just when the boat gave a sudden lurch in the trough of a wave. All told, we had somewhere over 100 fish, some of them large and shapely specimens of their kind; and as we rowed back to the little harbour while the darkness was gathering around us, and by-and-by bade a cordial good-night to our host by the dim light of a boat's lantern on the pier, we thought we should not soon forget our night's fly-fishing off St. Abb's. And we sang as we walked homeward to the little country-house where we were staying, in the words of the old Scots ballad:—

*“When haddocks leave the Firth of Forth,
And whittings leave the shore;
When oysters climb up Berwick Law,
We'll go to sea no more:
We'll go to sea no more, my boys,
We'll go to sea no more.”*

J. A. S. M.

“Our Van.”

The First July.—Whether we had not quite recovered from the effects of the Jubilee, or whatever it was, the First July week was dull and slow. In the first place, there were very few people there, and only one great event, the Princess of Wales' Stakes, which was won, we are glad to say, by Velasquez, in a very grand and decided manner. For a moment, as Velasquez headed the hill, we felt a slight tremor, but that was when Lord Rosebery's horse distinguished himself, for he shot out and beat Knight of the Thistle very easily. Roquebrune ran as we expected her to do, but Goletta made a good show, and Regret, the biggest rogue in creation, was sold to Lord Dudley to make a steeplechaser of, which is hardly complimentary to the steeplechasers; but it is a tradition that rogues make good cross-country horses, and the tradition is sometimes confirmed. There were, it appeared to us, a greater number of five furlong races than usual. We did not count them, but listened to many hostile criticisms on their number, such as “The Steward's would have three furlong races if they could,” &c., &c. Assuredly there has been a large increase in these “short-cuts” lately at headquarters, and the why or wherefore we fail to understand. We should have expected Newmarket, as an example to others, to make a clean sweep of them; on the contrary it seems to cherish these terrible affairs. We suppose the gamblers like them, and indeed the rush over to the Ring, directly the numbers are hoisted for one of these affairs, proves it. Men who do not bet, of whom the Van Driver is one, get fairly wearied of them,

and the V.D. would appeal to the Stewards of the Jockey Club to diminish their number. Besides, we are of opinion that it is *infra dig.* on the part of the metropolis of the Turf to encourage “short-cuts.” They may be left to Little Pedlington and Hockley-on-the-Hole, but on classic Newmarket Heath they are out of place. A smart two-year-old, Torree-Espad, by the Prince of Wales' Premium sire, Serpa Pinto, won the Maiden Plate, and was said to have been bought by H.R.H. for 530 guineas, though that was subsequently contradicted. Mousme took the July Stakes from a moderate field; Ugly doing a very creditable piece of work when, carrying John Watts and 10 st. 2 lb., he won the Bottisham Plate very easily. We have alluded to Velasquez's brilliant win, and we saw him run second in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown. The grand Kilcock walked over for the July Cup, and he might have been allowed to do so for the Ellesmere Stakes on the following day. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's smart two-year-olds are not yet exhausted, for Dony, of course a son of Donovan, snatched the race for the Fulbourne out of the fire by beating St. Ia, who had made all the running, by a length, after a fine bit of riding on the part of M. Cannon. Perhaps the finest race of the day was that for the Princess's Cup, when Rickaby, on Orviepano, defeated M. Cannon on Argosy, the favourite, by a head. A very fine race indeed, and Rickaby came in for well-deserved praise.

The Kempton Park Case.—Monday, July 5th, in this year of grace, will be a memorable date

for the future, and though threatened by an appeal to the House of Lords, we do not think the common-sense decision of that date will be interfered with. But what we do fear is that the Anti-Gamblers will try legislation on their own account, and we dread the faddists in the House of Commons, where the Nonconformist conscience has strong support. Supposing what we fear comes upon us next Session, what will the Irish Nationalist Party do? Many members of that party are good sportsmen; can it be possible that they will prefer their wretched politics to sport? We hardly like to say; but in our belief there, combined with the Nonconformist conscience, lies the danger. We trust we are wrong, but we own to a dread, should our enemies attack us, of the present House of Commons.

The Hampshire Three Days.

—The V.D. well remembers a fourth when Odiham was alive. Not that he ever went to Odiham—no, no, no. He made his escape to Southampton, and read what there was to read about Odiham at "Radley's," best of all possible hotels, the next morning. What a good meeting Bibury and Stockbridge made of it has already been told in print. We need only go back ten years, when Ayrshire and Friar's Balsam were seen in the same paddock, and we little recked of the terrible disaster to the latter in the following year. Since then Stockbridge has hardly kept up its reputation for good two-year-olds with the exception of Galtee More, but we are very glad to record that two of the most prominent supporters of Bibury and Stockbridge, Sir William Throckmorton and Mr. R. H. Combe, have respectively won the Hurstbourne and the Alington with Blare, a daughter of Herald, and

Dynamo. How many years ago is it that we were looking at the gigantic Anekim, belonging to Sir William, in the paddock. We cannot remember, and have not time to look, but he was a big 'un, and if we remember rightly he inherited his size from his dam. This year Kilcock had what we may really call a walk over, for there was only Countess Schomberg to oppose him, and the Countess is not a patch upon her distinguished brother. Then we had a half-sister to Galtee More in the Hurstbourne (Sugar Loaf) which sounds very like one of the Galtees, but Sugar Loaf, though with a good home repute, could only get third. That she will mend on that performance we have no doubt. Silver Fox beat History very easily in the Hampshire Stakes, and we fancy that History is not too game. We were surprised to see a moderate horse like Leamore win the Selling Stakes, and Oakdene, who ran so well in the Derby, could only get third. Galtee More at Epsom must have had an easier task than we thought. Mr. G. Thursby on Hips and Haws for the Andan Stakes gave us a splendid bit of riding and upset the odds (5 to 4) on Pedant. The struggle was in doubt up to the post, but the judge's report was a head. The Foal Stakes was won very easily by Chon Kina, odds of 3 to 1 being laid on him. Heads had been pretty evident on the two days, but on the third the first four events were won by that distance after very determined finishes. We hope that we have not been prophets of evil, and that Danebury and the Master thereof may preside over many more meetings on these charming Downs.

The two Julys and the Eclipse.

—The Julys were dull, and the

second, what with the heat and the hard ground, was destructive to the hopes of backers by the bad behaviour of the horses, of which Goletta was the chief culprit. She had run so well in the Prince of Wales's Stakes that the Zetland Plate looked a trifle for her. But she threw up her head and suffered Monterey to beat her—a cause of much chagrin to her sporting owner and of grief to those who had laid 6 to 1 on her. It required much getting back, and we do not think that subsequent events conduced to that result. It was a terrible week indeed, and we fear the hard ground will bring disaster at Goodwood. No use to tell the young punters that they should keep quiet and not bet this weather, when betting is the very breath of their nostrils, and the more they lose the happier they seem.

However, all things come to an end, even the run of ill-luck in the second July, and we turned our faces towards Sandown with not much hope of retrieving our losses, for who could back Persimmon to win him or her money? A tout gave us very nearly a fit by telling us that the French horse was the danger. What French horse? we demanded. We did not know that there was a French horse, but there he was, sure enough, and not a bad-looking one either; and, moreover, the race showed us he could go. As we turned him out in the book we saw his last successful race was over the same distance, a mile and a quarter, he would be asked to negotiate in the Eclipse. The Frenchman worried us, for we found believers in him all over the shop, or at least people who *said* they believed in him, and saved on him at 40 to 1. But we comforted ourselves by remembering that we had never heard of a French

Persimmon, and turned our attention to Velasquez, who was looking wonderfully well and very composed and quiet, which Persimmon was not. However, Beato rushed to the front and made the pace a cracker, but he was done with before he came into the straight, and "the danger" came from another quarter. Entering the rails, Persimmon went to the front, and immediately was challenged by Lord Rosebery's horse. For a moment or two the verdict looked doubtful, and people were shouting Velasquez's name, but John Watts kept his head cool, roused up Persimmon, and "the danger" was over. The Prince's horse won easily by two lengths, but still we are bound to give all credit to Velasquez, for there is little doubt that he held Persimmon for a brief space, and covered himself with honour in so doing, because we know what the Prince of Wales's horse can do. We saw that at Ascot. It was a brilliant scene. The Prince and Princess were there, of course, and the Prince and the Duke of York awaited Persimmon in the paddock. The cheering was something immense. The Prince bowed his acknowledgments, and the bookmakers, recognising Lord Esher on the stand, gave him as in duty bound a wonderful cheer. A grand Eclipse, indeed, and a grand win.

We do not wish to look forward to disaster, but Goodwood is very nigh and the rain cometh not. But we will hope for the best.

The Hawkstone Otter Hounds.—Our Correspondent, "St. David," writes as follows:—"The Hawkstone Otter Hounds had rare good sport on the Teify, one of their favourite waters, last month. This river divides Cardiganshire from both Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire, and is naturally the

very best of rivers for otter-hunting, being neither too heavy nor too small. For some twenty-four years the late Mr. Geoffrey Hill hunted it regularly, and showed wonderful sport, and under its present Master the sport shown is as great as ever, as last year's record will prove. The pack hunted 67 days, found 80 otters, killed 46, not counting small cubs, which, by bad luck, were chopped, and had 16 blank days; only four otters were tailed.

Mr. Wardell is not only a keen and thorough sportsman, but courteous to all, and although very determined in allowing no damage, or trespassing on hay, or crops, manages by good tact and temper to keep a large crowd in excellent order. On the Teify he and his pack are extremely popular, and as for a blank day, it is quite unknown on that good old river. Last year's total of kills was 7 in 7 days, and this year has produced a still better record. Commencing their campaign at Llechryd on June 24th, they hunted 8 days, found 10 otters, killed 8, of which 6 were dog otters weighing 24 lbs. and over. I hardly think this has ever been beaten by any pack. The following places were the scenes of the 8 kills—Llwyn-durris pool, 3½ hrs., 24½ lbs.; Cenarth, 2 hrs., 15 lbs.; Cilwen, 2½ hrs., 26 lbs.; Llanfair, 3½ hrs., 28 lbs.; and 2 hrs., 14 lbs.; Pontllwin, 3½ hrs., 26 lbs.; Llanwnen, 2 hrs., 24 lbs.; and Glan-denys, 1¾ hrs., 24½ lbs. Two otters were lost, after showing good sport, one on the Llysnewydd summer-house pool, and another above Llanfihangel bridge.

"A good story is told as to the way in which the H.O.H. endeavoured to prevent any damage to crops. A certain M.F.H. (now retired, alas!) went up to a farmer he saw standing in the

middle of a field of oats, and in forcible language desired him to come out of it, and on the man declining to move laid hold of him, and dragged him out, *volens volens*. When the man had recovered his breath, and no doubt his surprise, he said, 'Well, indeed, now, it is very hard that a man is not allowed to stand in his own field.' A hearty shake of the hand and an apology was the response, and that farmer, fully appreciating the care taken of his crops by the members of the Hunt—for it was on his own farm that the scene took place—is now the best friend and supporter of H.O.H."

"The French Maid" at Terry's Theatre.—Suzette, "the French Maid," has obtained a situation at the little house in the Strand, and looks like keeping it for some time to come. This new musical comedy, as it is described upon the play-bill, reflects much credit upon both author and composer, Mr. Basil Hood, who is responsible for both the lyrics and the libretto, displays a talent for punning which is, whether happily or unhappily, rare in these days, and the author's work, as well as his name, is reminiscent of Thomas Hood. Such a play upon words as—

"When he went off to sea,
I went to see him off,"

is neat, and if it pleases so much the better, and of this somewhat archaic form of pleasantry, Mr. Basil Hood has provided many instances.

The story of the play deals with a series of complications and misunderstandings between the visitors at, and the staff of, the Hotel Anglais at Boulogne, which afford plenty of amusing situations without imposing any undue tax upon the thinking powers of the audience. Mr. Walter Slaughter is, we think, seen at his best in the

music, which is throughout most attractive and tuneful, and amongst the thirty numbers which he has written, there are many we should like to hear again, Mr. Richard Green as Lieutenant Harry Fife, R.N., is provided with some capital songs, and the Twin Duet between Messrs. Murray King and Joseph Wilson, who represent respectively a comic waiter and a comic sailor, was received with great enthusiasm. Pretty Miss Kate Cutler makes a charming French maid, and in the second act, at the *bal masque*, wears a most attractive fancy costume of red, white, and blue, strongly suggestive of the Jubilee. Although some of the names of the company are not very well known to London play-goers, we think it will not be long before they are better known, as each one does his or her part of the entertainment admirably.

Mr. H. O. Clarey as Sir Hercules Hawser, K.C.B., scores a distinct success as the jealous husband, and his songs, "I'm an Admiral," and "It's ever my Endeavour," make a decided hit. Mr. Joseph Wilson is an excellent comic sailor, and sings a clever song, "I've Her Portrait next my 'Eart," each verse deals with the charms of a separate sweetheart and the gallant tar produces one by one a series of photographs of his loves from the same receptacle near the region of his heart, in fact, in the last verse he finds himself that the number of photographs which he carried next his heart had proved his salvation upon the occasion when an enemy's bullet had failed to pierce the whole packet, and so his gallantry saved his hide. The limits of the stage at Terry's Theatre do not favour dances, but we are treated to a graceful *pas seul* both by Miss Batchelor and Miss Blanche

Vandon. The whole entertainment is bright, and goes with that swing which savours of success, and we think that all concerned should regard with satisfaction the French Maid's first situation in London.

Aquatics. — Royal Henley. —

Once more

"The swift and rhythmic throb of racing oars,

The shout of victory and defeat,"

on Henley's glorious reach is overpast! 'Tis not in mortal to command success, but the Regatta stewards did more, they deserved it, by splendid arrangements unequalled within our recollection. From Mr. Secretary Cooper (courteous and ubiquitous as ever) upwards, each and all worked hard to ensure a successful function, and *blasé* indeed must have been the visitor who did not enjoy both racing and social items to the full. At any rate, we proffer our warmest congratulations to all concerned upon the high excellence of the meeting, a record one in every sense of the word. Even "Queen's weather" prevailed this year, whilst enormous crowds foregathered on either bank, and filled the festive array of house-boats, &c., right along the line of battle. Add the panorama of ever-shifting small craft—like the Ancient Mariners' fireflies darting in and out—the thousand types of faces, and the polyglot confusion of tongues, and you have a *tout ensemble* hard to beat. Of the racing proper it is difficult to speak too highly, but there is no doubt that the 1897 meeting will be, what the victory of Corœbus the Elean was to the Olympic games—a kind of landmark in aquatic history. Thanks to glorious conditions of weather during training, every crew came to the post as fit as the proverbial fiddle, a fact

which every practical oarsman will appreciate! Nothing is so fluctuating as boat-racing, and only your anxious "coach" fully realises the difficulty of bringing eight fellows—of varied physique, temperament, and grace—fit and well in like fashion. But to the racing. The preliminaries for the "Grand" provided some fairly good sport, but it was patent to most that the final would lie between Leander (Holders) and New College (Oxford). Neither Trinity Hall (Cambridge) nor the Dutch crew could fully extend them, hence excitement ruled supreme when they met for supremacy on the Friday. Tinkle-tinkle-tinkle—bang! and they are off—Leander at once leading out, and claiming a clear length's lead at the Rectory, then New College spurted finely, collared their men, and led in turn at the Bushes, a terrific fight ensuing right away home. Gold and Whitworth each spurted alternately, and only the judge (Mr. Fenner) could separate them, his verdict being two feet! Cheers loud and long rang out for winners and losers alike, renewed again and again when it was known that the time (6.51) equalled the record made by Leander in 1891. This is the first year a purely Oxford crew has won the Grand since Exeter College did so in 1882. Virgil evidently witnessed such another race when he compared the speed of his crews to the headlong flight of chariots in the circus. Anyway, the exaggeration is lessened in one's eyes after witnessing the above crews fight inch by inch from end to end of the course. Yet another Dutch combination threw down the gauntlet for the Thames, and succeeded in beating the T.R.C. eight in Heat II. This was the end of their tether, however, as

Kingston very easily disposed of them later on, the last named also beating Christ Church (Oxford) in the final by three-quarters of a length in 7 min. 9 sec. after a desperate tussle right away. Considering the sorry show made by the other metropolitan crews proper, considerable enthusiasm was aroused when Kingston also carried off the "Wyfolds" final by easily beating Jesus (Cambridge). For the Ladies some fine crews were *en evidence*, and the race between Emmanuel (Cambridge) and Christ Church (Oxford) provided another real treat. It was anybody's race at the Enclosure, but the Cantabs spurted in phenomenal fashion and won by three-quarters of a length in the grand time of 7 min. 5 sec. This beat the previous record of 7 min. 10 sec. made by Trinity Hall (Cambridge) in 1887. Most folk dubbed the final a certainty for them, but the Eton crew had yet to be reckoned with, another tussle taking place which "stirred the blood like a cannon shot," as Carlyle has it. Going away at once, the Holders led all the way, and despite the brilliant rowing of Emmanuel, won by half a length in 7 min. 1 sec.—another record, which made everybody exclaim with Dominie Sampson, "Prodigious!!" This was Eton's fifth successive win, and a crowning triumph for "the best of schools." Trinity (Oxford) very easily beat Jesus (Cambridge) for the Visitors, after having upset a great public fancy in New College (Oxford) in the initial heat. Both metropolitan clubs were put out in the preliminaries of the "Stewards," and interest centred in the meeting 'twixt New College (Oxford) and the Canadians. The last-named had previously ousted the Dutch crew fairly easily, but in such

poor style, that the Oxonians were expected to make a procession of it. Not so, however, for the Colonials stuck to their rivals in great style to the bitter end, only succumbing by a length in the record time of 7 min. 33 sec. The previous figures (7.37) were held by Brasenose College (Oxford), so the Canadians must have beaten the record also, which will compensate them for their defeat somewhat. They had established themselves high favourites, and received a perfect ovation for their brilliant exposition. The winners and Leander fought out the final, and once again Guy Nickalls proved himself "good at need" as stroke. Another terrific fight ensued from pillar to post, but — nursing his men with consummate judgment—the Leander "skipper" spurted brilliantly off the enclosure, winning by well over a length in 7 min. 30 sec. This put yet another record out of court, the previous best having been made by Brasenose College (Oxford), in 1890. Quality rather than quantity marked the "Goblets" entries this year, the final being disputed by Guy Nickalls and E. R. Balfour (Leander) and A. S. Bell and W. J. Fernie (Trinity Hall). After the severe grueling both the Leander men had had previously, the Cantabs were expected to make a fine race of it, but completely put their chance away by running into the piles. Thus, after some thirteen years' active exposition, Guy Nickalls again got into three finals, and won two! His dogged pluck and wondrous recuperative powers after such a sequence of extraordinary efforts was the admiration of all concerned. Fine racing took place for the "Diamonds," in which H. T. Blackstaffe (Vesta R. C.) made another

record of 8 min. 34 sec.—which beats the record of Guy Nickalls by 2 secs. Capital form was also shown by Dr. McDowell (the popular American), B. H. Howell (Cambridge), A. G. Everett (London R.C.), and R. H. Beaumont (Burton-on-Trent)—the last-named unfortunately cracking during his heat. The actual winner turned up in E. H. Ten Eyck (America), who beat Blackstaffe in the final by $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths in 8 min. 35 sec., another record!

Up with the curtain, now for a big sequence of further exciting meetings all over the country, including the Metropolitan Regatta and the Wingfield Sculls contest, carrying with it the proud title of Amateur Champion of England. Henley being so late in the month this year exigencies of the press demand somewhat hurried comment, and we must, perforce, defer other matters of interest awhile. The Bourne End Week proved a brilliant success, as usual, and in our next issue we hope to report a good deal of progress in every department of aquatics.

We cannot conclude without an expression of deep regret at the death of Lord Camoys, President of the Henley Regatta, and one of the keenest all-round sportsmen the sun ever shone upon. The news was received just prior to the first day's racing, and cast a gloom upon "wetbobs" generally.

Yachting.—Though at one part of the season the evidences were that the celebration year of the Queen's record reign would be marked by a decadence of large craft racing, the fact is now apparent that the year's sailings will not close without the decision of several events in which probably four of the finest racers that ever steered up to the starting gun will take part,—the Kaiser's splendid cutter Meteor, Britannia, which

has so well and often by her victories ruled the waves, Bona, the Clyde-built craft of which great form is expected, and the Aurora, Mr. C. Day Rose's new venture, built to the design of Soper, and who carries with her the hopes of all southern yachtsmen, for should her sail spreading result in general success then Mr. Rose's fine ship might well be challenged against the Defender for the America's Cup, and also claim to come under the conditions laid down by Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne when that generous sportsman, a few seasons ago, offered the valuable cup given by the Queen at Ryde regatta, in 1852, and won by the Arrow against the America, as an international trophy, the English representative boat having, however, to be built at Southampton, in one of the yards of which southern port the Aurora was laid down and recently launched.

The Cowes week, which this year opens on the 3rd inst., will be followed by an event likely to be long memorable in the annals of yacht racing—the contest for the splendid trophy which the Queen was graciously pleased to present to the Royal Southampton Club, an institution that can claim a very high record in respect to the promotion of pleasure craft racing in the south, the clubs burgee being hoisted on the occasion of no less than six important regattas each year.

Visitors to Cowes will find a very considerable improvement in the front way of the little island town, its marine parade extension, begun last year, being carried to a point immediately in front of the "Marine," an acquisition of territory from what had hitherto been the domain of Neptune, which will certainly afford more room for the considerable array of pro-

menaders whose delight it is for the time being to walk the Solent's side off which Englands pleasure craft Armada lie at their moorings, or spread sail over the sunlit and sea green waters.

Of the small yachts in which very considerable interest is likely to be displayed at the Cowes regattas may be noted Mr. J. Gretton's Emerald and Miss Cox's Speedwell, the two Belvidere yard built boats which, in a season marked by some of the largest of entries and certainly exceptionally smart racers, have displayed an almost all conquering career. The Emerald's victories this year somewhat discount the proverb of many old yachtsmen to the effect that to alter a ship after she has once got her trim is to spoil her, for Mr. Gretton's little flyer was not marked by any exceptional speed last season, when she was the property of Mr. C. D. Rose, but the lightening of her lead and one or two slight improvements can well be said to have made her a vessel to which the smartest of her rivals fails to sail up.

Though only a single class, and not one very largely represented at its competitions, the Redwing boats can claim to have aroused no little curiosity in the Solent and Southampton water from the rosy tint of their red cotton sails. Of the other small racers which have spread sail over the southern courses may be noted the smart little boats of the Bembridge, Hythe, West Quay and Southampton Corinthian Clubs.

A very satisfactory feature of the present season is the considerable success which has marked the sailings in the Thames estuary and on the upper reaches of London's grand old river, and the hope should not be far fetched to the effect that the most pleasant, just as it forms the most appropriate of

national pastimes to a maritime people, will find a yet further fillip in the years that are to be.

Of that useful class of craft, the racing cruiser, Mr. John Gretton, junr., M.P., has a particularly staunch built vessel which Hansen & Sons, of Cowes, have nearly completed. Built to the design of Mr. Arthur Payne, her lines have very much the same run as those which mark the hull of the Earl of Dunraven's *Cariad*, though Mr. Gretton's ship is some thirty tons the smaller boat; and Mr. Croxhall's *Javelin*, a very comfortable cruiser which recently left Summers and Payne's yard, at Southampton, for Queenstown, are also vessels of the same class, the distinguishing features of which are good breadth of beam, ample head room, wide cabin space, and general sea-worthiness.

Though model yachting has made no sensational kind of advance this season, the sailing of the miniatures is growing steadily in popularity, and the probabilities are that in the course of a few years what can certainly be classed as a very agreeable and not particularly expensive form of pastime will have certainly grown in public favour.

A gratifying feature in connection with both racing and cruising is the advance which is being made around the Irish coasts in marine pastimes, for though to Cork belongs the honour of having (in 1720) established the first yacht club, nearly a century before the Royal Yacht Squadron was instituted, the advance was not great on the waters across St. George's Channel, either in the way of regattas or sailing forth in the more leisurely form of pleasure craft navigation until the past few years.

The Clyde contests, too, have

certainly come to the front, chiefly this year from the fact of some very smart boats of what was known as the twenty rater class, the new *Morning Star* being a decided acquisition to that type of racer, and though she is undoubtedly a light breeze boat she certainly shapes as a vessel which would uphold the credit of the Northern builders under ordinary sailing conditions.

Of coming events the Solent and its wide tributary can boast of a score of regattas before the seasons close, not inclusive of the sailings in connection with the Cowes week or the race for the Cup presented by the Queen to the Royal Southampton Club. Should there prove to be a continuance of the delightfully fine weather which has marked the present summer, then '97 will become a record one both in connection with racing and cruising, and though in respect to craft construction there was a trade trouble for some few weeks in the form of a shipwrights' strike, there are the best of prospects for a prosperous time coming to the sport which has its chief home upon the waters of our sea-girt shores.

Sport at the Universities.—

The academical year for 1896-7 is now a matter of history. Right up to the end of Term, nay, beyond, sport fast and furious exercised with Light and Dark Blues alike. The latter entered upon Summer Term with a big advantage as regards inter-'Varsity supremacy, but, as we predicted, the Cantabs came with a wet sail at the finish. Commencing, they won both the double and single lawn tennis matches in the easiest manner possible, and it really seems as if the Light Blues have a lien upon these competitions! Oxford retaliated by fairly sweeping the board in the

swimming and water polo contests, the Cantabs being out-classed in either event, but then Cambridge had revenge, full and complete. Every single cycle event fell to their prowess at Wood Green; in fact, so overwhelming was their superiority that we doubt if even the inclusion of Reynolds, the opposition crack, would have materially altered the result. They followed up their victory by thrashing the Oxonians handsomely and easily in both tennis competitions also, the margin in either case being "3 setts love." Last, but not least, they justified our prediction once again by winning the cricket match by 179 runs. The 63rd annual "Battle of the Blues" fully maintained its reputation as the most fashionable function of the year; but, speaking frankly, the cricket was distinctly tame, especially in the face of the superb wicket provided. Oxford had slightly the best of the deal in the first innings, and made it speedily patent that their bowling was more "classy" than that of their rivals. Notwithstanding this, however, the Light Blues put on a fine innings of 336 at their second venture, which left Oxford with almost the same formidable total as that of last year to get to win. They never looked like doing so, failing miserably, most of their crack batsmen evidently lacking the nerve and judgment of the 1896 team. It has been demonstrated frequently, and never more so than in 1897, that what has been aptly termed "blue funk" altogether cramps the ability of young cricketers in this particular match. Exactly why is a nice question, worthy of the attention of Herbert Spencer himself, but it is an undoubted fact. F. H. B. Champion contributed a grand total of 6 in this match,

for instance, whereas for the Gentlemen *v.* Players, a day later, he compiled a masterly innings of 86 against the cream of professional bowling. Nor was it a case of "his day off," as, both before and since the Lord's tussle, the young Oxonian proved himself a heavy and consistent scorer in any company! Wilson, Marriott, Burnup, Shine, Jessop (Cambridge), and Bardswell and Foster (Oxford), shone most in batting, whilst Cunliffe (Oxford) was out and away the best bowler on either side. The fielding both ways was worthy of the best traditions of the match, and nothing but honeyed words must be spoken of Fox and Bray at the wicket. Sensational features were few this year, but Jessop's smiting powers—he hit up 42 off 19 balls—and the large number of 86 "extras" may well come under that category. Many of our contemporaries err, however, in dubbing the latter feature "a record," as in 1836 there were 149 extras, 108 in 1839, 87 in 1841, 109 in 1842, and 107 in 1843. It is most satisfactory for all concerned that public form was borne out this year, as those who had closely followed the career of the two teams could hardly fail to recognise Cambridge as the smarter and sounder one. Cambridge now boast 32 wins in the cricket match to 28 of Oxford.

We have always insisted that a variation in the fortunes of these annual inter-Varsity contests is best, best for the general public, and by far the best for Oxonians and Cantabs themselves. This year the complete record gives the pleasing result of "honours easy," or eleven events all. As Light and Dark Blues are emphatically sportsmen first, and partisans afterwards, needless to add this gives high satisfaction all round.

It will be noted, however, that whereas the Cantabs have more than held their own in minor events, the Oxonians have won four out of the five important ones, viz., both football matches, sports, and boat race. This, in the opinion of most, gives them supremacy. Following the precedent of so many years past we append the full record of events, &c., for 1896-7:—

Cross Country ..	Cambridge ..	20 points 35.
Rugby Football ..	Oxford ..	9 points 8.
Association Foot- ball ..	Oxford ..	1 goal 0.
Hockey ..	Cambridge ..	4 goals 0.
Boxing & Fencing	Oxford ..	3 events 2.
Billiards (Double)	Oxford ..	230 points.
Billiards (Single)	Oxford ..	126 points.
Point to Point		
Steeplechase ..	Oxford ..	1st & 3rd places.
Golf ..	Cambridge ..	5 holes.
Athletic Sports ..	Oxford ..	5 events 4.
Boat Race ..	Oxford ..	easily.
Chess ..	Oxford ..	4 games 3.
Racquets (Double)	Cambridge ..	4 games 2.
Racquets (Single)	Cambridge ..	3 games love.
Polo ..	Oxford ..	12 goals 0.
Lawn Tennis (Double) ..	Cambridge ..	6 matches 3.
Lawn Tennis (Single) ..	Cambridge ..	3 games 0.
Swimming and Water Polo ..	Oxford ..	5 events 0.
Cycling ..	Cambridge ..	3 events 0.
Tennis (Double) ..	Cambridge ..	3 sets love.
Tennis (Single) ..	Cambridge ..	3 sets love.
Cricket Match ..	Cambridge ..	179 runs.
Total ..	Oxford, 11 events; Cambridge, 11 events.	

As usual, University men have played an important part in sport generally within the academical year just past. Light and Dark Blues have received international honours under both codes of football, and at hockey, whilst the Brothers Doherty (Cambridge) now reign as lawn tennis champions for 1897. At Henley, University "wetbobs" once more maintained their superiority against all comers; and at Bisley, both Oxonians and Cantabs reaped a fair measure of success in open as well as closed events. 'Varsity footballers have gone to South Africa on educational purposes intent, and there is hardly a county cricket team which has not already been reinforced from the ranks of the Sister Universi-

ties. The same in every branch of sport and pastime; it is instructive that, both at home and abroad, your 'Varsity exponent is always to the fore. Nor are they content to "slake the thirst of early ambition" in this direction only. Legion is the number of prominent sportsmen who have again exhibited in the "Schools" the same superiority over their fellows, the same attitude in working to the front. Rarely have the "Honours Lists" shown more conspicuous examples of intellectual-cum-athletic attainments rewarded with success than in 1896-7. "Awhile to work and after holiday" insists Shakespeare, and this just sums up the present situation exactly. Light and Dark Blues have now scattered like swallows away all over the face of the habitable globe, intent upon enjoying a glorious Long Vacation to the full. Thus our mission is fulfilled.

Swimming.—Of late years swimming has gained great popularity, the impetus given to it by the Institution of Inter-University contests and the foundation of the Bath Club having largely tended to make the sport recognised by the leading sportsmen of the country. Additional interest has now been created by the visit of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York to the International Gala, carried through successfully by the Life-saving Society on July 3rd, at the West India Docks. The principal race was for the Mile Championship of England, held by J. H. Tyers, of Farnworth, and for this contest entries were received from the American, New Zealand, Australian, Belgian, and German amateur champions. Percy Cavill, the Australian, was credited with having swam a mile in 27 min. 45½ sec. in the Colonies, while

Tyers held the English record of 26 min. 46½ sec., and Arnold Toepfer the German record for 1,500 metres, of 26 min. 2½ sec. Consequently a fine race between the three was expected. No fewer than twenty entries in all were received, and to the surprise of everybody, Tyers, who swam a very bad course, was beaten for first place by J. A. Jarvis, of Leicester, in the slow time of 32 min. 28½ sec. Toepfer finished third; B. A. Hart, the American champion, fifth; and Guy Seron, the Belgian champion, tenth; while Cavill and W. J. Stratton, the New Zealand champion, retired. The time was so exceedingly poor as compared with the world's record of 26 min. 8 sec. made by J. P. Nuttall in his race with McCusker in 1893, that the course was remeasured, but found to be correct. At the same meeting J. Hellings, of New South Wales, won the Hundred Yards' Scratch Race, and seems likely to do well in our short distance championships, while V. Sounemans, of Brussels, beat all other competitors, including the holder, in the Graceful Diving Championship. The most interesting feature of the gathering, and that in which their Royal Highnesses took the keenest delight, was the diving by a team of twelve gentlemen from Swedish Universities. Nothing like their swallow-flight diving has ever been seen in England before, and after repeating part of their display at the request of the Royal party, a special message of thanks was sent them by the Duke and Duchess of York.

Golf.—Several individual clubs celebrated the Jubilee with special competitions among members, but all the schemes for contests of a general character fell through, and in consequence there is little of importance to report this month.

It is particularly regrettable that the idea of an international trophy came to nothing, for it was sure to have been popular, and the institution of such a competition would have done something to mark the extraordinary growth of the game of golf in these islands, and throughout the world, during the latter part of Her Majesty's reign. Not only so, but it would have given golfers a suitable topic to talk and think about during this season of early championship meetings.

There is, however, another scheme afoot which may serve this purpose. Last autumn there came from the United States an invitation for a team of first-class amateurs, with a few of the best professionals to accompany them, to go across the Atlantic and show to the rising world of golfers there what they can do. The invitation was received in various quarters with great cordiality, but it was felt that nothing could be done at so late a period of the year when most people had made their arrangements, and a reply was sent to that effect. Now another invitation has come to hand, and I believe that several well-known amateurs have expressed their willingness to accept it. There appears to be some difficulty about the professionals, who, however, are not absolutely essential to the success of the affair. Indeed, if a proper team of first-class amateurs is got together, it will be quite able to meet anything—professional or amateur—that America can produce.

In this connection it may be said that the people across the Atlantic have taken the rules of the game in hand. A special committee of the United States Golf Association has drawn up a series of rulings and interpretations which are to hold good with

all the affiliated clubs. The rules themselves, as prescribed by the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews, are in a sense not touched, but to each one of them a particular meaning is attached—a meaning in some instances the same as that which obtains at St. Andrews, but in others a slightly different meaning. The work appears to have been done upon the whole with great intelligence, though, no doubt, it is not altogether beyond criticism, and if our distinguished amateurs go across and experience the operation of the new *régime*, they will probably have something to say about it. In golf, as in law, definitions are dangerous.

The Parliamentary Golf Tournament has been won again by Mr. Balfour, Leader of the House of Commons. His success is very popular, for wherever he goes Mr. Balfour is recognised as a sterling golfer and a splendid sportsman. When he won in 1894, his handicap was 13, and this year the committee allowed him eight strokes, the difference representing fairly well the improvement in his game. In his golf, Mr. Balfour is singularly fortunate as well as singularly discreet. Wherever he goes, whether it be North Berwick or Dunbar, or Mitcham or Furzedown, he seems to look out for the strongest player on the green, and usually succeeds in getting hold of him and making a match. Playing in this way with a superior man, he greatly helps his own game, and perhaps its marked and steady improvement is due more to this than to anything else. In the Parliamentary Tournament it was his fortune to meet two of the three scratch players, Mr. John Penn and Mr. H. W. Forster. The former gave him a very tight match. In fact, the first meeting ended in a tie,

and at the second, which took place several weeks afterwards, Mr. Balfour only won at the hole before the last. The match with Mr. Forster was in the final round, and was played during a time of Parliamentary holiday, over the beautiful links at Littlestone. It consisted of 36 holes, and Mr. Balfour, after being down considerably at the start, came away with a strong game and won. He and Mr. T. W. Legh are the only persons who have won the Tournament twice.

There is no call made upon the Amateur Champion to defend his title during the year, but it is always interesting to watch his performances. It is especially so in the case of Mr. Allan, for he took no part in the Open Championship Meeting, and indeed he had been little heard of from the time of his success at Muirfield until he played a match at Duddingstone, near Edinburgh, with Mr. W. B. Taylor, the Irish Champion of the last two years. In this match he appears to have played a splendid game. Mr. Taylor is, of course, a tremendous driver. In this department of the game he is only to be compared among amateurs with the Blackwell family, and it is not surprising to find that the Champion was outdriven from the tee. He beat Mr. Taylor by 6 up and 5 to play, and did so by reason of his strong approach game and his success on the putting green.

Early in the month the new links at Dieppe were formally inaugurated with an open amateur competition, for which substantial prizes were offered by the local Club. The links are on the short side at present, but are likely to be extended, and to be made more difficult by the introduction of additional hazards. If and when this is done, they will afford a

very fair test of golf, and no doubt become popular with players on this as well as the other side of the Channel. Mr. S. H. Fry, of the Mid-Surrey Club, who won the first prize, did one of his rounds in 71, which says something for the character of his play as well as for that of the links.

During the month the leading professionals have been very busy, especially in the South of England. Taylor has had several meetings with Braid, the runner-up in the Open Championship at Hoylake, and they have all been productive of close play. At Acton they tied, and at Southall, the ground of the West Middlesex Club, Braid won by a single hole after a most exciting match. Braid also inflicted defeat upon Harry Vardon, last year's Open Champion. In the course of the month Douglas Rolland visited his old quarters at Limpsfield, and played a match with Rowe, the Forest Row professional, who beat him in very substantial fashion. Rolland showed only occasional glimpses of his old play. At Mitcham, Kirkcaldy, Taylor, Braid, and White played a series of singles and a foursome.

Kirkcaldy beat Taylor, and Braid beat White, and afterwards Kirkcaldy beat Braid, and in the foursome Taylor and Braid beat Kirkcaldy and White.

Cymralis is the name given to a new Royal Welsh Table Water which has been placed on the market by Messrs. Ellis and Son, of Ruthin. It is very pleasant to the palate, and the quantity and quality of carbonic acid gas is all that could be desired, while it is free from the excessive alkalinity found in some foreign waters. Messrs. Ellis are well known as the manufacturers of the celebrated aerated waters bearing their name.

A good saddle is an absolute necessity alike for the comfort and efficiency of the horse and his rider. Recently we have had under trial for polo playing one of the ventilated saddles made by Messrs. Orpwood, of Oxford. The flaps are perforated for ventilation, a plan which in practice seems to work well in keeping a cool back, and consequent lessening of the risks of soreness. Its lightness and close grip makes it specially suitable for polo players.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During June—July, 1897.]

It was lately reported in *Turf, Field, and Farm* that Logan, known in the United States as the "iron horse," who has run upon nearly every racecourse, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from New Orleans to Toronto, was decorated with a floral collar at Detroit, Michigan, in honour of his one hundredth victory, on June 18th. Logan is a nine-year-old bay horse, by Voltigeur out of Pert, by Pantaloon. His one hundredth victory was gained in a mile race, for which there were five competitors, and the time of the winner was 1 min. 43½ secs.

It is reported that the last appearance of Victor Wild on the racecourse took place on June 26th, when he won the Coronation Cup, value 927 sovs., at Kempton Park, conceding 38 lbs. to the second, and no less than three stones to the third. In view of the interesting career of this horse we give the following from the *Sporting Life*:—

"It is not often that horses are bought so luckily out of selling races as was the case with Victor Wild. Bred by Mr. Mostyn Owen, the son of Albert Victor passed into the possession of his trainer, Mr. C. W. Golling, who first essayed to win the Durham Two-Year-Old Selling Plate at Hurst Park with him, but he was beaten three-quarters of a length by Dromonby. At his second attempt he gained the Brockhurst Plate at Portsmouth Park, and here Mr. Golling had the misfortune to lose the horse, who was acquired for 330 guineas by Mr. T. Worton. That sum was exceedingly well laid out, for, as will be seen from the appended list, his winnings have since amounted to nearly £12,000, to say nothing of the bets. His record includes two Jubilee Stakes, a Royal Hunt Cup (besides two seconds for the same race), and two Hurst Park handicaps."

Below is a full list of his winnings for the six seasons he has been kept in training:—

	£	£
1892 ... Brockhurst Plate, Portsmouth Park	100	
Midland Nursery, Leicester	465	
	—	565
1893 ... Alexandra Plate, Alexandra Park (w. o.)	100	
Rothschild Plate, Windsor	100	

	£	£
Regulation Plate, Portsmouth Park	100	
Palace Plate, Alex- andra Park	100	
Leicestershire Sep- tember Handicap	435	
Hurst Park Club Cup	925	
	—	1,760
1894 ... Royal Hunt Cup...	1,140	
Hurst Park Club Summer Handi- cap	1,810	
	—	2,950
1895 ... Kempton Jubilee Stakes	2,650	
Subscription Stakes, Newmarket	500	
	—	3,150
1896 ... Kempton Jubilee Stakes	2,650	
	—	2,650
1897 ... Coronation Cup, Kempton Park...	927	
	—	927
Total Winnings		12,002

The death of the Earl of Sefton took place on June 28th, after a protracted illness, at the age of 62 years. The late Earl was a thorough sportsman and took great interest in the Waterloo coursing meeting which was decided over the Sefton meadows.

Kilsallaghan, by Brown Prince—Gipsy, who won the Queen's Plate at the Curragh on June 29th, dropped dead on his return to the stable. The horse had a long racing career, and his principal wins were the Goodwood Cup, 1894, and the Chester Cup, 1895.

On July 1st a trial of the starting gate, which has been for a long time in use on Australian racecourses, took place at Newmarket, in the neighbourhood of the Ditch Mile starting post. Considerable curiosity was aroused, and a large company watched the experiments with much interest. Several of the prominent stables sent teams of horses for the purpose of trying the effect of the novelty upon their thoroughbreds, and at the conclusion of the tests opinions as to the utility of the machine appeared to be divided. A general feeling seemed to prevail, however, that the apparatus should be afforded a practical trial on an English racecourse.

On July 3rd the celebrated racehorse Petronel died at the Cobham Stud. He was a black-brown horse by Musket out of Crytheia, by Hesperus out of Palm, bred by the Duke of Beaufort in 1877. His racing career as a two-year-old commenced in the Middle Park Plate won by Beadesert, and he won his only other race that season, beating Strathardle by a neck for the Troy Stakes at the Houghton Meeting. In the following year he won the Two Thousand Guineas, beating Muncaster by a head in a field of eighteen. In 1881 he secured several races including the Great Yorkshire Handicap, against thirteen opponents, and the Doncaster Cup, for which he beat Tristan, Madame Du Barry, and Voluptuary. In 1882 he was beaten by Foxhall for the Ascot Gold Cup. Petronel afterwards won several Queen's Plates, and, in 1883 ran second to Picador (6st 13lb) in the Liverpool Spring Cup, carrying 9st. His last race was the Cambridgeshire, won by Bendigo in 1883. At the Stud Petronel had for some years few chances, but Ragimunde and Son of a Gun have shown by their performances that he was capable of siring stock possessing good staying powers. A few years ago he was sent to the Cobham Stud, where he leaves twenty-four yearlings, and his subscription list in 1896 was a full one.

On July 5th a specially constituted Court of Appeal, consisting of the six Lords Justices of Appeal, viz., the Master of the Rolls (Lord Esher), and Lords Justices Lindley, Lopes, A. L. Smith, Rigby, and Chitty, delivered their considered judgments on the appeal made to them last month, from a decision of the Lord Chief Justice, holding Kempton Park to be a "place" where betting is prohibited under the Betting House Act of 1853. Sir Frank Lockwood, Q.C., Mr. Joseph Walton, Q.C., Mr. C. Mathews, and Mr. G. H. Stutfield were counsel for the appellants Racecourse Company, and Mr. H. Asquith, Q.C., with him Mr. H. S. Cautley, appeared for the prosecuting shareholder. Five out of the six judges returned judgment in favour of the appellants, Lord Justice Rigby dissenting. Sir F. Lockwood, Q.C., asked for judgment, with costs. The Master of the Rolls said the usual course would be followed, and the appeal would be allowed, with costs.

A correspondent of the *Sportsman*—"Old Oxon"—writing on July 6th, draws attention to an extraordinary cricket record in the University match at Lord's. Second innings of Cambridge.—6 runs, 4 no-balls, only 2 runs off the bat. 8 runs, 4 no-balls, 2 leg-byes, only 2 runs off the bat, *i.e.*, in the proportion of 1,000 runs for an innings,

800 extras, 200 off the bat. A moment or two later the telegraph showed 15, of which 7 were extras. I venture to say, he adds, "that this is a record indeed! It raises the question whether the modern achievements of scientific cricket are altogether in favour of the juniors. As a senior in the lists of nearly half a century ago, I certainly doubt the possibility of such a thing having been on the very bounds of things which might be. But it is probably only a freak of nature; for here we have our cricket proficient and professors accomplishing what our very boys of eight or ten would find some difficulty in doing in their very first lesson of double wicket cricket."

The decease of a gentleman who was for many years a well-known figure in the coursing world has been announced—Mr. William O. Bell Irving, of Bankside, Dumfries, whose remains were interred on July 6th, at St. Mungo, Lockerbie. Mr. Bell Irving, who was a member of the Dumfriesshire family of that name, was born in 1806, at Scarborough Castle. He was one of the originators of the Dumfriesshire Hunt, he was also the owner of many good greyhounds, probably the best being the noted Fusilier, from whom many of the best greyhounds of the present day are descended.

The innings of 142, played July 10th, by T. G. O. Cole (Harrow), is the second highest score made in an Eton and Harrow match, the highest being 152 by E. Bayley, for Eton, in 1841.

The death of Lord Hindlip occurred, after a brief illness, at his town residence, on July 12th. Samuel Charles Allsopp, second Baron, was born in 1842, and succeeded to the title in 1887. His racing career had extended over about six years, his chief success being in the Oaks at Epsom this year with Limasol.

In the cricket match between Yorkshire and Sussex at Leeds, on July 13th, the record score of 346 for first wicket, created by Messrs. Herbert T. Hewitt and Lionel Palairet against Yorkshire at Taunton in 1892, was passed by Brown and Tunnicliffe, who put on 378 before the latter was bowled.

In winning the Eclipse Stakes (July 16th) Persimmon has become associated with some of our most celebrated racers. Last year St. Frusquin gained the valuable prize for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, and this year another Derby second, Velasquez, tried to add the race to his credit, but though he ran well he was outstridden by the 'Prince of Wales' Persimmon, who gained a very popular victory by two

lengths, with Bay Ronald beaten half a dozen lengths for second place. The value of the stakes were £9,285, as compared with £9,305 last year. In 1895 Le Justicier credited Baron Schickler with £9,290, and in 1894 Isinglass won £9,285 for Mr. H. McCalmont. The mile and a quarter was covered in 2 min. 9 3-5 sec., an improvement on the 2 min. 12 4-5 sec. occupied by St. Frusquin, 2 min. 13 3-5 sec. by Le Justicier, and 2 min. 13 sec. by Isinglass. Persimmon's winnings on the Turf now amount to £34,706.

Mr. James E. Platt, Hon. Treasurer, announces that the sum of £1,000 has been subscribed to the Joseph Osborne Testimonial, and the sum has been invested for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne.

At the last meet of the West Cumberland Otter Hounds held at Derwent Bridge, Cockermouth, a very fine dog otter, weighing 28 lbs. was killed after over five hours' hunting. The specimen was the longest ever taken in the Derwent.

Mr. Henry Stanley Monck Croker, senior starter to the Irish Turf Club, died at the end of June after a long illness. Coming of an old Devonshire family, Mr.

Croker's branch had been settled in Co. Limerick for upwards of two centuries. He had some good chasers and flat racers in his day, training them himself. As a starter he was very popular in Irish racing circles. In the hunting field Mr. Croker had few equals, and he nearly always rode thoroughbred horses under his 15st. odd.

The U.S.A. record for four miles established by the American horse, Ten Broeck, who, at Louisville in 1876, galloped the distance in 7 min. 15½ sec., has recently been eclipsed at San Francisco by the four year-old mare Lucretia Borgia, by imp. Brutus — Ledette, by Nathan Combs. Lucretia Borgia carried the feather-weight of 6st. 11lb., and, assisted by pacemakers, covered four miles in 7 min. 11 sec. The mare is described as being a small one 14 hds 3½ in., with a slight frame, but good muscular development.

The death is announced of Lord Camoys, in July. His Lordship, who was president of the Henley Regatta Committee, was only forty-one years of age, and was formerly Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen. Lord Camoys, who resided at Stonor, Henley-on-Thames, was a keen sportsman, and took great interest in yachting.

TURF.

NEWCASTLE AND GOSFORTH PARK.—SUMMER MEETING.

June 22nd.—The North Derby of 1,500 sovs. for three-year-olds; one mile and a half.

Mr. F. D. Ronaldson's b. f. Nunsuch, by Nunthorpe—La Morlaye, 8st. 9lb.	Finlay	1
Mr. Vyner's b. or br. c. Yorkmint, 9st. 11lb.	Black	2
Mr. H. Straker's ch. c. Pungent, 9st. 4lb.	Bradford	3
5 to 1 agst. Nunsuch.		

June 23rd.—The Northumberland Plate (Handicap) of 1,025 sovs., with a Gold Cup, value 100 sovs., added in commemoration of the Sixtieth Anniversary of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Reign; a handicap for three-year-olds and upwards.

Mr. A. F. Calvert's b. or br. c. Bradwardine, by Barcaldine—Monte Rosa, 4 yrs., 8st. 5lb.	C. Wood	1
Mr. P. Buchanan's ch. h. The Docker, 6 yrs., 9st.	R. Colling	2

Mr. W. Stevenson's ch. or b. c. Burnock Water, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb.	Lane	3
3 to 1 agst. Bradwardine.		

The Monkchester Stakes of 266 sovs., for two-year-olds; six furlongs, straight.

Mr. T. W. P. Ravis's ch. c. The Baker, by Bread Knife—Crusado 9st. 2lb.	R. Colling	1
Mr. P. Buchanan's br. c. Rohotaranga, 8st. 7lb.	Lane	2
Mr. J. Hope's b. c. Lord Hope, 8st. 7lb.	F. Finlay	3
100 to 12 on The Baker.		

June 24th.—The Seaton Delaval Plate of 1,080 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. C. Perkins's ch. Colt by Bend Or—Jenny Howlet, 9st. 3lb.	Fagan	1
Mr. Prentice's ch. Filly by Swillington—Samaria, 8st. 7lb.	O. Madden	2
Mr. P. Lorillard's ch. c. Lapwing II., 8st. 10lb.	F. Finlay	3
6 to 4 on Jenny Howlet colt.		

SANDOWN PARK.—FIRST SUMMER MEETING.

June 24th.—The Wellington Handicap of 272 sovs. ; five furlongs.

Captain F. Forester's br. g. Bourton Hill, by Veracity—Limosa, 3 yrs., 6st. 9lb. 1
Mr. D. Seymour's b. or br. c. Suppliant, 4 yrs., 8st. 13lb. 2

Lord Dunraven's ch. c. Kirschwasser, 3 yrs., 7st. 3lb. (car. 7st. 5lb.)..... S. Loates 3
7 to 1 agst. Bourton Hill.

June 25th.—The Twentieth Renewal of the British Dominion two-year-old race of 914 sovs. ; for two-year-olds bred and trained in the British Dominions ; five furlongs.

Mr. M. Dawson's b. c. Longtown, by Necromancer — Pride of Netherby, 9st. 5lb. C. Wood 1
Mr. L. Brassey's ch. c. Paladore, 8st. 7lb. Bradford 2
Mr. T. Cannon's ch. f. Our Queen, 8st. 7lb. M. Cannon 3
8 to 1 agst. Longtown.

The Sandringham Gold Cup, value 500 sovs., added to a sweepstakes of 200 sovs. each subscriber, h. ft., for three-year-olds ; Sandringham Cup Course (about one mile and 125 yards).

Mr. J. Gubbins's Galtee More, by Kendal—Morganette, 9st. 7lb. C. Wood 1
Mr. C. D. Rose's b. f. Cortegar, 8st. 4lb. S. Loates 2
9 to 1 on Galtee More.

The Second Year of the Fourth Clarence and Avondale Stakes (Handicap) of 2,650 sovs., for three and four-year-olds ; Clarence and Avondale Course (about one mile and one furlong).

Mr. H. T. Barclay's b. c. Ben Armine, by Bendigo—Elsa, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb. H. Jones 1
Lord Hindlip's b. c. Brechin, 4 yrs., 8st. Bradford 2
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. or br. f. Merle, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb. Robinson 3
100 to 9 agst Ben Armine.

KEMPTON PARK.—FIRST SUMMER MEETING.

June 26th.—The Coronation Cup (a Handicap) of 927 sovs. ; " Jubilee " Course (one mile).

Mr. T. Worton's ch. h. Victor Wild, by Albert Victor—Wild Huntress, aged, 9st. 13lb. M. Cannon 1
Mr. J. Ryan's b. h. Chasseur, 5 yrs., 7st. 2lb. Allsopp 2

Mr. P. Lorillard's br. g. Sandia, 3 yrs., 6st. 13lb. N. Robinson 3
85 to 40 agst Victor Wild.

The Kempton Park Two-Year-Old Plate of 535 sovs. : five furlongs.

The Prince of Wales's b. f. Little Dorrit, by Donovan—Pierrette, 8st. 11lb. M. Cannon 1
Mr. R. G. Heaton's b. c. The Kirk, 8st. 7lb. O. Madden 2
Mr. T. G. Cartwright's ch. c. Bob Elton, F. Leader 3
7 to 4 agst Little Dorrit.

The Sunbury Welter Handicap Plate of 262 sovs. ; one mile and a half on the Round Course.

Captain Bewicke's ch. h. Golden Slipper, by Bend Or—Lady Tramp, aged, 8st. 12lb. O. Madden 1

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. c. Hendersonsyde, 4 yrs., 9st. 2lb. Rumbold 2

Mr. R. Lebaudy's ch. c. Gribou, 4 yrs., 8st. 7lb. S. Loates 3
10 to 1 agst Golden Slipper.

CARLISLE.—SUMMER MEETING.

June 29th.—The Cumberland Plate Handicap of 422 sovs. ; about one mile five furlongs.

Mr. Chatham's ch. h. Cornbury, by Rosebery—Ceres, 6 yrs., 7st. 7lb. F. Finlay 1
Mr. G. H. Plummer's b. f. Carnatum, 3 yrs., 7st. Harrison 2
Lord Kesteven's ch. g. Doublet, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb. Freemantle 3
6 to 4 agst Cornbury.

June 30th.—The Devonshire Handicap Stakes of 220 sovs. ; about a mile and 300 yards.

Mr. E. J. Percy's b. c. Harvest Money, by Doubloon — Corn Rose, 4 yrs., 7st. 6lb. Bell 1
Mr. G. MacLachlan's ch. f. Full of Fashion, 5 yrs., 7st. S Chandley 2
Mr. W. Chatterton's b. m. Grasp, aged, 9st. 11lb. T. Weldon 3
6 to 4 agst Harvest Money.

NEWMARKET.—FIRST JULY MEETING.

June 29th.—The July Stakes of 1,350 sovs. for two-year-olds ; New T.Y.C. (5 furlongs 142 yards).

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's br. f. Mousme, by St. Simon — Fanchette, 8st. 11lb. M. Cannon 1
Mr. L. Brassey's ch. c. Poldo, 9st. Bradford +
Lord Ellesmere's b. c. Pheon, by Hampton—Photinia, 9st. C. Loates +
11 to 4 on Mousme.

The Hare Park Handicap of 262 sovs.; second receives 30 sovs.; B.M.
Mr. W. Blake's b. c. Eileen Aigas,
by St. Serf—Eileen, 4 yrs., 8st.

Calder 1
Mr. C. S. Newton's b. h. Dum-
barton, 6 yrs., 9st. S. Loates 2
Duke of Portland's b. f. Lady
Fivoles, 3 yrs., 7st. 11lb.

N. Robinson 3
3 to 1 agst Eileen Aigas.

June 30th.—The Exeter Stakes of 671 sovs. for two-year-olds; Exeter Stakes Course (six furlongs).

Mr. L. Brassey's ch. c. Orzil, by
Ayrshire—Merry Miser, 9st. 6lb.
Bradford 1

Lord Ellesmere's b. c. Pheon, 8st.
12lb. C. Wood 2

Lord Penrhyn's ch. c. Palinurus,
8st. 12lb. (car. 8st. 13lb.)

K. Colling 3
100 to 8 on Orzil.

The Plantation Stakes of 215 sovs. for two-year-olds; last five furlongs of B.M.

Lord Warwick's ch. c. Lucknow,
by St. Angelo—Luck, 8st. 7lb.
M. Cannon 1

Mr. T. Sherwood's b. f. Stream of
Gold, 8st. 7lb. (car. 8st. 9lb.)
Wingfield 2

Capt. Greer's ch. c. Wildfowler,
8st. 7lb. C. Wood 3
5 to 2 on Lucknow.

The High-Weight Handicap of 260 sovs.; Ellesmere Stakes Course, about one mile and three furlongs.

Mr. Reid Walker's ch. c. Dancing
Jew, by Saraband—Julia, 3 yrs.,
6st. 13lb. R. Morgan 1

Mr. Jersey's b. c. Sheriff's Officer,
3 yrs., 6st. 9lb. H. Jones 2

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. h.
Weymouth, aged, 7st. 2lb. (car.
7st. 3lb.) Allsopp 3
9 to 2 agst Dancing Jew.

July 1st.—The Princess of Wales' Stakes of 10,000 sovs.; B.M. (one mile).

Lord Rosebery's b. c. Velasquez,
by Donovan—Vista, 3 yrs., 8st.
13lb. J. Watts 1

Mr. H. McCalmont's br. c. Knight
of the Thistle, 4 yrs., 9st. 5lb.
T. J. Calder 2

Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. f. Goletta,
3 yrs., 8st. 13lb. K. Cannon 3
85 to 40 agst Velasquez.

The July Cup of 295 sovs.; Exeter Course (six furlongs).

Captain Greer's br. h. Kilcock, by
Kilwarlin—Bonnie Morn, 5 yrs.,
10st. 2lb. J. Watts w.o

The Newcastle Stakes (Handicap) of 221 sovs.; New T.V.C.

Mr. McCalmont's ch. f. Amphora,
by Amphion—Sierra, 4 yrs., 8st.
6lb. M. Cannon 1

Lord Ellesmere's br. f. Esther
Waters, 3 yrs., 6st. Segrott 2

Sir S. Scott's bl. f. Ardvourlie, 4
yrs., 7st. K. Cannon 3

7 to 2 agst Amphora.

July 2nd.—The Ellesmere Stakes of 225 sovs.; Ellesmere Course, about a mile and three furlongs.

Captain Greer's br. h. Kilcock, by
Kilwarlin—Bonnie Morn, 5 yrs.,
8st. 9lb. C. Wood 1

Lord Hindlip's b. c. Brechin, 4
yrs., 7st. 6lb. K. Cannon 2

Mr. R. Lebaudy's ch. c. Gribou, 4
yrs., 7st. 6lb. S. Loates 3

5 to 1 on Kilcock.

The Fulbourne Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 400 added, for two-year-olds; New T.V.C.

Mr. L. de Rothschild's ch. c. Dony,
by Donovan—Eira, 8st. 9lb.

M. Cannon 1
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's br. f. St.
Ia, 8st. 9lb. Rumbold 2

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c.
Devon, 8st. 9lb. Calder 3

5 to 2 agst Dony.

The Waterbeach Welter Handicap
Plate of 265 sovs.; B.M.

Mr. J. R. Keene's b. c. St. Cloud
II., by Candlemas—Belle of
Maywood, 3 yrs., 8st. 9lb.

Bradford 1
Mr. C. Morbey's b. c. His Rever-
ence, 4 yrs., 9st. M. Cannon 2

Mr. D. J. Jardine's b. Colt by
Wisdom—Erminie, 3 yrs., 7st.
7lb. O. Madden 3

100 to 6 agst Cloud II.

HURST PARK CLUB.—SUMMER MEETING.

July 3rd.—Duchess of York Stakes, a Handicap of 1,500 sovs. for three-year-olds and upwards; one mile.

Lord W. Beresford's b. c. Diakka,
by the Sailor Prince—Rizpah, 4
yrs., 8st. 4lb. C. Wood 1

Mr. J. Ryan's b. h. Chasseur, 5
yrs., 8st. 11lb. Allsopp 2

Lord Ellesmere's b. f. Miss Fraser,
4 yrs., 7st. 7lb. O. Madden 3

5 to 2 agst Diakka.

The Middlesex Two-Year-Old Plate of 500 sovs.; five furlongs, straight.

Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Canopus, by
Sheen—Charmian, 8st. 7lb.

M. Cannon 1
Mr. H. V. Long's b. c. Loyal

Favourite, 8st. 7lb.	Alisopp	2
Mr. J. Lowther's b. c. Royal Warden, 8st. 7lb.	Calder	3
15 to 8 agst Canopus.		

NOTTINGHAM.—JULY MEETING.

July 5th.—The Colwick Park Stakes (a High-weight Handicap) of 250 sovs.; the straight mile.		
Mr. T. Jennings's Jun.'s ch. f. Literature, by Laureate II.—Thora, 4 yrs., 8st. 8lb.	Bradford	1
Lord Shrewsbury's b. c. Gazetteer, 6 yrs., 9st. 5lb.	C. Wood	2
Mr. J. Hope's b. h. Lammermuir, 4 yrs., 9st. 4lb.	Finlay	3
5 to 2 agst Literature.		

BIBURY CLUB MEETING.

July 6th.—The Hampshire Stakes of 493 sovs.; for three year olds, second receives 50 sovs.; New Mile.		
Mr. J. G. Joicey's ch. c. Silver Fox, by Satiety—Silver Sea, 9st. 11lb.	S. Loates	1
Duke of Portland's br. c. St. Issey, 8st. 5lb.	Calder	2
Sir S. Scott's b. c. History, 9st. 11lb.	M. Cannon	3
7 to 4 agst. Silver Fox.		
The Bibury Stakes (Handicap) of 251 sovs.; one mile and a half.		
Duke of Westminster's ch. h. Low Moor, by Swillington—Hematite, aged, 11st. 12lb.	Mr. Hugh Owen	1
Captain Eustace Loder's b. c. Lahore, 4 yrs., 11st. 5lb.	Mr. A. Coventry	2
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's b. c. Oakdene, 3 yrs. 11st. 4lb.	Mr. Lushington	3
100 to 8 agst. Low Moor.		
The Champagne Stakes of 355 sovs. for two-year-olds; from the Bush in (five furlongs).		
Mr. T. Cannon's ch. f. Hands Off, by Hidden Treasure or Martley—The Martyr, 8st. 8lb.	M. Cannon	1
Mr. R. H. Combe's b. f. Bianca, 8st. 9lb.	Rickaby	2
The Prince of Wales' b. f. Little Dorrit, 9st. 2lb.	J. Watts	3
100 to 8 agst. Hands Off.		
The Bibury Club Junior Home-Bred Stakes of £245 10s.; for two-year-olds, Bush in (five furlongs).		
Captain Freville Cookson's b. c. Gay Lumley, by Saraband—Lady Lumley, 9st.	M. Cannon	1
Captain E. W. Baird's ch. f. Armeria, 8st. 11lb.	Rickaby	2
Duke of Devonshire's ch. c. Boggles Brae, 9st. (car. 9st. 11lb.) J. Watts		3
2 to 1 agst. Gay Lumley.		

STOCKBRIDGE MEETING.

July 7th.—The Stockbridge Cup of 290 sovs.; T.Y.C.		
Captain Greer's br. h. Kilcock, by Kilwarlin—Bonnie Morn, 5 yrs., 10st. 7lb.	J. Watts	1
Mrs. A. Yates' b. f. Countess Schomburg, 2 yrs., 6st. 4lb.	T. Dunn	2
50 to 1 on Kilcock.		
The Beaufort Handicap Plate of 281 sovs.; second receives 10 sovs.; one mile and a half.		
Lord Cowley's br. c. Bravo, by Toscano—Hurrah, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb.	S. Loates	1
Mr. T. Cannon's b. m. Melancholia, 5 yrs., 8st. 4lb.	M. Cannon	2
Mr. W. G. Stevens's ch. c. Gluten, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb.	Toon	3
3 to 1 agst. Bravo.		
The Stockbridge Foal Stakes of 410 sovs, two-year-olds: Bush in (five furlongs).		
M. R. Lebaudy's b. g. Chon Kina, by Saraband—St. Cicely, 9st. 4lb.	S. Loates	1
Mr. T. Cannon's br. f. Fair Atlantia, 8st. 11lb.	M. Cannon	2
Mr. R. H. Combe's b. f. Spezia, 8st. 8lb.	Rickaby	3
3 to 1 on Chon Kina.		
July 8th.—The Troy Stakes of 250 sovs. for two-year-olds; Bush in (five furlongs).		
M. R. Lebaudy's ch. f. Demi Vierge, by Xaintrailles—Diamond Agnes, 8st. 11lb.	S. Loates	1
Sir J. Miller's ch. Colt by Sainfoin—Countess Macaroni, 9st.	M. Cannon	2
Mr. J. W. Larnach's br. f. La Veine, 8st. 8lb.	O. Madden	3
11 to 10 agst. Demi Vierge.		
The Hurstbourne Stakes of 947 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs.		
Sir W. Throckmorton's b. f. Blare, by Herald—Chantress, 8st. 11lb.	Calder	1
Mr. Cresswell's b. or. f. Petty France, 8st. 11lb.	O. Madden	2
Mr. J. Gubbins' br. f. Sugar Loaf, 8st. 11lb.	C. Wood	3
4 to 1 agst. Blare.		
The Alington Plate (Handicap) of 450 sovs.; New Mile.		
Mr. R. H. Combe's b. c. Dynamo, by Peter—Electric Light, 4 yrs., 8st. 5lb.	Rickaby	1
Mr. T. Simpson Jay's ch. c. Rampion, 4 yrs., 8st. 5lb.	M. Cannon	2
Mr. W. M. Clarke's ch. c. Prince Barcaldine, 4 yrs., 8st. 10lb.	C. Wood	3
11 to 4 agst. Dynamo.		

PONTEFRACI.—SUMMER MEETING.

July 8th.—The West Riding Champagne Trial Stakes of 410 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; five furlongs.

Mr. W. Stevens's b. c. Kilmaurs, by Kilmarnock—Princess Ludwig II., 8st. 12lb. R. Colling	1
Mr. James Joicey's b. or br. Filly By Retreat—Ramelton, 8st. 6lb. F. Leader	2
Mr. L'Anson's b. f. Campana, 8st. 8lb. Fagan	3
9 to 4 agst. Kilmaurs.	

LINGFIELD PARK.—SUMMER MEETING.

July 9th.—The Second Year of the Great Foal Plate of 1,000 sovs. for two-year-olds ; five furlongs.

Mr. Arthur James's ch. Filly by Saraband—Lady Heron, 8st. 5lb. O. Madden	1
Captain E. W. Baird's b. c. Orviepano, 8st. 8lb. Rickaby	2
Captain Greer's ch. c. Bittern, 9st. 5lb. C. Wood	3
10 to 1 agst. Lady Heron Filly.	

July 10th.—The Lingfield Summer Handicap of 875 sovs. ; one mile straight.

Mr. P. Lorillard's br. g. Sandia, by The Sailor Prince—Saluda, 3 yrs., 7st. 13lb. C. Wood	1
Mr. W. H. Palmer's br. c. Thurling, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb. M. Robinson	2
Lord Ellesmere's b. f. Miss Fraser, 4 yrs., 7st. 8lb. Allsopp	3
6 to 4 on Sandia.	

NEWMARKET.—SECOND JULY MEETING.

July 13th.—The Beaufort Stakes (Welter Handicap) of 360 sovs. ; Beaufort Course, from Starting Post of B.M. to finish of New T.Y.C. (about seven furlongs).

Mr. E. C. Clayton's b. h. Simonburn, by St. Simon—St. Helen, 6 yrs., 7st. 7lb. F. Finlay	1
Mr. C. Morbey's b. c. His Reverence, 4 yrs., 9st. 2lb. M. Cannon	2
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. c. Mintfield, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb. Fearis	3
5 to 1 agst. Simonburn.	

The Solytkoff Stakes of 290 sovs. for two-year-olds ; New T.Y.C. (five furlongs 142 yards).

Sir M. Fitzgerald's ch. c. Heir Male, by Ayrshire—Rose Maylie, 9st. 1lb. Ward	1
Sir J. Blundell Maple's ch. f. Royal Footstep, 9st. Calder	2
Mr. E. Cassel's b. f. Glenlara, 8st. 5lb. Bradford	3
7 to 2 agst. Heir Male.	

The Dullingham Plate of 430 sovs. ; Ellesmere Stakes Course (about one and three furlongs).

Mr. C. D. Rose's b. f. Cortegar, by Galliard—Agnes Court, 3 yrs., 8st. 10lb. S. Loates	1
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. f. Asterie, 3 yrs., 7st. 12lb. Rumbold	2
Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Balsamo, 4 yrs., 10st. 4lb. J. Watts	3
5 to 1 agst. Cortegar.	

July 14th.—The Twenty-Second Two-Year-Old Sale Stakes of 310 sovs. for two-year-olds ; New T.Y.C. (five furlongs, 142 yards).

Lord Durham's br. c. Dubuque, by Doubloon—Ivy Mantle, 8st. 8lb. Rickaby	1
Mr. T. Jennings, jun.'s b. c. Frond, 8st. 3lb. (£500) Bradford	2
Mr. J. Barrow's bl. c. Kleon, 9st. J. Watts	3
5 to 1 on Dubuque.	

The July Handicap of 525 sovs. ; Exeter Course (six furlongs).

Mr. E. C. Clayton's b. h. Simonburn, by St. Simon—St. Helen, 6 yrs., 7st. (7lb.ex.) N. Robinson	1
Mr. H. McCalmont's ch. f. Amphora, 4 yrs., 8st. 11lb. M. Cannon	2

Duke of Portland's b. f. Lady Frivoles, 3 yrs., 6st. 4lb. (car. 6st. 5lb.) H. Jones	3
6 to 1 agst. Simonburn.	

The Zetland Plate of 500 sovs., for three-year-olds ; B.M. (one mile).

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's ch. c. Monterey, by Goldfinch—Mutina, 9st. 1lb. Allsopp	1
Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. f. Goletta, 9st. 3lb. T. Loates	2
Mr. L. Brassey's ch. f. Doremi, 8st. 2lb. Bradford	3
7 to 1 agst. Monterey.	

July 15th.—The Chesterfield Stakes of 880 sovs. ; for two-year-olds ; last five furlongs of B.M.

Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. f. Ayah, by Ayrshire—Biserta, 8st. 7lb. T. Loates	1
Mr. P. Lorillard's b. c. Elfin, 9st. 3lb. C. Wood	2
Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Florismart, 8st. 10lb. Rickaby	3
10 to 1 agst. Ayah.	

The Midsummer Plate of 925 sovs., for three-year-olds ; R.M. (1 mile).

Mr. Fairie's b. c. Eager, by Enthusiast—Greeba, 8st. 12lb. M. Cannon	1
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. c. Jaquemart, 8st. 12lb. T. Loates	2
Mr. E. Cassel's br. f. Duamia, 8st. 9lb. Bradford	3
9 to 4 on Eager.	

CRICKET.

- June 23rd.—At Birmingham, Warwickshire v. Leicestershire, former won by an innings and 29 runs.
- June 23rd.—At Tonbridge, Kent v. Sussex, latter won by 6 wickets.
- June 23rd.—At Leeds, Yorkshire v. Surrey, former won by 100 runs.
- June 23rd.—At Lord's, Middlesex v. Philadelphians, former won by 7 wickets.
- June 23rd.—At Taunton, Somerset v. Lancashire, latter won by 4 wickets.
- June 26th.—At Hove, Sussex v. Cambridge University, former won by 9 wickets.
- June 26th.—At Birmingham, Warwickshire v. Surrey, latter won by an innings and 194 runs.
- June 26th.—At Tonbridge, Kent v. Middlesex, former won by 4 wickets.
- June 29th.—At Kennington Oval, Surrey v. Middlesex, former won by 9 runs.
- June 29th.—At Taunton, Somerset v. Gloucestershire, latter won by 10 wickets.
- June 30th.—At Leytor, Essex v. Derbyshire, former won by 7 wickets.
- July 3rd.—At Manchester, Lancashire v. Essex, former won by 66 runs.
- July 7th.—At Lord's, Oxford v. Cambridge, latter won by 179 runs.
- July 7th.—At Southampton, Hampshire v. Yorkshire, latter won by 10 wickets.
- July 10th.—At Lord's, Eton v. Harrow, drawn.
- July 10th.—At Kennington Oval, Gentlemen v. Players, latter won by 8 wickets.
- July 10th.—At Hastings, Sussex v. Notts., latter won by 69 runs.
- July 14th.—At Leicester, Leicestershire v. Warwickshire, latter won by an innings and 57 runs.
- July 14th.—At Sheffield, Yorks v. Sussex, former won by an innings and 307 runs.
- July 14th.—At Lord's, Gentlemen v. Players, latter won by 78 runs.
- July 17th.—At Blackheath, Kent v. Somerset, former won by 213 runs.
- July 17th.—At Lord's, Middlesex v. Surrey, latter won by 8 wickets.
- July 17th.—At Leyton, Essex v. Warwickshire, former won by an innings and 49 runs.

ROWING.

- July 16th.—New College (Oxford) beat Leander in the final heat and won the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley.
- July 16th.—Trinity College (Oxford) beat Jesus College (Cambridge) in the final heat and won the Visitors' Challenge Cup at Henley.
- July 16th.—Kingston R.C. beat Christ Church B.C. (Oxford) in the final heat, and won the Thames Challenge Cup at Henley.
- July 16th.—Eton College beat Emmanuel College (Cambridge) in the final heat, and won the London Challenge Plate at Henley.
- July 16th.—Leander beat New College (Oxford) in the final heat, and won the Stewards' Challenge Cup at Henley.
- July 16th.—Kingston R.C. beat Jesus College (Cambridge) in the final heat, and won the Wylfold Challenge Cup at Henley.
- July 16th.—Leander beat Trinity Hall (Cambridge) in the final heat, and won the Silver Goblets and Nickalls Challenge Cup at Henley.
- July 16th.—E. H. Van Eyck (U.S.A.) beat H. T. Blackstuffe (Vesta R.C.) in the final heat, and won the Diamond Challenge Sculls at Henley.

SHOOTING.

- June 26th.—At the Gun Club, Mr. A. W. Blyth won the Jubilee Cup.
- June 29th.—At Hurlingham, Mr. T. Taylor won the Hurlingham Cup, value £100.
- June 30th.—At Hurlingham Messrs. Kendrick and St. James divided first and second for the Hurlingham Cup of £200.
- July 1st.—At the Gun Club, Mr. Flodden and Capt. T. Turner divided first and second for the Paris Cup.
- July 2nd.—At Hurlingham, Mr. Orchardson won the Belgian Cup.
- July 3rd.—At the Gun Club, Mr. Turner-Turner won the Gun Club International Cup.

POLO.

- July 3rd.—Inniskilling Dragoons beat 10th Hussars in the final, and won the Regimental Cup at Hurlingham.

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OF

SPORTS and PASTIMES

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

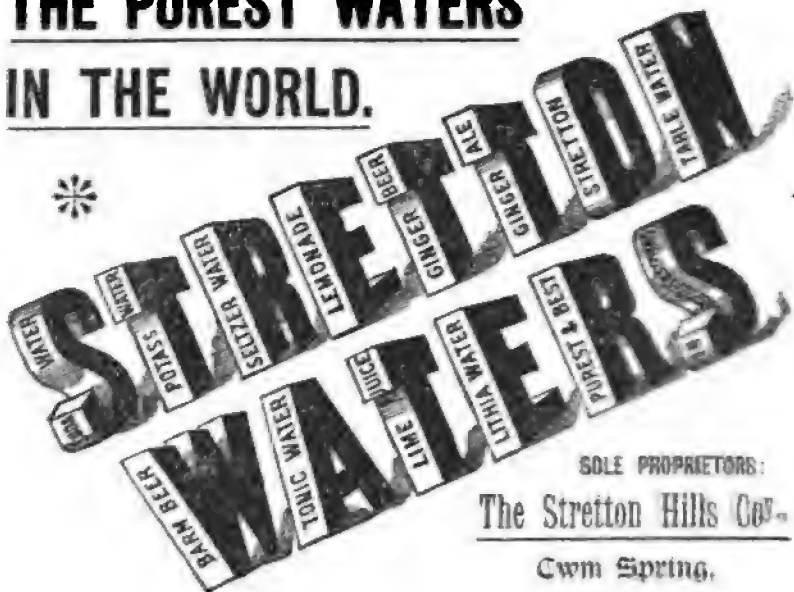
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OF

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WITH

Steel engraved Portrait of MR. CHARLES WILLIAM WRIGHT. Engraving of CAPTAIN ROSS ON CLINKER. Engraving of NAPOLEON LE GRAND.

Mr. Charles William Wright.

LIKE many another of the occasional opponents of Yorkshire in county cricket, Mr. Charles William Wright possesses the best of qualifications to play for the County of acres, having been born at Harewood, near Leeds, on May 27th, 1863.

Shortly after this, however, his family removed to Nottingham, and it was at this cricket centre that Mr. Wright, at a very early age, had the advantage of precept and practice from Alfred Shaw, Scotton, and the other great Nottingham players of the

period. Being fortunate enough to possess a father whose heart and soul have ever been in the game, and who, in addition to being one of the guiding spirits of the Notts. County Cricket Club, is also able to-day to render a good account of himself in the local matches which he organises, it is not surprising that Master Charles should at an early age have developed a decided tendency towards run-getting, and when he went to Charterhouse, in September, 1876, he was already a cricketer of some experience. It

was, therefore, natural enough that in his second summer term, when only 15 years of age, he figured in the School XI., and made a promising *débüt* by scoring 42 not out against Wellington College.

For the next four years Mr. Wright was a most invaluable member of the Charterhouse XI., both as a run-getter and wicket-keeper; and when in 1882 he turned his steps to Trinity College, and entered upon the wider field of University cricket, it seemed natural enough that he should be at once selected as the Cambridge wicket-keeper, a post which he occupied with success for four years. This was a run-getting time too for the Carthusian, who, going in first, seldom failed to make a good start for his side. The great occasion upon which members of the 'Varsity teams are anxious to excel, is undoubtedly against the rival Blues at Lord's, and against Oxford it was that Mr. Wright made it his custom to score heavily; and so successful was he against Oxford that we think it worth while to reproduce the exact figures:

In 1882 he scored 17, and 1 not out; in 1883, 102, and 29 not out; in 1884, 16 and 34; and in 1885, 78 and 15, making an aggregate of 293 runs, with an average of 48·6.

His 102, and 29 not out in 1883 gained the Nottingham amateur a place in the Gentlemen's XI., both at Lord's and the Oval; but his earlier appearances for his county were not attended with any marked success, and a by no means pleasant experience of the season of 1883 was when for Notts. against Yorkshire he was "run out O" in both innings.

The year 1886 was a bad one for Mr. Wright, as, very early in the season, he sustained an ex-

tremely bad fall steeplechasing, and it was only the best nursing in the world that saved his life. An unfortunate consequence of the accident was that Mr. Wright was for the next four years unable to play cricket to the extent he desired, and it was not until 1890 that he was again to be seen playing regularly in first-class matches. Since then he has not been content with playing all the cricket he could get in England, but to make up for lost time he has taken part in four of Lord Hawke's foreign tours. In 1891 he kept wicket for the team which visited the United States, and the following winter he spent in India, where he averaged 16 for 23 innings.

In 1894 Mr. Wright paid a second visit to America, and here is his own report of his doings: "I made 24 runs during the whole trip, so reckoning the distance to America and back as 12,000 miles, I got an average of 2 runs per thousand miles. I then went on to Jamaica, and played one match, making 14 runs, so I had to travel another 6,000 miles to get a double figure." This remark is characteristic of the nature of the man who uttered it, and it is a very happy trait of Mr. Wright's nature that he is always able to see and to appreciate the humorous side of things, even when the laugh is occasionally against himself. In no way deterred by this disastrous experience, Mr. Wright tempted Fortune again abroad, and spent the winter of '95-'96 with Lord Hawke's team in South Africa, where he played 24 innings for an average of 19 runs an innings; and gained a most interesting experience of South African manners and methods. Mr. Wright is a batsman endowed with strong back-play; unlimited patience, and no lack of hitting

ability, as his 38 runs scored off three overs in a first-class match at Lord's, in 1894, bears witness.

And yet he does not get the long scores which one cannot help thinking he deserves. Certainly he manages to get out in the most silly ways; his run out O in both innings of a match was bad enough, but the fate of being run out has ever seemed to haunt him, and two years ago playing against Gloucestershire he had to go out for handling the ball. As a wicket-keeper he makes the most of his

natural advantages, and never seems to mind how much he is knocked about.

Except for the annual training of the South Notts. Yeomanry, Mr. Wright spends his summer on various cricket grounds, and on the various railways which connect them; and his winter, when he spends it in England, is fully taken up with shooting, and hunting with the Quorn, and we doubt if anybody gets more fun out of sport, or has made more friends through it, than Charles William Wright.

Some Famous War-Horses.

BY THE HON. F. LAWLEY.

GENERAL JAMES GRANT WILSON, a distinguished American officer who served during a considerable portion of the Civil War between North and South upon the staff of General Grant, has acted upon a hint, communicated some months since in the pages of BAILY'S MAGAZINE, that unless some one who took part in the stupendous conflict which raged in the United, or rather in the Untied, States between 1861 and 1865 should quickly gather up the fragments that remain, there would be absolutely no memory left a dozen years hence of the chargers ridden by the great Generals who were in command on either side. In two or three interesting magazine articles General Grant Wilson has collected all the available materials revealing the names and histories of the favourite chargers which bore Generals Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan on many a battle-field. The first of these articles commences with the fol-

lowing words:—"Chief among the most celebrated war-horses of the nineteenth century may be mentioned Marengo, Copenhagen, Traveller, Cincinnati, Lexington, and Winchester, the favourite chargers of Napoleon, Wellington, Lee, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan."

It may perhaps be suggested by some fault-finding reader that the nineteenth century is not so devoid of great military commanders on the other three continents of the globe, that to the exclusion of Europe, Asia, and Africa it should be left to the United States to furnish in connection with one war, which only lasted for four years, the names of Lee, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan as fit to rank with those of Napoleon and Wellington. Military critics of experience would, I think, contend that Sir John Moore and Sir Charles James Napier among Englishmen; that Marshal Ney and Marshal Bu-

geaud among Frenchmen; that the Archduke Charles, Marshal Blucher, and General Gneisenau among Germans; and that Marshals Suwarrow and Barclay de Tolly among Russians, were at least the equals of the four American soldiers named above. Nevertheless, it will perhaps be more advisable to bow to the exigencies of the situation by accepting with gratitude what we should otherwise never have known—to wit, all that General Grant Wilson has been good enough to impart to us in the way of information respecting the war chargers of those three great Northern Generals, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, with whom their brother officer on Grant's staff was so well acquainted. One of his adventures, which took place immediately after the surrender of General Pemberton's army (more than 30,000 strong) at Vicksburg, shows that even the silent and reserved Ulysses S. Grant could occasionally unbend under the happy and inspiring stimulus of what Lord Byron calls "the earthquake voice of victory."

No one who has had the misfortune to pass June, July, or August in the State of Mississippi will need to be reminded that, in the common parlance of the Southern States, "the temperature is as hot as the hinges of Hades." For "Hades" every intelligent reader will have no difficulty in substituting a shorter word, also beginning with "H," which is better adapted to the rough lips of lumbermen and boatmen plying their trades upon the broad bosom of the "Father of Waters." It will readily be believed that after the hardy-won victory gained by the Federals under General Grant at Vicksburg on the 4th of July, 1863,

the national holiday of the American Republic was celebrated by Grant's triumphant troops and brother-officers with a gusto and heartiness to which the annals of war can supply no parallel. At the officers' messes, champagne flowed like water, and General Grant's staff were by no means indisposed to join in the reckless revelry appropriate to the occasion. If not "o'er all the ills of life victorious," the merry-makers at any rate were sufficiently elated to join in any ebullition or manifestation of "high jinks" that a lively fancy could suggest. It was little likely that any of them would ever again be present at the capitulation of a fortified town held by so big and so brave a garrison, and defended by such formidable artillery. At that exulting moment a proposition was made by some excited reveller that a horse-race over four miles of road should be brought off without a moment's delay between any two officers who cared to embark upon it. It was well known that General Grant was very fond of a beautiful bay mare which he rode during the siege of Vicksburg, and which he regarded as "unmatched for courage, wind, and speed." Little difficulty, therefore, was experienced in inducing the General to match his bonny bay, owners up, against a charger ridden by one of his staff, and the unanimous voice of the little mess coterie gathered around him at once called upon General Grant Wilson to take up the challenge with a thoroughbred Kentucky horse, which he had brought with him from the blue-grass region of that hippophile State.

The scene of action selected was four miles, over a tolerably level road, which ran southwards in the direction of Baton Rouge. As the long, hot day

wore to a close, and the sun began slowly to sink below the Western horizon, the two horsemen, mounted respectively upon a bay and a chestnut, took their seats in the saddle, with nothing on except their shirts and a pair of light pantaloons and riding boots. General Grant, as became his rank, jumped off with the lead, and made running upon his fiery mare at a pace hardly surpassed by Mr. Edward Petre's famous bay filly, Matilda, when she left Mr. Gully's Mameluke one hundred yards behind her at the starting-post in the Doncaster St. Leger of seventy years ago. In the present instance General Wilson judiciously allowed his superior officer to gallop the mare that he bestrode to a standstill, and checked his Kentuckian steed until victory was within his grasp. Neither whip nor spur (and General Grant plied both lustily) could enable him to retain the lead when two miles had been covered, and then General Wilson gave him the go-by without an effort, cantering about twenty lengths ahead of his beaten adversary, and so resolving to remain until the winning-post was passed. The pace had been too severe for the noisy cavalcade that followed for the first mile or so, and the two competitors were alone among the Mississippi woods, when an ominous sound struck General Grant Wilson's attentive ear, and filled him with apprehension, as, turning his eyes backwards, he saw that General Grant's mare had fallen, throwing her rider violently upon his head and shoulders.

To stop his own horse and to gallop back to the aid of his prostrate chief was, with General Wilson, the work, as novelists say, of a moment. Hastily dismounting he lifted General Grant

up (he had fallen on his face), and turning him over on his back tore open his collar and shirt. The most valuable life in the Northern Army hung for many minutes, each of which seemed an age, in the balance, until at last a courier rode up, whom General Wilson despatched with the utmost speed to a cottage just within sight. Returning in a few moments with a bucketful of fresh water, which was freely poured on the General's face and head, the faithful friend had the happiness of seeing the closed eyes slowly open, as in hardly articulate tones a faint voice exclaimed, "Where am I?" Fortunately, General Grant's splendid constitution came speedily to his rescue, and a result which might have filled half a continent with profound grief was averted.

In one or two articles which appeared between these green covers five or six years ago it was shown that although Napoleon, who was a bad horseman, often tired out four or five horses in a day, nothing is known about the names of his chargers, except that five of them were called Marengo, Ali, Jaffa, Austerlitz, and Marie. As regards Wellington an extraordinary blank prevails. It is universally admitted that a great number of horses passed through his hands in the Peninsular War, as he was constantly on horseback; but with the exception of Copenhagen, a grandson of Eclipse, no other hippic name has come down to us. It is fortunate, therefore, for the American nation that, hero-worshippers as they are, some authentic details should now have found their way to the printing press, which is the shortest, and indeed the only road to immortality. Dr. Johnson's celebrated Prologue, repeated by David Garrick on the opening of Drury Lane

Theatre in 1747, commences thus:—

“When Learning's triumphs o'er her bar-
b'rous foes

First reared the stage, immortal Shake-
speare rose.”

By “Learning's triumphs” the sage meant the invention of printing, without which civilisation never could have achieved the wonders which are practically making the whole world kin. From this time forward all who care to follow General Grant Wilson's lead will learn without difficulty what he has to tell about the war-horses which carried Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan to victory, while throughout the Southern States the names of Traveller, Hero, and Little Sorrel, the favourite mounts of Lee, Longstreet, and Stonewall Jackson, will be fondly repeated and commemorated for many a year to come. It was my privilege to enjoy abundant opportunities of watching Traveller, Hero, and Little Sorrel upon many trying occasions, and I do not hesitate to give my vote in favour of Hero, or, as the Irish groom who looked after him for General Longstreet always called him “Haro”—as the most perfect weight-carrying charger that I ever saw. It is time, however, that I should address myself to the object I had in view when this article was undertaken.

General Ulysses S. Grant, when he graduated at West Point, enjoyed the reputation of being not only a fine, but what is more important in war, an intrepid horseman. As a cadet he was noted for having jumped the highest fence that was ever cleared by any *alumnus* of the United States Military Academy. “No one,” writes General Wilson, “with any knowledge of riding could see Grant in the saddle

without observing at a glance that it was his throne. Neither American cowboy, Bedouin Sheik, nor Mexican vaquero had a firmer seat, or more resembled a centaur.” To my eyes Grant had not the commanding appearance on horseback that attracted you so powerfully in General Lee, but at the same time he looked every inch a soldier. When the war opened, it was said at the time that Governor Yates, of Illinois, who appointed him to his first command, gave him or lent him his first horse, who was killed under him at the Battle of Belmont. His next charger was purchased in the lower counties of Illinois, which go by the name of “Egypt,” because their southernmost city is called “Cairo”—a place so unutterably miserable and God-forsaken, when there is a “freshet” in the Ohio River, that it was well selected by Charles Dickens as the site or model from which he drew his “Eden” in “Martin Chuzzlewit.” From this circumstance the horse bought in “Egypt” retained the name of “Egypt,” and was, I believe, ridden by Grant when he took Fort Henry and Fort Donnellson in the February of 1862, showing on that critical occasion that he possessed all the qualifications for high command which, within the next three years, made him the greatest and most successful military chief that the United States has thus far produced.

In addition to “Egypt,” we come in the early stages of Grant's career across two others of his chargers—St. Louis and Kangaroo—of which little more than the two names is imparted to us by our guide, philosopher and friend. It may be inferred that St. Louis came from the city of that name, in which Grant had many friends, because previous to the war he

lived not far from it, during the worst and most abject days of his grinding poverty.

We come next to the two war-horses with which Grant's name is sure to be constantly associated in history, as is that of Napoleon with Marengo and Marie, the latter called after his second wife — that most uninteresting of women Marie Louise, the mother of the King of Rome. It is worthy of record that, conscious of his plebeian origin, and of his rough *ton de garnison*, which stamped him as a *roturier*, the omnipotent conqueror was much more afraid of the commonplace daughter of the Emperor of Austria than she was of him. To say the truth, she never pretended to love him, and, after his abdication at Fontainebleau in 1814, she never saw him again. It was left to his sister and to his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, to assist him in his escape from Elba, and, although Madame Waleska, a far more charming woman than Marie Louise, had affection enough left to visit him in exile, his lawful wife never cared to follow her example. All the more strange then does it seem that he should have named the only charger, except Marengo, for which he ever cared, after his cold-hearted wife.

We are dealing in Grant with a very different character, on whose lips it was a common remark that he had no admiration or respect for Napoleon. The latter was a cruel, indeed a merciless rider, and thought no more of the suffering animals that he galloped almost to death than he did of the lives of the soldiers whose bones he left scattered over the surface of continental Europe. After his great victory at Chattanooga and Missionary Ridge at a very critical epoch in the war,

Grant repaired to Cincinnati, and was immediately approached by the bearer of a message from a dying man of the name of Grant, with whom however the General was nowise connected in blood. Invited to visit Mr. Grant at his house in Cincinnati, the General, upon being ushered into the sick man's bedroom, was accosted in the following complimentary terms: "General, I am about to ask your kind acceptance of a horse, one of the noblest and finest animals in the world, whom I wish you to take from me as a present in token of my admiration of your character and of the great service which you have rendered to this country."

In this way "Cincinnati," whom in accordance with his almost invariable practice when horses were in question, General Grant named after the place where he got him, entered the service of an owner whose fame will permanently embalm the memory of "that humbler instrument of meaner clay," ridden by one of the greatest of American soldiers throughout the campaign of 1864, when first he came into collision with Lee.

Cincinnati was all that his donor represented him to be, and all that his pedigree should have made him. A Kentucky-born son of Lexington, the most famous American sire that ever existed, Cincinnati was sixteen and a half hands high and, like his sire, endowed with tremendous speed and endurance.

Perhaps a more anxious morning never broke during the American Civil War than that which heralded the advent of day on May 7, 1864. The two belligerent armies faced each other in that wild and tangled region of Virginia called "The Wilderness," in which the fighting was

heavier and the mortality greater than during any other week that was ever witnessed during the present century. The 7th of May was, as General Horace Porter dubs it, in the January (1897) number of *The Century Magazine*, "Grant's Third Day in the Wilderness," and at the conclusion of the week it was difficult to pronounce which of the two armies had got the best of the fighting. Here is General Horace Porter's description of a scene in which Grant and his charger, Cincinnati, bore conspicuous parts.

"After leaving the breakfast table on May 7th, General Grant, who had been up since dawn, lighted a cigar and took his seat on a campstool in front of his tent. In a conversation with the staff he began to discuss the operations of the day before. In the main he expressed himself as satisfied with the results, merely remarking: 'While it is in one sense a drawn battle, as neither side has gained or lost ground, yet we remain in possession of yesterday's field, and the enemy has fallen back and taken up a new defensive position. I hope soon to compel them to fight in a more open country and outside of these breastworks.'"

The day wore away without a renewal of active hostilities, for General Grant had resolved to make a night march so as to turn Lee's left. "Soon after dark," continues General Horace Porter, "Generals Grant and Meade, accompanied by their staffs, rode along the Brock road towards Hancock's headquarters. While moving close to Hancock's line there occurred an unexpected demonstration on the part of the troops which led to one of the most memorable scenes of the campaign. Notwithstanding the

darkness of the night, the outline of General Grant's form was recognised, and word was passed rapidly along that the Chief who had led them through the mazes of the Wilderness was again moving forward with his horse's head pointed towards Richmond. Troops know little of what is going on in a large army except what occurs in their immediate vicinity; but this night-ride of the General-in-Chief told plainly the story of success. Soldiers weary and sleepy after their long battles, with stiffened limbs and often with smarting wounds, sprang swiftly to their feet and rushed forward to the roadside. Wild cheers echoed through the forest, and shouts of triumph rent the air. Men swung their hats, tossed their arms aloft, and pressed forward within touch of their chief. Pineknots and torches were set on fire, and illumined the scene with their wild flickering glare. The night march had become a triumphal procession for its new commander; an emphatic verdict pronounced by the troops on his first battles in the Eastern States. The excitement was imparted to the horses, which soon became restive; even General Grant's large bay thoroughbred, Cincinnati, over which he ordinarily possessed perfect control, became difficult to manage. Instead of being elated by the significant ovation, the General thoughtfully exclaimed, 'This is most unfortunate. The noise will reach the enemy's ears and reveal our movement.' By his direction, staff officers rode forward to keep the men quiet; but the enthusiasm could not be stilled until the General was out of sight."

Perhaps the most distinguished day of Cincinnati's life was that upon which he was bestridden by

President Lincoln, which is related in the following words :—

“The morning after the capture of Petersburg, on April 2, 1865, General Grant invited President Lincoln, who had been for some days at City Point on the James River, to come to Petersburg and confer with him. The two great men met on the piazza of a deserted house, attended only by the General's staff and a small escort of cavalry. They conversed long and earnestly as to the conduct of the campaign, Grant clearly explaining his plans and objects. When the interview closed, Present Lincoln mounted the General's superb blood bay war-horse, Cincinnati, and galloped back to City Point, while Grant and his staff set out to rejoin the army of the Potomac.”

Within a few days the surrender of General Lee and of the force under him took place at Appomattox Court House, and Cincinnati was retired from active service to enjoy for the rest of his life the dignified leisure which he had so well earned. An offer of ten thousand dollars (about two thousand guineas) could not induce his owner to part with him, although no such sum was ever offered for a war charger before or since. In Cincinnati's case the end was not long in coming, and it came in a shape which suggested (were not the thought too horrible to be entertained) that the malice of some vindictive scoundrel had something to do with the catastrophe which led to the noble beast's death. He was relegated to a Maryland farm not far from Washington, where he was found one morning in his paddock with his right foreleg broken, apparently by a blow from an axe or hammer.

The only other notable war horse, or rather war galloway,

that Grant owned, was a pretty little fifteen-hand palfrey, who was captured upon a plantation in Mississippi, which belonged to Mr. Joe Davis, the brother of the President of the Confederate States, and was consequently called “Jeff Davis.” Being very quiet and easy in his paces, Jeff Davis was often ridden by Grant in his final campaign in Virginia, and was selected as the proper mount for Grant's eldest son, then a boy of thirteen, when he joined his father during the siege of Vicksburg. After the termination of the war two of Grant's other chargers, St. Louis and Egypt, were presented by the General to his wife, who drove them for many years in her carriage; and a splendid pair of “sixteen-handers” they proved themselves to be.

Turning now to General W. T. Sherman's mounts during the American Civil War, we shall find that his favourite horse was killed under him at the battle of Shiloh, although the name of that unlucky steed lies buried with him in the grave. Later in the war Sherman's most famous chargers were Lexington and Sam. The former, who, as his name indicates, was obtained in Kentucky, is the horse upon which General Sherman was seated when the well-known photograph of both was taken at Atlanta. A few days later Lexington had the misfortune to fall with fatal results into a deep excavation made in one of the streets of Atlanta, at a spot close to the horse's stable. General Sherman then fell back upon Sam, a large half-bred animal standing 16½ hands, who proved himself to be one of the steadiest and most sagacious of horses under fire, so that his rider had no difficulty in writing orders in the saddle, or in reading

despatches and newspapers while the reins lay upon Sam's neck. Left to himself, Sam had a wonderful knack of picking out a spot where he was little likely to be touched by shot or shell. Nevertheless, he was wounded several times, despite his proverbial prudence, but as a forager he never failed to obtain provender for himself, and was as indefatigable and as judicious in hunting after food as that famous soldier of fortune, Dugald Dalgetty, who is one of Sir Walter Scott's masterpieces. After the war Sam carried his master through Washington at the famous march-past, and from his back General Sherman saluted President Lincoln at the head of that magnificent Western Army, as to which "old Abe" often remarked that "there is a heap of fight in 100,000 Western men." Sam ended by being pensioned off upon an Illinois farm, where he died of old age in 1884. The old horse was an object of great affection to General Sherman, because his eldest son, Willie, was fond of riding him whenever he came to see his father at the front. The poor boy's death, not long after he had visited Vicksburg, called forth from his father one of the most touching letters to be found in his "Memoirs of the American War," published in 1875.

It remains for me finally to deal with that celebrated black horse, Winchester, whom General Philip Sheridan rode on the memorable day when he snatched the victory from General Jubal Early's grasp at Cedar Creek, in the Valley of Virginia. Sheridan had been summoned to a conference with Grant in October, 1864, and during his absence from his command, Early succeeded in getting behind the left flank of the Federal Army, which broke

and rushed in panic-stricken flight towards the little town of Winchester. Just as the retreating troops began to straggle past him, Sheridan met them, while riding out to resume his command. His first step was to draw up a cavalry regiment across the line of retreat, and then putting spurs to his horse, he rode at full speed towards the ranks of his enemy. Flushed with their easy victory and eager to pounce upon the abundant stores in their defeated enemy's camp, the ragged Confederates had broken up into knots and companies, so that most of them had thrown down their muskets and were in no condition to resume the fight. "Then was seen," in General Grant Wilson's words, "the finest example of the potency of one man's appearance and influence on the battle-field that occurs in American military history. It may be doubted whether the presence of any other American commander could have so suddenly changed defeat into victory as Sheridan's unexpected arrival on the field of Cedar Creek. Instantly the shattered ranks faced about and re-formed. To their ineffable surprise, no enemy appeared; they had been pursued by shadows, the creations of their own imagination. At once confidence came back, and with it a noble emulation to retrieve the day. Without delay an army ready for battle was marching in serried ranks towards the enemy. On reaching the front, Sheridan found Generals Getty and Custer boldly confronting the Confederates and protecting the rear. There the rallied troops were ordered to make a stand and to entrench themselves against the coming attack, which was quickly made. Early came on with boldness and vigour, but the assault was re-

pulsed with such loss that he promptly withdrew and commenced to entrench."

No suspicion was entertained by the Confederates that the army which they had easily routed in the morning would assume the initiative before the day closed. At that stage of the war Sheridan had begun to get his troops into the best possible condition both as regarded horses and men. His numbers also were nearly double those of his adversary, and were much better found in every respect. Sending round two bodies of cavalry to get behind each flank of Early's army, Sheridan attacked at once in front and rear, re-taking all the guns that had been lost in the morning and capturing twenty-four pieces of field artillery into the bargain. So popular was the victory in the North that thenceforward Sheridan became the darling hero of the great cities on the Atlantic sea coast. Many a poet and many a romance writer selected "Sheridan and Winchester" for their favourite subjects. Sculptors and painters delineated both man and horse in marble and on canvas, and when towards the close of his career General Grant was overtaken by pecuniary misfortune, he voluntarily made over to his creditors all his real and personal property, with the single exception of Buchanan Read's spirited painting of "Sheridan's Ride," a gift presented to him by the best cavalry commander that the Federal Armies ever sent to the battle-field.

In 1876, the death of the famous steed Winchester elicited from his grateful owner a few additional remarks about him.

"He was," wrote the General, "of Black Hawk stock, and was foaled near Grand Rapids in the State of Michigan. He was

brought into the army by one of the officers of the Second Michigan Cavalry, of which regiment I was Colonel in 1862. At the beginning of that year, while my regiment was stationed at Rienzi, in the State of Mississippi, this noble charger was presented to me by the officers of the regiment. At that time he was rising four years old. He stood over 17 hands in height and was powerfully built, with a deep chest, strong shoulders, a broad forehead, and a most intelligent eye. In his prime he was one of the strongest horses I have ever known, very active, and the fastest walker in the army, so far as my experience goes. I rode him constantly, from 1862 to the close of the war, in all the raids, actions, and campaigns in which I took part. His staying powers were superb. He always held his head high, and by the quickness of his movements gave many persons the impression that he was exceedingly impetuous. This was far from being the case, for I could at any time control him by a few soothing words and a firm hand. Moreover, he was as cool and quiet under fire as one of my oldest soldiers. I doubt if his superior as a horse for field service was ever ridden."

After ample experience of active hostilities extending over many years, I have long ago come to the conclusion that during the last two years of the American Civil War there was never yet an army so superbly mounted as the two forces commanded by General Grant in Virginia and by General Sherman in Tennessee and Georgia. During the first two years of the war the Southerners were better mounted than their enemy, not to mention that they were infinitely superior to them as horsemen. No small portion of the remounts which re-

placed and made good the enormous losses inflicted by war on so prodigious a scale in the cavalry, artillery, and commissariat departments of the Northern army were drawn from Canada, which is richly provided with horses of the general utility stamp which can be purchased at prices considerably less than their congeners in Europe command. Ex-

perienced eye-witnesses who had seen war in the Old World reported that the two victorious armies commanded respectively by Grant and Sherman contained not a single sorry steed, not a single mean and shabby mule, as they marched through Washington for two successive days on the conclusion of the American struggle in 1865.

In Sutherland.

BY JOHN BICKERDYKE.

THIS wild moorland country is a veritable land of lochs—some merely hollows in the peat bogs, others glorious wind-swept sheets of water swarming with free rising little brown trout, and set amid the most romantic surroundings. The sea-coast is indented by great arms of the sea, leading the salt water often four or five miles inland, these inlets alternating with large bays more expansive, and studded with rocky islets on which sea birds nest. We are within an hour's hard row of the open sea, but fifty yards from the inn-door is a rocky shelf wherefrom we can take our morning plunge into the clear water which is tempered by the influence of the Gulf Stream.

By the side of the inn a peat-stained salmon river runs into the loch, but it is low and the fish are waiting at its mouth. Every now and again there is a swirl and a great splash as a leaping salmon, endeavouring possibly to free itself from parasites, shoots into the air and falls back into the water. Lesser commotions indicate the presence of sea-trout. Just here the country, though possessing the indefinable charm of

nature unadorned, cannot be described as grand, for at some far distant period of history, or rather previous to any history whatever, a great glacier, if we are to believe geologists, passed over this portion of the land, and rounded off and smoothed the tops of those great hills of conglomerate as if they were so much wax.

During a fine Scotch breakfast which commences with porridge, is continued with sea-trout and broiled slices of Highland mutton, and ends with triangular oat cakes and marmalade, we discuss our movements for the day, our only difficulty being the great choice of good things which the place affords. Up on the moorlands there are a number of lochs. In some of them the trout run three to the pound, while in others quite eight of the lively little brownies are required to make up that weight. One small sheet of water, indeed, is supposed to contain no fish under a couple of pounds, but the scoffer of our party, a friend with a hand-camera, who angles not, declares that in it are no trout whatever, and in support of his contention

points out that no one at the inn, nor any of the gillies, can give a single instance of a fish having been caught out of it. Still the tradition lingers that it contains monsters.

Then there is a certain loch within a hundred yards of the sea and connected with it by a tiny burn. To this several shoals of sea-trout ascend during a spring tide, and some of our party decide to fish it.

The salmon river flows out of a considerable expanse of water a mile or so from the inn, and here lie a few large fish which ran up during the last spate. One of the anglers, who has the salmon fever strong upon him, decides to spend the day—fruitless enough, as all but he knew—in the endeavour to rise one of these stale fish. The others disperse in search of brownies and sea-trout, and the boat on the sea-loch is thus left vacant.

Well satisfied with the result of the breakfast conclave, we take a stout rod from its box, and in company with stalwart, brown-bearded Angus and our old friend K., go down to the little stone pier where the boat is moored. Angus has no faith in fishing-rods when in the sea boat; he has never seen them used before, and neither his father nor his grandfather used them, therefore they are bad. For the first time since we have been in Sutherland he prophesies evil, for as a rule, with that desire to please, common both to the Irish and the Highlanders, he will assure you that everything, whether it be loch, fly, or weather, is “guid for fesh.” It is useless to show him a single fly and ask him what he thinks of it; the answer is invariably the same.

When K. wants to get an opinion from Angus worth having, he shows him his book, and tells him to pick

out the best fly. Even then Angus sometimes evades the point by saying that they are “*all* guid for fesh.” But if there be a Zulu among them he will certainly choose that, for if Angus believes in any one fly more than another, it is the Zulu. This, it should be explained, is simply a large black hackled fly with a red top-knot. Black and red have been shown both by experience and experiment to be the two colours which when contrasted are the most visible to the fish in peat-stained water, and the fly has proved a very killing one in that peaty part of Scotland.

To-day we require no Zulus, for we are after larger game than the brown trout. The herrings, as is customary in September, have entered the sea loch, and the lythe (*Anglice*, pollack) have followed them in, and are feeding right well. We have a variety of baits in our tin cases, but of artificials the two best are the red rubber sand eel, named probably by an Irishman for the reason that it bears no resemblance whatever to a sand eel, and the red phantom minnow, which is no phantom at all, as the fish find when they have it in their mouths.

Angus has some more killing baits than these—to wit, certain little black eels, four or five inches in length, which he has found under the stones in the brackish water at the mouth of the river. These, which I opine are youthful congers, he has placed for safety alive in his pocket! For the rest, our tackle is much the same as would be used by the pike spinner in England, only it is, and has to be, very strong for reasons which will be obvious as we proceed with this relation.

A soft wind from the west is blowing up the narrow gorge from the sea and slightly rippling the

water. As we leave the pier, K., who has prepared some very fine gut tackle, spins a tiny Devon minnow behind the boat in the hopes of attracting one of those sea-trout which we have lately seen leaping in the salt water. In this he is unsuccessful—at least, to-day, for later on we have real good sport with these lively little fish. Lower down the loch the hills slope abruptly to the water's edge, indicating a considerable depth, and we trail, one a red phantom, the other a natural eel, close to the fringe of seaweed with which the rocks are adorned.

It is not often that a boat passes so far down the loch, and the sea-gulls appear to be extremely indignant at this invasion of their solitudes. Half a dozen of them wheel round the boat continuously shrieking, some apparently in anger, others with a sort of jeering cry which is very irritating when the fish will not bite. There is, indeed, an unusually large quantity of wild fowl of all kinds in the loch just now—come hither to feed on the unfortunate herrings which, harassed from below by lythe, saithe, dog-fish, and other predatory creatures, are attacked from above by cormorants, the larger gulls, and other sea birds.

We are rounding a rocky point when K. and I together call to Angus to stop, for a sudden strain has come upon our rods. "Is he on," we ask one another anxiously, and reply in the affirmative; but he is not a fish, but simply a submerged rock, the weedy top of which, coming near the surface, has attached itself to our baits. We are not fishing for rocks, so disengage our tackle at the earliest opportunity.

Anglers may have observed that when the fish are feeding at all shyly they usually take advantage of any inattention on the part of

the fisherman (as when he puts down his rod, lights his pipe, or unscrews his flask) to seize the bait. K. is examining his tackle-box in search of some very killing artificial which has been recommended to him, when there is a great commotion in the boat owing to his rod being nearly pulled out of it. But K. is no novice; in a second or two he has his hand on the shrieking reel, and has checked the run of the fish just in time to prevent him getting into the seaweed. Angus had a sort of I-told-you-so look on his face, but cheers up somewhat when K. reels up and brings to the surface a handsome lythe of six pounds or more, which our attendant skilfully gaffs. Beautiful are these lythe when fresh out of the water, with great, brown, mild-looking eyes, and shaped much like a whiting, but darker and more handsome in colour. My turn comes next with a fish of about the same size, which does its utmost to get down to its fastnesses among the weeds and rocks.

The peculiarity of lythe fishing lies in the fact that the first rush must be checked, and that the tackle has to be strong enough to bear the terrific efforts of the fish to regain the seaweed. If a lythe succeeds in getting to the bottom, not only he, but also a portion of the tackle is almost invariably lost. I can remember one instance only of securing a Scotch pollack which had been given line when first hooked. To all appearance it was fast on the bottom, but the experiment was tried of suddenly giving it a few yards of slack line. The fish imagined itself free and deserted its stronghold. Immediately the slack line began to move through the water we quickly caught it up and hauled the fish to the surface before it had time to regain the weeds.

But that was on another occasion.

To-day we are fairly fortunate, and our tackle being strong, and rods stiff, land fish after fish without mishap. Even Angus confesses that the rod is "no so bad." Towards evening we remove our spinning gear and put on flies. With these we catch a few fish close to the surface, but not by any means equalling in size the large fellows we had caught earlier in the day. On the way home we again try the sea-trout with small spinning baits, and secure a brace.

We are the first arrivals at the inn, but soon after us come our friends from the sea-trout loch, the brown-trout loch, and the lake wherefrom flows the salmon river. The man with the salmon-fever is alone disheartened. He has seen one fish leap, he says, but that is all the sport he has enjoyed, though he has flogged the water until the heavy 17 feet rod has almost broken his back.

The sea-trout loch has yielded two dozen fish from one to two pounds each, and these without lythe, and several baskets of brown trout which have been brought down from the hills, are all thrown in the huge washing-tub in the little entry. A new arrival who has been telling us of the fine sport that he has enjoyed at another angling resort, bragging

about it in a mild way, explains to us that though he and his friends have been having really good fishing, they did not catch washing-tubs full of fish, and in fact he seems rather inclined to indicate that our sport would have been better had we caught less.

After dinner as we are smoking outside the inn door, the midges attack us fiercely, and the salmon and sea-trout commence wildly leaping at the mouth of the river. From these signs the landlord prophesies rain, saying he'd "be no surprised if it was a wee bit saft the morn," and before we turn in, black clouds gather round the head of the bleak mountain which dominates the place. I instruct Angus to wake me early should there be a spate in the night, and this he does.

The following morning, while the others are sleeping soundly on their by no means soft couches, I am wading waist deep in the river, and making a satisfactory basket of the sea-trout which we had seen leaping in the sea on the previous evening. At breakfast time the man with the salmon-fever is radiant, for he has a presentiment of coming sport. Some rods go down the river; those with good legs to the more distant lochs, and there is, in fact, a general dispersal to collect fish of various kinds for the all-containing wash-tub.

Animal Painters.*

XXXIX.—JOHN E. FERNELEY.

XL.—JOHN FERNELEY.

BY SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

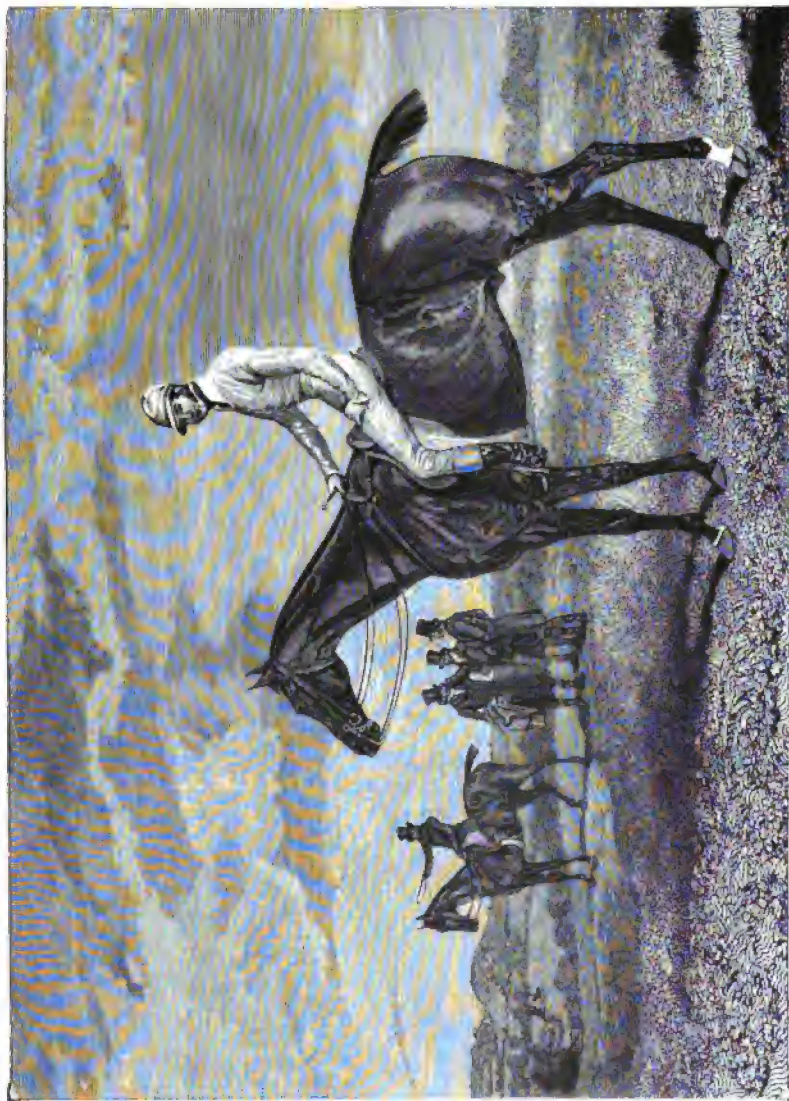
JOHN E. FERNELEY was born on 18th May, 1782, at Thrussington, in Leicestershire, a place well known to followers of the Quorn. The son of the village wheelwright, he followed his father's craft and worked in his yard until he attained the age of 21. A wheelwright's business is not one that at first sight appears to offer scope for the exercise of artistic talents. But the born artist makes opportunities for himself, and in his teens young Ferneley betrayed his real bent by adorning the foreboards of waggons sent for repair with devices in colours which he prepared for himself. Further proof of his proclivities was forthcoming in his method of employing his leisure hours, which he spent copying pictures borrowed for the purpose.

His success in these early efforts evidently impressed Ferneley senior, who must have been a man of less narrow views than some of the parents who have claimed incidental notice in these biographical sketches, for, in 1803, John E. Ferneley, he being then of age, migrated with his father's consent to London in order to study under Benjamin Marshall, one of the foremost animal painters of the time. He spent a year in Marshall's studio in Beaumont Street, Marylebone, varying his work there with occasional visits to Dover, where he painted pictures

of horses for the officers of the Leicestershire Militia then stationed at Dover Castle. That gentlemen from his native country should have requisitioned his services so soon after he had embraced the artist's career seems to indicate that the work which engaged his spare time while in his father's yard had attracted attention beyond the limits of his own village. Ferneley appears to have been of somewhat restless disposition. When he had spent about twelve months with Marshall, he started to seek his fortune in Ireland, thinking no doubt that a country in which sport ranked so highly in the esteem of all classes offered a promising field to one of his profession. His residence on the other side of St. George's Channel was not continuous, as he found time to pay occasional visits to Thrussington. Travel in those days was neither cheap nor expeditious, so it may be fairly concluded that Ferneley was doing well in a pecuniary sense. At all events, he found patrons among the most prominent Irish sportsmen of the time; between the years 1809 and 1813 he executed commissions for the Earl of Belmore, Lord Lismore, Lord Rossmore, and many others.

As was most natural in view of the place of his birth and upbringing, foxhunting pictures were Ferneley's speciality. Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith was one of his first patrons. Mr. Assheton Smith left Northamptonshire and succeeded Lord Foley as Master of

* Under this heading will be continued monthly the series of brief articles connected with the lives of painters whose works appertain to animal life and sport, and who lived between the years 1600 and 1860.



From a painting by J. E. Ferrelly.

CAPTAIN ROSS ON CLINKER.

[Engraved on Wood by F. Babbage.]

the Quorn in 1806, collecting a first-rate pack from various kennels, his best draft being purchased for 1,000 guineas from Mr. Musters, of Colwick Hall. For Mr. Assheton Smith in the first year of his mastership of the Quorn Ferneley painted some large hunting pictures. Afterwards he undertook commissions for Lord Tamworth, at Stanton Harold, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Having these successes to remind him that there was no better field for a painter of foxhunting scenes than his own county, it is not surprising that when Ferneley, weary of vacillating between Ireland and England, and resolved to marry and settle down, should have chosen to re-visit the metropolis of the sporting world, Melton Mowbray, not half a dozen miles from Thrusington.

Once established there, work flowed in upon him: his reputation grew apace, and soon was almost unrivalled by that of any man in his own line. His talent as a portrait-painter, together with his remarkable ability in catching the likeness of horse and hound, rendered his position exceptionally strong, and he numbered among his patrons such men as the Duke of Rutland, the Marquis of Westminster, the Earls of Cadogan and Kintore, Lords Jersey, Middleton, Gardner, and Tyrone, the Hon. A. Craven, Sir Bellingham Graham, Sir Harry Goodricke, Sir J. Crewe, Mr. F. H. Standish, and many of the other celebrated hard riders of the time.

Among Ferneley's best known pictures may be noted one painted in the year 1815 for the Earl of Plymouth, *The Quorn Hunt, Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith and his Hounds*; a group of fifteen sportsmen. Mr. Assheton Smith stands by his horse "Gift": a light chestnut, whose rein is held by

Dick Burton; Mr. Assheton Smith is talking to Mr. Mills, who is mounted on an iron-grey. Lord Plymouth stands near, leaning over his horse Fancy; Tom Edge is on Gayman; and Jack Shirley from the back of Young Jack o'Lantern looks down on his favourite hounds. Young Will Burton lingers on the outskirts of the group waiting to see hounds thrown into covert before he takes home his master's hack. (Young Burton was only fourteen years old at the time this picture was painted, and he died a few months afterwards.) The meet is at Barkby Holt, and the eye, passing the church towers of Hunger-ton and Quenby Hall, rests on the fir-clad eminence of Billesdon Coplow.

The Meet at Kirby Gate, was painted by Ferneley for Sir Bellingham Graham.

Scurry, painted for Mr. Crawford, of Langton Hall, is a large canvas which has special interest as containing the portraits of three famous sportsmen, Sir Harry Goodricke, Squire Osbaldeston and Mr. Francis Holyoake (afterwards Sir F. Holyoake Goodricke). In reference to the last-named, a quotation from Sir John Eardley Wilmot's *Reminiscences of Thomas Assheton Smith, Esq.*, published by John Murray, is not out of place here:

"He was first man at one time for a twenty minutes' thing, was Mr. Holyoake. To see him ride Brilliant, shoving the fox along! This horse was a rich dark chestnut; such a countenance, such an eye; he had him from Newmarket. Sir Harry Goodricke, Sir St. Vincent Cotton, and Mr. Holyoake lived together at Quorn, and were called 'The Sporting Triumvirate.' Mr. Holyoake succeeded by will to the entire property of his brother-sportsman, Sir H. Goodricke, whose name he took, and was afterwards created a baronet. He himself rode Young Sheriff for several seasons. Clinker originally belonged to him, but was subsequently bought by Captain Ross. Sir Francis Goodricke has

long since left the hunting-field under the influence of deep and very sincere religious impressions; the zeal which uniformly displayed itself with such ardour in his case in the pursuit of a favourite diversion, is now directed with even greater strength and intensity into a far higher and nobler channel."

Scurry: a smaller work termed "Modern Scarlets," was won by the Earl of Milton, in a raffle, by whom organised and under what circumstances does not appear.

A Favourite Hunter, the property of H. De Burgh, Esq., of Drayton Hall, near Uxbridge, dated 1823; size, 41 inches by 33 inches. This picture is in the Elsenham collection.

An equestrian portrait of *Sir Harry Goodricke*, with that of Mountford, the huntsman, who holds aloft the fox; Will Derry and Beers, the whippers-in, appear in the background. This picture Ferneley left unfinished.

Silver Firs: a shooting picture painted for Mr. Foljambe.

The Quorn Hunt: a caricature sketch in oils. The scene is the district of Stapleford, in Leicestershire, and the figures are portraits of well-known followers of the Hunt. Sir F. Holyoake Goodricke leads the first flight on Brilliant, and the other riders are the Marquis of Worcester, Lord Belgrave, Lord Milton, Lord Forester, Lord Alvanley, Lord Brudenell, Sir Bellingham Graham, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir Edward Mostyn, Sir Francis Mackenzie, Colonel the Hon. Arden, the Hon. Robert Grosvenor, Captain Frederick Berkeley, Captain C. Berkeley, Captain Garth, Captain Ross, Count Sandos, Messrs. George Anson, Blount, William Coke,* Maxse, Maher, White, Kent, Patrick, T. Heycock, Gilmore,

Nicholson, Lyne Stephens, Whar-ton, John Wormald, Henry Wormald, and Dick Christian. The riders are represented in very various attitudes; Sir F. Holyoake Goodricke, who leads, was said to try and catch the fox himself, while others are riding hard, falling off—in short, in every position in which the fortune of the chase may find a keen rider. On the left of the picture we see a group, eager and angry, having been stopped at a gate in a lane by a brood mare and her foal, which block their way. This canvas is dated 1828; size 83 inches by 25 inches; it is in the Elsenham collection.

Sir Francis Burdett, Bart.: an equestrian portrait. Ferneley received from Miss Burdett Coutts (now the Baroness Burdett Coutts) the commission to paint this picture of her father, who then resided at Foremark, Derbyshire.

Filagree and Cobweb: two race-horses with foals: painted for Lord Jersey.

Velocipede and The Cur: two race-horses, painted for Mr. Crawford.

Waiting for a Shot at Roedder: a portrait of John Henry Bouclitch, for 45 years head keeper to the Earl of Kintore.

The Horse Fair and The Cattle Market. These were two of Ferneley's latest works; their interest is largely due to the artist's introduction therein of equine portraits, and of "horsey" characters of note at the time.

Ferneley's contributions to the Royal Academy were less numerous than his large output might justify us in expecting; the probability is that in his day the practice, now so usual among painters, of stipulating for permission to exhibit a work before delivery to the person who had commissioned it, was not in vogue. During the period 1806-1853 he

* This gentleman, on a chestnut horse, is portrayed in the foreground, wearing a low-crowned hat. It is worth noting that Mr. William Coke introduced this style of headgear, which has since been known by his name in the slightly corrupted form of "Billycock."

sent only nineteen pictures—a list of these is appended. In the issues of the *Sporting Magazine*, between the years 1812 and 1859, we find seven engravings from his works, and the *New Sporting Magazine*, for the years 1832, 1834, and 1838, contains three plates, engraved from pictures by Ferneley.

During the artist's long residence at Melton Mowbray, extending over 54 years, he necessarily witnessed many changes; his experience is eloquently reflected in his works, which give us portraits of *three* generations of the hard-riding sportsmen of Leicestershire. It is impossible to leave this phase of the subject without more specific reference to the man who was so prominent a figure with the Quorn hounds in Ferneley's day; and again, we cannot do better than quote from the book already mentioned — Sir John Eardley Wilmot's *Reminiscences of Thomas Assheton Smith*. It is peculiarly apposite, as the writer's remarks are inspired by a picture painted by Ferneley:—

“Speaking on the subject of hounds, we are naturally drawn to contemplate the splendid picture of the hunt at Tedworth, painted at Penton in 1829, by Mr. Ferneley, who came expressly from Leicestershire into Hants, and was the squire's guest for a fortnight, for this purpose. Mr. Smith, as has been elsewhere already mentioned, is on Ayrton, with Dick Burton, his huntsman, standing at the side of the Big Grey; Tom Day, the first whip, on Reformer; and Bob Edwards, the second whip, holding Anderson, Mr. Smith's second horse. The numerous hounds in the picture are all portraits. Among those most famous are Rifleman, standing close to Dick Burton, who has a pair of couples in his hand, Watchman, Dimity, Chorister, Dabchick, Trimbush, Tomboy, Traffic, Reginald, Rubicon, Roundley, Rosy, Commodore, and Clinker. Trimbush is looking up at Mr. Smith, while Chorister stands under his horse's head, and Rifleman with the huntsman is at his side. In front of the picture are Commodore and Watchman, while Rarity is gamboling towards her master. Under the tree, in the background, sits Remus, a well-known

hound. On the left is Tedworth House. The sportsman in the green coat just about to mount his horse in the distance is Mr. North-east, the agent of the Tedworth estates, famous for his judgment and experience in the breeding of Southdown sheep.” Speaking of this picture, and of the principal figure in it, Mr. Ferneley says in a letter written on the 23rd of October last: “It gives me much pleasure to hear of the publication of a memoir of so excellent a sportsman and so good a man. It is now fifty-three years since I first saw him; he was riding his horse Jack-o'-Lantern. I saw him near Frisby Gorse, trying to get his horse over a flight of rails six or seven times, but he refused, and Mr. Smith had to take him to another place before he could succeed.” Mr. Ferneley adds: “He was the first red-coat I painted, and on Jack-o'-Lantern. The picture was bought by Mr. Valentine Maher, and at his death it was sold, and I do not know what became of it. This was in 1806, the year Mr. Smith first took the Quorn Hounds. I also painted his portrait with his hounds for the Earl of Plymouth. In the same picture were portraits of Lords Plymouth, Aylesford and Dartmouth, Messrs. P. Mills, J. Bradshaw, Paris, J. W. Edge, Hinton, &c. This was in 1819; and I fear never again will Leicestershire boast the assembling together of such thorough sportsmen, as well as kind, noble-hearted men.”

Ferneley's unwearying energy and industry and dauntless perseverance continued until the last, though during the two closing years of his life he was a great invalid. To the end he was an early riser; no matter how sleepless or full of pain the night, he was in his studio with the morning light, handling the brush which produced so much, and such marvellous work. He was a man whose interests were not confined to his own department of art; to the end of his life it was his custom to come up to London every year to keep himself abreast of the artistic life of the time by visiting the exhibitions. Many of the equine portraits and hunting pieces which came from his prolific brush adorn the walls of English country houses; these, as we have said, were his special-

ities, but he occasionally painted scenes of turf and coaching life and other sporting subjects. There are many of Ferneley's works which will live to perpetuate his name as it deserves; for if his achievements were not of an order which would entitle him to rank with the first animal painters of his time, it must in barest justice be admitted that he possessed gifts the exercise of which assured him the patronage of the best sportsmen of his day; and also won him, despite his humble origin, the personal friendship of all with whom he came in contact, and a prominent place in the society of Melton.

He married, first Miss Sally Kettle, by whom he had seven children, and who died in 1836. His second wife, Miss Ann Allan, by whom he had one son, died in 1853. Two of his sons followed in his footsteps, John (to whose work reference follows), and Claude Lorraine, landscape and animal painter.

John E. Ferneley died in the 79th year of his age, on the 3rd June, 1860, and was buried in the churchyard of his native village, Thruxington.

List of 19 pictures exhibited in the Royal Academy by John E. Ferneley:—

- Year.
1806 (2) Portrait of Mr. Freer—Portrait of L. Smith, jun., Esq.
1807 (4) Portrait of a Hunter and Groom—Portrait of a gentleman and his Horse—Portraits of Setters, the property of Mr. Lambert—Portrait of a famous Setter.
1819 Portrait of J. Mills, Esq. on horseback.
1821 A group: containing the portraits of Horses, Grooms, and Harriers, belonging to J. Morant, Esq.
1822 Portrait of a Horse.
1828 (2) Portraits of a well-known Racehorse, Glenartney, and his jockey, George Edwards: painted for the Earl of Jersey—A Group of Children, Pony, and Ass.
1839 Portraits of three Hunters.

- Year.
1844 Portrait of a Celebrated Meltonian.
1847 Portrait of William Russell, Esq., with his Horses, Dogs, etc. Presented to him by the members of the Brancepeth Hunt Club.
1849 (2) Portrait of a Hunter—The Cur, winner of the Cesarewitch Stakes at Newmarket, 1848.
1850 (2) Portraits of two Hunters—Sambo and Pilot, property of Lord Gardner—Portrait of F. Grant, Esq., A.R.A., on a favourite Hunter.
1853 Group of Dogs.

List of 7 engraved plates in the *Sporting Magazine* from painting by John E. Ferneley:—

- Jupiter, bred by Col. Thornton. 1812, vol. 40, engraved by Scott.
Cognac, a celebrated hunter, property of James Maxse, Esq. 1826, vol. 67, engraved by H. R. Cook.
Captain Ross, on *Clinker*, 1827, vol. 70, engraved by J. Webb.
Lord Kintore's Keeper Shooting Roe-Deer, 1831, vol. 78, engraved by H. Woodman.
Leatherhead, property of Mr. Callinan, and had the reputation of being the best hunter in Ireland, 1831, vol. 79, engraved by H. R. Cook.
Orelia, a celebrated Arabian, 1833, vol. 83, engraved by J. Greig.
Rallywood, a celebrated foxhound, the property of the Duke of Rutland, 1859, vol. 134, engraved by E. Hacker.

Three engraved plates in the *New Sporting Magazine* from paintings by John E. Ferneley:—

- John Winter, huntsman to Ralph John Lambton, Esq., 1832, vol. 4, engraved by J. K. Scott.
The Lambton Hounds at Feeding Time, 1834, vol. 7, engraved by R. Parr.
Extraordinary Leap taken by Col. Standen, 1838, vol. 14, engraved by T. E. Nicholson.

An engraving of the plate, "Captain Ross on *Clinker*," accompanies this article.

JOHN FERNELEY. — The eldest son of John E. Ferneley, born in 1815. John Ferneley had not the reputation of his father.

His work is first mentioned in the *Sporting Magazine*, viz., *Theon*: a dark brown horse, by Emilius,

out of Maria, by Whisker; painted for Mr. R. Blacker, of Ripon, 1843. Vol. 101; Engraved by J. N. Engleheart.

Two plates also appear in the *New Sporting Magazine*, viz.:—*Robert Hunnum*, first whipper-in to Ralph John Lambton, Esq. This was painted by John Ferneley, from a large work by his father, 1833. Vol. 5; Engraved by W. Raddon. *Eglinton*: a celebrated hunter, belonging to Ralph John Lambton, Esq., of Durham, 1834. Vol. 7; Engraved by Engleheart.

There will also be seen one plate in the *Sporting Review*—*The First Step*, 1839. Vol. 2; Engraved by J. W. Cook.

The Hunting Exploits of Count Sador, published by Rudolph Ackermann, London, 1841, contains ten coloured plates from paintings by J. Ferneley, engraved by E. Duncan, 13½ inches by 10½ inches. *Deer Stalking*, also published by Rudolph Ackermann, 1841, contains two coloured plates by J. Ferneley, engraved by E. Duncan, 24 inches by 18½ inches.

Little is known concerning John Ferneley's career beyond the fact that he resided chiefly in Yorkshire, and as an artist we know him chiefly from the engravings of his paintings, which may be found in the sporting publications of his time.

My Grandfather's Journals.*

1795-1820.

[Being episodes in the military career of Colonel Theophilus St. Clair, K.H., formerly of the 145th Foot, and some time Assistant in the department of the Quarter-Master-General.]

EXTRACTED BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

II.—A FIRST NIGHT AT MESS.

Gibraltar, Nov., 1795.

WHEN the time came to part with my father and embark for England I was very sore at heart. He too was greatly cast down. We had been almost inseparable companions ever since I could remember, and were all in all to each other. But he was too sensible to think that he could always keep me at his side, and I knew that unless I were to forego my dearest wish, which was to enter the army, I must leave him. He would not have baulked me for worlds, now that I was fairly starting in the profession that was his own, and when he bade me Godspeed it was with the frank

hope that I might find better fortune in it than had fallen to his share. I have much to be thankful for, God knows, but my chiefest joy is that the dear old dad was spared to see me rise, beyond my deserts perhaps, to higher rank and honours than he had ever gained, and to know that he approved of my conduct as a soldier.

"Alfy"—these were his last words—"be true to your God, your king, your name and your cloth; tell the truth, and act like a gentleman. Avoid drink, duelling and cards. Do not fight in any private quarrel unless it is forced upon you; never turn your back on the enemy, and stick always to your colours. You know more

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of soldiering than most youngsters, but go on improving yourself, and do not be laughed out of it. Let your comrades see that you can hold your own in all field sports and manly exercises, and they will hardly count you a mere book-worm. Good bye, and God bless you."

There were others there to see me on board the gun brig *Thetis*; half the garrison, with General O'Hara at their head, and they gave me three hearty cheers—very intoxicating to such a child—but my services with regard to the mutiny had been generally appreciated. The Governor went further, and insisted on furnishing my regimental outfit, and some of the officers presented me with a sword—my first regulation sword. I wear it still.

I reached my regiment just eleven days later, and found it in the Ship Street barracks, Dublin. It was numbered the 145th, and was better known as "Colepepper's," from the name of the officer who had lately raised it, a country gentleman of considerable estate, but quite new to the military profession. In later years the 145th gained another title, less creditable perhaps, yet in its way complimentary. We formed part of Picton's division in the Peninsula, the "fighting third" as it was called, and once our General gave the regiment some very hard words about marauding. The very same day we were sent against the enemy's position, and Picton, shouting, "Come on, ye fighting rascals," led us on to the attack. The *sobriquet* stuck; even after in Spain, and in much later times we were known as the "Royal Rascals," a title of honour no doubt in its best sense, and so accepted when the men were in a good humour. But if any used it

with a whit of disrespect or contempt, wild fighting with the belts off was pretty sure to follow.

It was not in very first-rate order when I joined. The men had been recruited largely in Ireland, although the regiment hailed from an English county, and were often wild and unmanageable, given greatly to drink, following the bad example of their officers, who were a dissipated lot. Colepepper was rather a fine gentleman, but no soldier, quite young, and with little or no experience. He was quite in the hands of his senior major, Lannigan, a veteran of many years standing, imbued with the old ideas, a six bottle man, much given to strange deep oaths, who believed that the sum total of military efficiency was made up of pipe-clay, hair powder, and the pace stick. He had his own recipe for pipe-clay, and kept it a profound secret; he often supervised the regimental hair-dresser at his work, measured the length of the queues with an inch tape, and was very particular about the amount of candle-grease used; in drill he loved only the stiff evolutions of Frederick's Grenadiers, as adopted in Dundas' "Twelve Manceuvres." I can see him as he stood "inspecting my kit" most fastidiously, bent only upon seeing that every article of my regimentals was strictly according to regulation; a portly and very pompous little man, with many grog blossoms on his nose, and the puffy shortness of breath that comes of tight lacing: a plethoric person, with an irascible temper, especially when imprisoned in a high stock like an iron collar.

"You'll do fairly well, young man," he was pleased to say, "but we will have these buttons moved the eighth of an inch outwards, and I don't *quite* like the cut of those lappels. Your gaiters draw

too closely over the boots, and the cockade sets too high on your hat-cap. But the master tailor will see to these minutiae. You will commence drill to-morrow under Mr. Fielder. First recruits parade 7 a.m. Remember your hair must be properly dressed and powdered. Order the hairdresser overnight and see that you are called. We shall be late at dinner. This is a 'company' day."

It was not the first time I had dinner at mess, and some tenderness had been shown for my youth hitherto. I had never been forced to drink much wine. But here, with the 145th, the hateful practice (as I have always esteemed it) of "pressing" was strongly in force, and those who would not drink freely became fair game for the rest of the table. As a newly-joined youngster I was a guest myself that night, and sat between the Colonel and an old Captain, by name O'Donohoe, a big blustering, boisterous Irishman, who took me especially under his wing. The Colonel had welcomed me cordially enough, but after his first few civil words paid me no more attention. He was entirely taken up with another guest, who sat upon his right, and to whom he paid considerable deference.

I caught a glimpse of this guest beyond him, and saw a small, neatly built, neatly dressed young man, with a rather ruddy complexion, and a face that would have been handsome but for a very prominent hooked nose. He was evidently gay and good humoured, for I could hear him laughing loudly and often, a laugh with a "whoo-oop," that began and ended abruptly, as Colonel Colepepper entertained him with story after story, all about the doings of fine society. "I told his grace," "Lady Mary then said," "and every fair creature in

the town was there,"—such scraps of his conversation reached me from time to time.

"When the Colonel's got a nob to talk to he thinks little of the likes of us," said my other neighbour, rather bitterly. "He's all for the hoighth of society now. Small blame to him, for his grandfather sold nuts when mine was rowling in a coach and four. But sure I'm looking after you."

"Who is the gentleman beside him?" I asked.

"That's the Honorable Arthur—Colonel Wellesley I mean, of the 33rd. May be you've never heard of him? A sprig of nobility who wasn't breeched when I was already a Captain, and now he's in a fair way to be a General Officer by the time's he's thirty. But there! Let's take wine together, my dear boy; there's a world of consolation in the bowl."

We bowed solemnly to each other over a bumper, but he was greatly displeased when he saw me put down my glass nearly untasted.

"Arrah, that won't suit us, mavourneen. No heel-taps. Don't shirk your liquor when you drink with me, or I shall take it as a personal matter. We must teach you better than that."

After this I caught him nodding and winking all round the table. It was the signal for a general attack upon me. I was challenged by everybody.

"The pleasure of wine with you, Mr. St. Clair;" "Your good health, St. Clair;" "Let's drink together, St. Clair;" and so on, repeatedly, till I began to fear I should soon be under the table, and utterly disgraced.

And all the time O'Donohoe (he was a fat, bloated, self-indulgent creature, much given to wine bibbing as I could see) kept his

eye upon me, watching me closely, insisting I should drink my wine fair and square.

"Would ye, now," he cried, if I did not toss off the whole glass. "Have I caught ye again? Down with it quick, there's no harm in a hogshead; its Piper's best claret."

"Let him be, Captain O'Donohoe," now kindly interposed the Colonel. "I do not approve of 'pressing.'" And as the Bacchanalian growled audibly that it was "the custom of the mess" the Colonel turned to his other guest, asking—

"How do you manage, Wellesley, in your regiment? My officers are rather given to excess, yet I do not like to check them."

"I put no restrictions on mine, but I allow no 'pressing,'" he replied. "A good many men take after me, I think, and as you know, I'm not partial to wine."

"This young gentleman should have joined 'yours,' not 'ours,'" went on Colonel Colepepper, pleasantly. "Mr. St. Clair has just come home from Gibraltar."

"Hah!" said Colonel Wellesley, in a short, sharp way, as he bent his big keen grey eyes upon me. "I have heard of you, Mr. St. Clair, I think, from General O'Hara, and in very flattering terms. If you were not so happily placed here, under my friend Colonel Colepepper, I should be very pleased to receive you into the 33rd."

The remark attracted much attention at the table, and drew many eyes upon me. He was a very prominent and rising officer (how much so none of us imagined then!) An honourable and an Irish member of Parliament, he had been on the Viceregal staff; had lately distinguished himself in Flanders. His regiment was famed in the garrison for its

smartness and high tone. It was no small compliment to me to be asked to join it.

"To hell with the 33rd," whispered Capt. O'Donohoe. "Bad cess to the man who commands it. There's small pleasure in life for those who serve under him, with his parades morning, noon and night, his big drills in his Fanix, and his small parties at mess, tay, talk, and turn-out. It might suit a young milksop like you, but it's not Thaddeus O'Donohoe 'd be willing to soldier in it. But there; tell me more about yourself. Can ye ride to hounds?"

I confessed that I had never hunted the fox, but—he cut me short—I was going to talk of spearing boar in the Cork wood, but—

"Can ye throw a main at hazard?"

"No?"

"By my conscience ye've much to learn. Of course ye've 'burnt powder'? What! never blazed! You, a likely young chap, too, never paraded your man; then there must be mighty loose notions of honour out yonder on the Rock of Gibraltar. Why, I'd fought five duels before I was half your age."

Then he went on to tell the most extraordinary stories about himself and his friends in the South of Ireland. He belonged to the Society of the "Fire-eaters," and had at his fingers' ends the whole of the "thirty-six commandments," as framed in Galway for the proper conduct of affairs of honour. He knew all the niceties of the duello, as to challenges, and causes of offence, the rare occasions on which apologies were permitted, the choice of weapons and the number of shots that must be exchanged. He was very proud of his pistols, which had been in his family,

a well known "fighting family" for generations, but now had all the most modern improvements, hair triggers, and saw handles. One was called "Sugar-lips," the other "The Daisy," and they had done great execution in their time.

But in the midst of his talk, which grew rather maundering, the seniors rose from the table, and went off to form a whist party in another room, and we stood up as they left. I thought there was an end to the evening's entertainment. Not so; it had only just begun, for the rest reseated themselves, the wine was passed round, and there were loud calls for the "Mandarin decanters." These were bottles specially designed with circular or convex bottoms, so that they would not stand upon the table, and must be passed round incessantly from hand to hand. Glass after glass was now drunk so fast that already all but the most seasoned toppers were half intoxicated, and yet the cry was still for more.

Someone shouted "Punch," and another echoed it with a cry for "the materials," and a servant brought in a gigantic bowl to be filled by every species of spirit, whiskey predominating, and when duly concocted a great burning lump of sugar was suspended over it, so that the blazing drops should fall one by one into the fiery fluid. Rummors were placed in front of each of us, and the bowl sent round. The first gulp of it nearly choked me; and I took no more. Fortunately, my neighbour O'Donohoe was too far gone to notice my defection, and no one else called me to account.

There was a new diversion now in a call for "a song, or a sentiment." The president began with a roystering chorus, and the turn was taken by his next neighbour according to his powers. It was

perilous to refuse; the penalty was a pint of salted water, which was administered by force to one or two. Some of the performances were passably good. I laughed much at the regimental surgeon who had an extraordinary gift of mimicry, and who gave us very perfect imitations of birds and animals, pigs, dogs, ducks, geese, and cocks and hens. His crowing of a cock was so true to the life that it was taken up by the whole mad company, and there was a babel of sounds as of a farmyard gone mad.

The uproar had not subsided when I found that it had come to my turn. At any other time I should have gone through the floor rather than raise my voice in song, but although I had tasted little I too was nearly drunk with excitement; the heat, the noise, the wild revel had carried me beyond myself, and I was as reckless and wild as the most debauched gentleman present.

The only song I knew was a Spanish catch with a long, monotonous cadence, which I had picked up from a muleteer on the road. It was neither musical nor amusing, and in my present mood—for I was merging on the maudlin melancholy stage—the ditty drew out into a long and wearisome dirge, which did not suit those of my companions who took their wine differently. As it continued wearisomely endless it was greeted with hoots and howls and cat-calls and cock-crowings.

I held on bravely, however, deaf to all interruptions, when suddenly I felt a sharp pang of intense pain. I might have been struck by lightning; I seemed scalded and burnt up by liquid fire. Springing to my feet, I turned writhing in pain, and found that someone was pouring boiling hot punch down my back,

underneath my queue and inside the collar of my coat.

It was a young brother subaltern, Vicars by name. Although I had been introduced to him, I hardly knew him by sight as he stood there, or swayed to and fro, glass in hand, chirruping and chuckling with drunken glee over his cowardly attack.

Maddened with the pain and in senseless fury, I struck out almost unconsciously, but catching my enemy fair between the eyes, I rolled him over clean on to the ground. Instantly the hubbub ceased; solemn silence followed the previous din. An affray of this kind could have but one ending; whatever the provocation the retort had been an insult of the deepest kind, and it could only be wiped out in blood.

"You've got to fight him now, he must have satisfaction," hiccuped O'Donohoe. "Fight him like a gentleman, mind; no more fisticuffs, it's the hair triggers you'll be wanting. I'll answer for Curly Vicars. He's my own subaltern. Who'll see this young gentleman through?"

By this time they had lifted my antagonist to his feet, a rather sorry object. My blow had sobered him a little, and it was now his turn to be furious. He rushed at me, and but for his friends we should have settled the quarrel, as the boys we were should have done, with the weapons Nature had given us.

"I'll act for Mr. St. Clair," said a tall, grey-haired, dignified-looking man, coming forward. He was an old lieutenant, whom fortune had treated hardly, and who was still in the subordinate ranks. He spoke in a steady, sober voice, as though he had taken but little part in the night's debauch. "But I think the matter might be arranged with-

out exchanging shots. Both youngsters were to blame, and Vicars gave the first offence."

"Indeed, Mr. Aylward, and I'm surprised ye should talk like that," retorted O'Donohoe, with infinite scorn. "Offence or no offence, ye must be perfectly well aware that a blow is strictly prohibited under any circumstances amongst gentlemen. I can show it you in black and white. It stands 'five' in the 'Points of Honour.'"

"I don't want you, Captain O'Donohoe, or anyone else, to teach me the Code. But I do say it is a pity there should be bloodshed over this trumpery business."

"Will ye accept the alternative? Ye know it, I suppose. Place a cane in my man's hand and let him take it out by dusting your man's back, who must beg pardon too, for the first blow. Does that suit ye?"

"No, I cannot agree to that for Mr. St. Clair," replied my second, stiffly.

"Then matters must take their course. Rule 'five' says clearly they must fire on at each other until one or both is disabled, unless, after the shots, your man is prepared to apologise."

"Well, if you are so determined, they must fight, I suppose. But I know the rules as well as you do, Captain O'Donohoe, and 'fifteen' in the 'Points of Honour' says 'challenges are never to be delivered at night, for it is desirable to avoid all hot-headed proceedings.'"

"The Code says that, sorra a doubt, and we'll conform to it. I shall call on you, Mr. Aylward, at the peep of day, and we can take a turn in the Fanix before the dew is off the grass."

"I am to parade for recruits' drill at 7 a.m.," I mildly put in,

"and hope I shall not be kept——."

"Maybe you'll be kept longer than you like," brutally replied O'Donohoe, expecting to raise a laugh from those around. But the quarrel and its possibly serious consequences had put an end to all gaiety, and the mess soon afterwards broke up.

Aylward saw me to my quarters, speaking a few kindly words, and offering a little sound practical advice by the way.

"It isn't the sort of welcome you've a right to expect the first night you join, St. Clair, and for my own part I don't see why you should fight. But it's too late to back out. The regiment wouldn't like it. There have been one or two shady cases in the garrison lately. 'Colepepper's' won't have it said that any one of ours has shown the white feather. It would not be good for you, either. You are on your probation, and must not hesitate at your first blood. Can you shoot?"

"I can break the neck of a bottle at twenty paces——"

"A bottle! Ah, but not a loaded one. However, drop your head into a bucket of water now, and try to get a little sleep, it's a wonderful steadier, and you've got five or six hours before you—sleep if you can."

I could, in spite of all the excitement, and woke calm and refreshed, able to write a few farewell lines to the dear old dad in case anything should happen to me. I could not forget that I was about to risk my life, and yet I will honestly say, with no attempt at bravado, that, although this was the first occasion of my going under fire, I was not particularly nervous. I knew that I must fight, and, having no choice, meant to put the best face upon it, whether I liked it or not.

We all reached the Phoenix Park about the same time, travelling on outside cars. Our seconds both carried neat brass-bound mahogany cases, and from the significant way in which O'Donohoe tapped his box, I knew that they contained his pistols, the redoubtable "Sugar-lips" and "The Daisy." Aylward was also much struck with them I could see; he expressed his willingness that they should be used first, then, if there was no disablement, at the first fire, his. He could not leave O'Donohoe's case of pistols at all, but kept handling the weapons, examining them in turns, aiming with them, while the other second chose the ground and paced it.

Then came the loading; a most punctiliously slow and careful operation, under the eyes of both. At last the preliminaries were all settled, and my adversary faced me, pistol in hand.

We were both mere boys; he was within a year of my own age, although I think he looked younger, and I had not yet attained sixteen. Yet here we were about to take, or try to take, each other's lives. I had no quarrel with him really, and I was sure from the look on his face that he owed me no great grudge. I had struck him; but under strong provocation. He had done as bad or worse to me. We were comrades, brother officers; it might be our fortune at any time to meet the enemy side by side, and now we were opposite each other with murderous weapons in our hands.

I made up my mind that I would not aim at him, and I think, from his face, that he had guessed it, and was resolved to do the same.

We fired at the signal, and missed handsomely. The shots went so wide that the fire-eating

O'Donohoe waxed fiercely indignant.

"Shure haystacks and barn-doors 'd be safe from ye," he cried. "This is children's play, no better than dumb show, and shooting in the air. Incline your barrel downwards, d'ye hear me; ye'd be shure to wing him, or maybe take him in the toes," he went on, as he crossed over to give Vicars a fresh pistol.

Again we exchanged shots, and again we both stood scathless as the smoke cleared away.

"Och wirra wirrasthoo! Was there ever such a pair of blundering young bunglers! We shall be all day doing it, kept here till the city guards come down on us, or the Lord-Lieutenant himself 'll think we're shooting his preserves. Hurry, darlints, hurry, and draw blood anyway."

"Surely we've had enough. Three shots have been exchanged; your man should be satisfied," protested Aylward.

"Naboclish. Sorra the bit," he cried, and then danced back to load the pistols afresh.

In his excitement he let a bullet slip through his fingers on to the brass edge of the mahogany case. It fell with a curious dull thud, and crumbled instantly into powder.

"What devil's trick is this?" he roared to Aylward, who met the inquiry with a loud contemptuous laugh, and said, very coolly,

"They're all the same, O'Donohoe. I changed the bag of bullets as soon as we came to the ground."

"Then you took a most unwarrantable liberty, sir," said the

other second, flushing crimson. "It is a direct insult to me, sir. How dare you?"

"I dare do more than that, Captain O'Donohoe. I'll answer for my action, at twelve paces, now. Will you dare as much? With real bullets, mind? These young gentlemen will see all fair."

O'Donohoe changed colour; his face turned an ashen grey, he stared helplessly at Aylward, and could only stammer out a few indistinct words in evident deprecation: "that he had no quarrel with Aylward," "that he saw the joke and quite enjoyed it."

"Of course you do, O'Donohoe. It's all a joke to you, except being shot at yourself. You'd have let these two children slaughter each other; but you won't stand up fair and square to defend your own honour. Put up your 'Sugar-lips' and your 'Daisy' and wait till your heart is big enough to use them."

Then Aylward turned to us with a courteous apology:

"Young gentlemen, you have a right to feel aggrieved, perhaps, and may not quite appreciate the humour of all this. But you knew nothing of the trick, and you have stood your ground like men. Everyone shall hear that. I may tell you that Colonel Colepepper and Major Lanegan are fully aware of what was to happen, for I consulted them last night, and it was resolved that you should not hurt each other if we could help it."

Not many weeks afterwards Captain O'Donohoe retired from the service.



Painted by Fernet.

NAPOLÉON LE GRAND.

(Engraved on Wood by F. Balle.)

Some Holderness-Bred Horses during the Present Century.

YORKSHIRE, that county of broad acres, can boast of possessing fourteen distinct countries hunted by foxhounds, the senior pack being, it is said, the old Stainton Dale (trencher-fed), with a reputed charter of the time of Stephen, hence probably the oldest authenticated pack of "fox dogs" in the kingdom. Holderness has in the past been described as the best part of the county as regards scent holding, although opinions have varied as to the precise climatic conditions best suited to develop a scent upon its boulder clays.

It is not, however, my intention to dwell upon the hunting capabilities of this portion of East Yorkshire, as that has already been most ably dealt with in BAILY, leaving nothing to be desired. Rather, I would point to some of the best known horses in Holderness, or, rather, within the precincts of that hunt, which extends beyond what is defined on the map as Holderness proper; horses which have made history in their brief day, and whose exploits have been handed down to us.

Imprimis, ought to be placed those good horses bred and raced by the late Mr. Richard Watt, of Bishop Burton; they must, indeed, have been a grand lot!

Mr. Watt won the St. Leger as many as four times, viz., with Alisidora, Barefoot, Memnon and Rockingham. It has been stated that if his jockey, under the impression that he was winning easily, had not pulled up Blacklock, and permitted Ebor to come up wide of his horse and just win, one more St. Leger would pro-

bably have been added to the above list. I am informed by the present owner of the Bishop Burton estate that Blacklock's bones, after having been in the ground some years, were dug up, and the skeleton, which is now in his possession, set up. There was yet another good horse, Belshazzar, bred at Bishop Burton. He started first favourite for the St. Leger, but was beaten by Rockingham from the same stable. The Carnaby Stud turned out some very good horses, bred by the late Mr. George Robinson and his son Henry. Carnaby ran third for the St. Leger in 1833, and was, I suspect, not very far away from the winner. This horse won the Gold Cup, and eventually was sold for 2,300 guineas, to go abroad; it was a great price in those days. Then Melbourne, Cato, Morpeth, Confidence, Logic, Bounce, Maria, Sir Charles, Grand Inquisitor, Village Maid, Donnybrook, Attorney-General, and others won several races, including the Royal Hunt Cup, Great Northamptonshire Stakes, Ebor Handicap, the Grand Candelabra, given by Her Majesty at Plymouth, several Queen's Guineas, and the Northampton and Lincoln Cups, &c.

A number of good horses from this stud were sold as yearlings, &c. The present occupant of Carnaby House, Mr. H. P. Robinson, has had a few winners, also some first-rate hunters, amongst the latter was a grey by Strathconan, said to have been the best in the Holderness Hunt. The late Mr. William Hudson, of Brigham, bred General Williams, Stolen Moments, Lady

Trespass, Exciseman, Cathedral, &c., and from Mr. Gilbey's stud came Adventurer, Ploughboy, and Haymaker.

From the Meaux Stud emanated Hornsea, who ran well for the St. Leger, also Lady-le-Gros, who ran up for the St. Leger and the Oaks. From one of three mares purchased from Bishop Burton sprang the dam of Blair Athol, sold as a yearling from the Meaux Stud. Several good animals were bred and raced by the grandfather of the present owner of Meaux, Mr. R. W. Richardson. The dam of the celebrated mare Nancy, bred by Mr. William Baxter, of Burton Pidsea, was purchased from Meaux, and the above list of thoroughbred horses practically includes all that need be mentioned.

Coming to half-bred racers, "cocktails," as they were formerly called, the most numerous stud belonging to one owner was that bred at Billings Hill by the late Mr. James Hopkinson, who had in hand some, or all of, that property, and, it would appear, must have paid attention to agriculture, as I remember seeing a pamphlet from his pen on the cultivation of flax. In the twenties and thirties stakes for cocktails were to the fore. Two successful gentlemen riders who took part in these races were the late Sir Tatton Sykes and Mr. Kent; the latter usually rode Mr. Hopkinson's horses. What may be regarded as having been the *crème de la crème* of this stud were Collina, Fama, and Napoleon le Grand, the latter I have seen described as the best cocktail of his day. Collina commenced racing, as a three-year-old, in 1822; she started twelve times, winning seven races, and running second for the remaining five. She won the Gold Cup at Stapleton Park (forty-three subs.),

beating a large field. Fama was, I believe, thought highly of; she ran three times as a three-year-old, winning each event, but her early death cut short what doubtless was looked forward to as a very promising career. Napoleon le Grand, by Blacklock out of Collina, won his first race at Lichfield in 1832, a sweepstakes of £50 each for half-bred foals of 1829, and the same year beat Mr. Osbaldeston's Bilbury in a match for £100 over the St. Leger course at Doncaster, when it was claimed for Napoleon that he ran the course in less time than the winner of the big event of that year. This horse ran eleven races, nine of which he won; he ran second for the remaining two, but at one time or other he turned the tables upon his two victors, viz., Swing and Donnington. At Croxton Park Napoleon's stamina appears to have been put to the test, as he was pulled out for no fewer than three races in one day, two of which he won, and for the other he ran second, giving a year away in the weights to his victor, whom he had on a previous occasion beaten. This was a period antecedent to the establishment of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Amongst other horses bred at Billings Hill and used either for racing, the stud, or otherwise, were Actæon Eliza (this mare ran for the St. Leger in 1828, starting at 25 to 1), Harriet, Triton, Plutus, Geloni, Quintessence. Some of the races in those days were described as for hunters, but how a three-year-old could be raced and yet hunted sufficiently to obtain a certificate is somewhat difficult of comprehension. The only explanation must be that the M.F.H. of the Holderness in those days was of an accommodating disposition. Certificates or "tickets"

as I have seen them described, dated back to King George III.'s time. Half-bred race-horses have not been very plentiful in Holderness during this century; anyhow, with the exception of Mr. Hopkinson's, they have left little if any trace of their existence.

STEEPLECHASE HORSES.

"Chasing" has not been patronised very much in Holderness, and with the exception of that good horse Lottery, bred by Mr. Jackson of White Cross, others which have from time to time been chased have been chiefly of a fast hunter class. I well remember seeing a good hunter, Fugleman by name, the property of that prince of fox-hunting farmers, the late Mr. John Holiday, of Barnston, win a steeplechase in the Patrington neighbourhood. He was ridden by Jack Lamplough, a well-known local cross-country jockey, who used to have a horse or two either of his own, or entrusted to his charge, with which he indulged in a little mild flapping across country. The course in question was the most peculiar one I ever saw, as the obstacles were almost entirely composed of natural open water jumps. Wild Hero was another good animal, but his class was not up to high chasing form. Hamlet was also a well-known cocktail racer in his time. This horse was half-brother to Lottery, and was bred by Mr. John Jackson, of Riston Grange, but afterwards became the property of that well-known Yorkshire sportsman, Colonel George Thompson, who usually rode Hamlet to victory.

HUNTERS.

Holderness hunters have always been considered as amongst the foremost, and one of the best outside customers for these, at one period, was the late Lord Henry

Bentinck, though as he generally, if not invariably, purchased from one stud, the farmers did not benefit to the full extent. If rumour told no uncertain tale, the price, like the law of the Medes and Persians, varied not, and was three hundred guineas.

Nowadays, when I take it that farmers do not breed the same number of hunters as of old, it is much to be hoped that every effort will be made to maintain, nay, improve the quality. Perhaps the saying that you cannot breed what you want may in some measure be neutralised if mares only are used which from past experience have given proof that they generally breed after themselves or throw their foals to the sire. Again, no man must ever expect to breed a sound lot of horses if he be compelled to run his young stock upon wet land or upon that which floods. In the first place bad feet may be looked for, and what is a horse without good feet? and under the latter conditions he will be fortunate if some of his horses do not go wrong in their wind. Whether this be in consequence of the grit or deposit otherwise left upon the land or from some other cause I am unable to say, but never would I recommend the purchase of a hunter, or, indeed, of any horse, which had grazed on flooded land. There is yet another danger always overhanging the head of a breeder, one against which he cannot under any circumstances insure himself, viz., the liability to the reproduction in bygone years of some bad or infirm cross, no matter what the good looks or performances of the sire or the dam of the present generation may be. Mr. William Day, in his interesting book, "The Horse: How to Breed and Rear Him," cites the well-known

case of an Arabian mare, the property of Sir Gore Ouseley, which, as she would not breed to a horse, was mated with a zebra. The result was a foal striped like its sire, a condition which does not excite much wonder. This mare was then put to a thoroughbred horse, and again the produce showed zebra marking, and yet another foal was not entirely free from stripes. Had it not been that pictures of these strange produce, and what will be regarded as much more satisfactory, the skins of these funny animals, are in the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the above statement might be regarded by a dubious mind as a traveller's tale.

Quoting from the same author, we are told that in the eocene period, when we come to the first mention of that which was regarded as representing a horse, it was the size of a fox. Then an advance was made to goat stature. However interesting these dear little gees may have been, one thing is certain, with which both Tory and Liberal will agree, viz., that a "horse" in those days could not have been up to much weight.

A breeder of hunters will be wise not to "go in" for too much blood, but aim at producing a horse with good looks and plenty of power. With two crosses he ought to be well satisfied, yet how many good hunters, giving every satisfaction to their owners if the truth were told, only can boast of possessing one cross. I once possessed two unusually well-bred Holderness hunters, one was said to have six or seven crosses of blood—this horse was bred at Leven; the mare was likewise reputed to have in her veins an abundance of blue blood. Neither of them were up to much, if any, more than twelve

stone, and although they were, if I remember rightly, sound, temperate, and willing; they were not in the same catalogue with a first-rate hunter. Again, a mare of my father's was mated with the celebrated Melbourne, and instead of the produce being a hunter, with possibly a turn of speed, the result was a strong, long, and as far as I remember, sound horse, a failure both in the hunting-field as well as when used in harness. At length one of the tenants got him, and, I think, used him as a draught horse. There can be little doubt that this slug possessed some occult weakness.

Recently I have been interested in a correspondence carried on with the author of the theory that the sex of either horse or cow can be pretty accurately determined by certain manipulation on the part of the owners of the sire and dam. Although the system has been before the public some years, and was promulgated both by the *Times* and the *Lancet*, it does not appear to have "taken on," as an ex-breeder of bloodstock recently informed me, that he had not heard of it. Be it so, yet it does not follow that there is not something behind it; indeed the learned author appears to be as sure of his ground as he was ten or twelve years ago, when he introduced the subject into one of his works. A good hunter of either sex will soon find a purchaser, hence the subject is not of much moment in hunter-breeding, although five-sixths of the best animals that I have been more or less interested in were horses.

Returning to Holderness-bred animals, or those which have been associated with that country, the best that I ever rode were the horse Fugleman, previously mentioned in this article, which

was a temperate, safe conveyance across country, and a bay horse from the late Mr. Whittings. Riding this horse, and nearing the termination of a run, I was confronted with two or three fences not usually met with in a hunting-field. However, these were negotiated most successfully—one was a stile, crossing a footpath, on the top of an embankment. After the run a well-known member of the hunt, who I am glad to say is yet amongst us, told me that jumping those fences "was not hunting." I fail to see how taking a bigger fence than usual, when it comes in your line, provided your heart be in the right place, and you have confidence in your horse, should be regarded as unsportsmanlike. Had I not "gone on" I might not have been present when the hounds ran into their fox in the open on grass. Number three was none other than that well-known hunter Conjurer, by Sleight of Hand, which, though not having first seen daylight in Holderness, was associated with that district.

This horse, a grey, was bred by Mr. Richardson, of Thixendale, a tenant on the Sledmere Estate, who sold him to Mr. John Dickson, of Nafferton, where I first saw him. At the Bridlington Agricultural Show the first prize was awarded to this colt in the three-year-old class for hunters. From Mr. Dickson he passed into the hands of a dealer in Lincolnshire, and afterwards became the property of Sir Clifford Constable. Leaving Bur-

ton Constable the grey became the property of the late Mr. Charles Hopkinson, who hunted him for some two seasons, when he was purchased by Mr. Tailby, and it was in this well-known sportsman's hands that Conjurer's best qualities were more fully developed, and a reputation established which will not easily vanish into obscurity.

In his book "The Cream of Leicestershire," Captain Pennell-Elmhirst ("Brooksby") writes of this horse in the chapter:—"A Clinker with Mr. Tailby." "On again round the farmhouse on the hill Mr. Tailby, on his white horse, gliding over a wide, and hidden oxer with an ease that led a dozen followers, some to grief—all in the belief that nothing lay beyond."

Again further on:—"One eye to watch the hounds, and cut off every available yard of ground; one eye to hit off the likeliest spot, without dwelling or interfering with your neighbours; and every nerve and sinew strained to carry a blown horse along, and pull him together for each effort—what faculties remain for observing what is going on on either side? Mr. Tailby jumping more fences and bigger ones than any other man, and the white horse fresh when others were done to a turn, was looking to the hounds while the fast work was going on." I always knew Conjurer as a grey, rather dappled, but years will tell, and quadrupeds, like bipeds, do change colour as time rolls on.

R. G. H.

The Close of the Polo Season.

THE last event of the English Polo season is the Rugby Tournament. This contest now stands only second, if second it be, to the Championship at Hurlingham. On the Springhill ground the very best polo is to be seen, and the management is always as good as it can be. One advantage indeed Rugby possesses over Hurlingham or Ranelagh, for the ground of the Midland Club is distinctly better than those available in London, with the single exception of Eden Park. For the first time the turf was watered this year before the Tournament, and as, moreover, a nice rain fell just before the final game, the going was very good indeed.

The matches varied, of course, in interest and in quality, but the pace was good throughout the week. No doubt the level turf had a good deal to do with this. Moreover, I think the Rugby polo ground is the truest I ever saw. Mr. W. J. Drybrough and Captain Renton, both regular players at Springhill, made some wonderful long shots. These were not flukes, but deliberately aimed strokes, showing that they knew the chance of the ball twisting was far less than on other grounds. An instance of a fine straight and well-aimed stroke will occur to everyone who saw Mr. W. J. Drybrough make a goal for Hurlingham in the final of the Open Tournament from a distance of at least one-third of the ground. So sound a player would not have ventured on a risky shot in a game which was very even, had he not known that he could trust the ground.

Another feature of Rugby polo is that it is certainly popular as a spectacle, nor are the crowds that

braved the heat during the week mere idle spectators of an empty show. On the contrary, the well-timed applause showed that the visitors knew good play when they saw it. It would be impossible to give a full account of the whole Tournament, so I shall limit myself to giving a summary of the week's play, with such remarks on the notable points of the game as may suggest themselves. The Open Tournament began on Bank Holiday before a crowd of people said to be the largest ever gathered for a Rugby polo match.

HURLINGHAM.

Capt. Pedder
" Egerton Green
" Renton
Mr. W. J. Drybrough

RUGBY.

Comte de Madre
Mr. Walter Jones
Mr. E. D. Miller
Sir H. De Trafford

This match excited greater interest in anticipation than it did in reality, for Rugby proved to be no match for Hurlingham. This was a disappointment to the Rugby people, but it must be remembered that Rugby was debarred from the services of more than two of their regular team by the conditions of the match. Hurlingham had also the advantage of the services of Captain Pedder, who is No. 1 of the 13th Hussar team, a fine hitter and bold rider-off as occasion requires. In fact, when the Hurlingham men had defeated Rugby in a fast game by seven goals to one, many people looked upon the tournament as over. The next game was quite as one-sided, and not quite so fast as the first. Buenos Ayres drew Warwickshire and made short work of them.

BUENOS AYRES.

Mr. Talbot Rice
Mr. F. Ravenscroft
Mr. F. Balfour
Mr. Scott Robson

WARWICKSHIRE.

Mr. G. Bland
Mr. A. Jones
Mr. C. Adamthwaite
Mr. Captain Tisdall

The hard hitting of the Argentine men was altogether too much for Warwickshire, the features of the game being the return of Mr. Scott-Robson and the coming out of a chestnut pony which resembles the well-known Langousta in make and shape, and also in its promise of making a first-class polo pony. Now that Buenos Ayres Hurlingham has raised the standard height of ponies to 14'2, we may expect to see some good ponies from thence. Another source of supply would be welcome, for the English market is by no means glutted with first-class ponies. The third game gave some good sport to the onlookers.

RANELAGH.

Mr. H. C. Bentley
Mr. Monro Walker
Major Turner
Mr. G. A. Miller

ROVERS.

Mr. J. Drage
Mr. P. Nickalls
Captain Neilson
Capt. Burns-Hartupp

In this game the Ranelagh men kept the pace pretty warm, and this no doubt was the reason why the Rovers missed a good many useful chances at the goal. On ground like Rugby, it is not altogether luck or the ground that robs a side of goals apparently in their grasp. A man thoroughly hustled and kept galloping at his hardest, cannot as a rule take sufficient aim. Ranelagh, then, was the stronger team on the ground as on paper. This was a good match to see, and it was played out fairly to the finish and was a real galloping game. On the following day the winning team, which made its first appearance for the match, was :—

WINWICK.

Sir Henry Rawlinson
Mr. C. D. Miller
Mr. F. Frenke
Mr. A. Rawlinson

and the Buenos Ayres team above named. The characteristic of this game was hard riding, hard hitting and hard hustling, the

style of play of both teams being much the same. The combination of neither was very good, though of the two Buenos Ayres kept better in their places than their brilliant, if rather erratic opponents, who scattered very much at times. It is perhaps hardly necessary to write down the fact that there was some very good individual play. Mr. A. Rawlinson has seldom been in better form. His gallop down the ground with the ball when he hit the last (the eighth) goal for his side was a splendid bit of work.

On the other side Mr. Ravenscroft and Mr. Scott-Robson both made some fine long distance shots. Altogether it was a capital exhibition game, even if the play, as a whole, did not reach the highest level of polo excellence. Another notable point was that Buenos Ayres have come on very much since last year, for Winwick, which by their victory on Saturday over Hurlingham, showed themselves to be a first-class team, could only just beat them by two goals. Had Mr. Scott-Robson (their back), who has only just come over, been with them a little longer, the result might have been different. A match between Hurlingham and Ranelagh may mean anything from a championship contest to a scratch scramble. In the present case a powerful Hurlingham team gained a rather easy victory over a Ranelagh team not proportionately strong enough to make a close struggle, but good enough to make Hurlingham gallop in order to win.

This brings the story to the final on Saturday, which was a match worthy of Rugby's best polo traditions. Though the Freebooters had sent no team the contest could hardly have been better fought out had that famous

Club met Rugby (A1) team to fight the championship over again. Repeatedly I heard people say: "What a fine game! how exciting it is!" Polo, indeed, is never dull when Mr. A. Rawlinson plays. Captain Pedder is an interesting No. 1, and Captain Renton's neat style is always good to watch. What a level game it was, and how completely the prophetic souls were off the spot. "I should think Hurlingham, by five to two," suggested one. The game was, as a matter of fact, won by five to two, but Winwick had the five, showing one the advisability of waiting to utter prophecies till after the event. In reality it was an even match, and Hurlingham, with a little luck, might have been possessors at this moment of the handsome silver tankards which Mrs. Miller distributed to the Winwick team. Nor can anyone found a new theory of polo on the hardly-earned victory of the well-known men from the unknown place. True, the Hurlingham team had the better combination, and Winwick scattered a good deal at times, and were always a little independent. On the other hand, Winwick was the stronger team on the day, yet Hurlingham forced the ball down the ground by careful combined play, passing and placing it judiciously when it seemed almost impossible. Moreover, the two notable strokes of the game must be credited to Hurlingham. It was for them that Mr. T. Drybrough made the mighty stroke which scored a goal just about half-way through the match. For them, too, Captain Renton made a splendid series of strokes when he took the ball round in a parabolic curve, and scored the third goal, which made the scores even at the end of the fifth ten minutes. Only in

the last ten minutes did Hurlingham give way a little, and Winwick put up two goals in rapid succession. The match was marked by all the notes of a first-class match. The pace was fast, the score was low and even, and the ball constantly in the middle of the ground.

Some members of the Rugby Club do not share my opinion that they are not a county club, and yet after turning the matter over in my mind I cannot see it from their point of view. No doubt certain of their members reside in Rugby for part of the year, but residence does not make a man the representative of a county any more than a house in Paris makes one a Frenchman. I venture to suggest, as this important subject is now under consideration, that the idea of well-known sportsmen and polo players should be acted on, and that the county qualification should be made independent of grounds, and simply rest on permanent domicile. Suppose, for the sake of example, that Leicestershire were sending a polo team, Captain Burns-Hartopp would occur to everyone as a representative man. We should all agree, on the other hand, that Mr. Walter Buckmaster, for instance—however identified with sport in the Midlands, and however long the occupant of a hunting-box—would have to be in the team of another county, certainly not in a Northamptonshire one. Some such classification as this, with the further proviso that not more than two men who had played in the final tie of certain great tournaments, should be in any one team, would probably meet the case. All names should be submitted to the Hurlingham Polo Committee, whose decision would be final.

To turn back to the play of the month, the remarks made on the Rugby tournament leave me but little to say about the Warwickshire tournament at Leamington. The Winwick team had Lord Shrewsbury as No. 1, who was unfortunately put out of action in the last ten minutes but one by a blow from a ball on the knee-cap, but, even with this mishap, they had no difficulty in disposing of the Rugby team; the players, with the one exception noted above, being the same as those already written down as playing at Rugby. Both Rugby and Warwickshire had handicap tournaments which received good entries, but were naturally, in the main, of local interest.

The two new clubs, North Middlesex and Eden Park brought their first season to a close with gymkhanas on July 31st. Both clubs have had an unqualified success, and the North Middlesex Club has a very good situation, but they need a rather more level ground. Their pony show and gymkhana were a most undoubted success, and Mr. Henry Grinling, the President, and Dr. Hamilton Allin, the Hon. Secretary, are to be congratulated.

Turning now from the play of the month to a short survey of the season, it may be well to note the lessons taught by the play that is now over. The first thing that strikes me is to suggest that it would be a great improvement if managers of clubs would endeavour, during the coming autumn and winter, to improve their grounds near the goals. This has been put into my mind by the excellence of the Rugby goals. Why not treat the two goals something like a cricket pitch, and take especial pains to get the turf in their immediate neighbourhood as true and level

as possible? To improve a whole ground up to the standard of Eden Park or Rugby would be a very laborious and expensive business, and would take, moreover, a good deal of time. To level that section on which the posts are, would be a much less extensive job. The better the ground the better the game, and it is to the recognition of this fact that Rugby owes much of its success. Another point on which I will only touch lightly is the necessity of having good umpiring in a match. Nothing, for example, could have better shown how important this matter is than the final at Rugby when the Messrs. Miller umpired. Nothing escaped them, all dangerous play, or unconscious breach of the rules was checked at once and every appeal to the umpires brought a ready decision.

I should also like to draw the reader's attention to the success scored at the R.A.S.E. show by the institution of polo classes. A polo pony show should be held, if possible, by every club, or better still, classes should be arranged and prizes given by Polo Clubs to their local shows. But in all cases whether the club hold its own show, as in the case of the North Middlesex, mentioned above, or provides for classes at local shows. it should always be a condition that the winner, if a mare or stallion, should be registered in the Polo Pony Stud Book. While on the subject of polo ponies I think every one must have been struck with the steady improvement in the quality of polo on the whole. The good ponies are better and there are fewer indifferent and bad ones brought into the game. The imported ponies have improved side by side with the English, the North American and Argentines brought over this year being the best of

their class I have ever seen. Captain Renton's Langousta, an Argentine, is certainly, for example, in the very front rank of polo ponies of to-day.

The Arabs only seem to decrease, but they are infusing most valuable strains into our polo pony stock, and are in that way more useful than they can be in the game, with their dislike to soft ground and want of pace at a pinch.

Now that the season of 1897 is over we may say it has been a

good one, plenty of ponies, plenty of players, plenty (perhaps too many) of matches. The danger, indeed, seems to be that members' games may be neglected at some of the London clubs, yet good members' games, as at Rugby, are better than half the "faked" up matches. Polo at an end in England, we must now take flight for Dublin, where a Royal visit, a Royal Show, and Royal Polo will have drawn many folk ere these words see the light.

T. F. D.

Public School Cricket of 1897.

THE past season has been another dry one, bringing with it a triumph of bat over ball. In many respects it has been eventful, some of the more noteworthy incidents being the drawn game between Eton and Harrow, the splendid performance of Marlborough against Cheltenham, which will be mentioned again, and the defeat of Charterhouse by Westminster. We are getting so accustomed to the Eton and Harrow match ending in a draw that it is not remarkable that people should be expressing opinions in favour of the game being extended to three days. But it must be acknowledged by the advocates of this extension that lately there has been a conjunction of circumstances which has tended to bring about this very undesirable result. We refer mainly to the dry seasons, and to the fact that Society seems to swallow up more and more time in parade. We do not wish to say a word against the cricket in this particular match, but for our own part we cannot see that it is appreciably

better than that shown in other inter-public school games which, if uninterrupted by weather, are nearly always finished. The fact is that no two public school elevens want three days to settle the question of superiority if they are allowed to play the game without interruption. If, however, the Eton and Harrow match is to be considered more and more as a society function, then by all means let it become a three-days' match, and there does not seem to be any good reason why it should not ultimately last a week or more.

The Eton XI. were beaten by Winchester on a slow wicket, and had the worst of the draw with Harrow. This does not sound as if they had a good team, but if they did not reach a very high standard of excellence they were nevertheless far from being a bad side. This is proved by some of their performances, for a side which could defeat the I.Z., the Free Foresters, and New College, could not lack ability. At Lord's, however, they showed that they were lamentably weak in

bowling, and with the exception of Mitchell no one was in the least degree successful. Against Winchester Tryon bowled well and Robarts very well, but against Harrow they were ineffective. As regards batsmen Eton were well off. H. C. Pilkington is one of the most promising boys of the year, and Mitchell, Penn, and Lubbock did well. In fielding they were hard-working, but scarcely as smart as their rivals at Lord's.

Although the Harrovians were beaten on more than one occasion, notably by the Free Foresters, M.C.C., and the Lords and Commons, they were an exceedingly good all-round eleven. It is true they played badly against M.C.C., for the club had a poor side, but their games against the Quidnuncs, Old Harrovians, I.Z., and Eton were each in their way brilliant. They had six or seven excellent batsmen, a smart wicket-keeper, and some good bowling at their command. E. M. Dowson stood out so pre-eminently as the best bowler on the side that it strikes the observer that the absence of any bowler of like ability to keep up the other end was a weakness in the eleven. In a measure, of course, this was so, but the weakness is rather apparent than real, for although Dowson was by far the best bowler on the side, and in fact the best school bowler of the year, there were others in the eleven capable enough, and Hart, if the wicket helped him, could make the ball turn perceptibly. The Wykhamists, thanks to some splendid bowling by L. M. Stevens, who, in the game, took 18 wickets for 68 runs, and some consistent batting, won their match against Eton. F. D. H. Joy came back into the team after a year's absence, and although the eleven

received a crushing defeat in May they were on the whole fairly successful. They were unlucky in their unfinished games, as they would have beaten a powerful team of Mr. A. J. Webbe's and Magdalen, Oxford, had not want of time prevented them.

Some of the performances of Rugby during the season were sufficiently brilliant to encourage their supporters in the hope that they would beat Marlborough at Lord's. This they failed to do, but a defeat by 3 wickets from a team as strong as the Marlburians cannot be called anything but honourable. Both Rugby and Marlborough had wonderfully able elevens this year, and during the season both of them gave ample evidence of the fact. Against New College E. R. Wilson, the Rugby Captain, made no fewer than 206 not out, and W. G. Cobb (whose failure at Lord's was provoking) made over a century, and as Wilson is also a good slow bowler he must be a thoroughly good cricketer. But the talent at Rugby was by no means confined to Wilson and Cobb. In. W. L. Y. Rogers, Hannay, Nicholls and Spencer, they had most useful players, and they were altogether a capital eleven. One point in connection with the school cricket is that the eleven met and defeated Uppingham. It is to be hoped that this game may be played for many years to come, and that next season it may be extended to two days.

We have already spoken highly of Marlborough, and we doubt if any school team could have beaten them. Against Cheltenham they did a marvellous performance, making the 134 runs necessary to win the match in 55 minutes, and winning just on time. This was the work of L. G. Collins and

their captain, W. Prest, to whose united ability the school owed many a success. Collins, both at Lord's and against Reigate (against whom he made 203), played perfect cricket, and we believe he is qualified to play for Surrey. Ffrench and Spooner are also fine batsmen. But it was not in batting alone that Marlborough were strong. F. S. Lewis and W. G. B. Gibson were two good bowlers, and as the team had a good wicket-keeper and fielded smartly, it will be realised what a powerful side they were.

The Cheltenham XI. was far from being as strong as in 1896. It is true that they did a good performance against Clifton, and they struggled hard against Marlborough, but in the Haileybury match at Lord's they failed completely. A. H. du Boulay, the school captain, was not always available, and he was the best all-round man in the eleven; but the team keenly felt the loss of F. H. Bateman-Champain and Barrett.

Clifton, comparatively speaking, play so little cricket that it is no easy matter to place them with accuracy. They lost the Cheltenham match, a defeat due largely to the cricket of Du Boulay; but they had some fine batsmen on their side, and Noton (who kept wicket very well), Daniell, Lawson, and Garnett were all distinctly good. W. J. E. Verrall bowled finely against the M.C.C., and Garnett and Raw also did good things.

After many years of endeavour, Westminster once again beat Charterhouse. The victory was well deserved, and the eleven is to be congratulated upon turning the tide of misfortune. Against Charterhouse R. N. R. Blaker made two invaluable scores of 78 and 48 not out, and R. G. More, the

captain, took 9 wickets. In addition to their victory over Charterhouse, the Westminster boys defeated West Kent, the O. W.'s, and the Old Carthusians, but against the M.C.C. they failed badly.

To compensate for this defeat by Westminster, the Charterhouse boys can point to a victory over Wellington by 5 runs. This victory was largely due to a splendid innings by C. F. Ryder, whose consistently fine batting was the feature of the season. But although the Westminster match was lost, it was only lost by 2 wickets, and the greatest personal triumph of the match must be awarded to the losers, for whom W. L. Moss made 57 not out, and 42, and took 12 wickets. Apart from their school matches the Carthusians were unfortunate, and they were severely beaten by the Northern Nomads and M.C.C. Wellington had a very fine batsman in W. M. Turner, who made 106 not out against M.C.C., with Woodcock bowling against him, and they had the best of the drawn game with Haileybury. Turner and Warburton were the best bowlers, but the bowling was not very good. The victory of Haileybury over Cheltenham was well deserved, and after the finishes which this match has afforded, it seemed a very hollow affair. The team included several useful cricketers, of whom A. H. Spooner, C. H. Jupp, Fergus Swaine, and Talbot are likely to be heard of again.

Malvern gave Repton the defeat which is apparently becoming a regular item in the school programme. S. H. Day, who has already made his mark for Kent, is a fine batsman, and other promising cricketers are Apthorpe, White, Williams and Rathbone. The Malvernians met some pow-

erful sides during the season, N. F. Druce paying them more than one visit.

Repton were not a strong side, but Uppingham, although beaten by Rugby, gave any amount of evidence of their batting strength, and they had in this team four or five players quite capable of making a century. Cricket at Uppingham has, without doubt, reached a very high standard.

Of the remaining schools, which in a brief article we can only just mention, Tonbridge beat Dulwich, and virtually beat the Blue Mantles and the I.Z. F. V. Hutchings batted brilliantly for them. Bradfield beat Radley,

and had a really good cricketer in G. H. Tapsfield. Dulwich beat Shrewsbury, Brighton, and Bedford Grammar School. The last-named had a good batsman in R. Joyce and Sherborne, a promising cricketer in Stanger-Leathes. Shrewsbury beat Rossall, and had a good bowler in F. H. Humphrys. C. L. A. Smith and G. R. Hampson did several good performances for Brighton. Among Scottish schools Fettes beat Loretto and Mercheston, and drew Blair Lodge, and the score of 154 not out which S. C. Glenny made for Loretto against Rossall is certainly worth recording.

C. T. S.

Entrance to the Army.

OUT of the large number of young men who are anxious to have commissions in the British Army, only a comparatively small proportion can be provided for and the nation has a right to demand that the best men shall be selected. War has always been a science whose main principles are fixed and immutable, but, with the improvement of modern weapons and the application of modern discoveries to every detail of preparation for combat and to the combat itself, the individual officer and the individual private must have had the highest available training so that they may not only be able to utilise every instrument and every circumstance to the utmost but be able to neutralise and guard against the best efforts of a well-provided enemy. The great chiefs in the old wars were men of the highest ability, perfected by long experience, and, if they were to

come among us now, it may be believed that they would quickly grasp the changed condition of things and show all their old pre-eminence. But the old officers of the lower grades, gallant as they unquestionably were, would certainly find themselves at a great disadvantage and would have to learn their trade in a much more comprehensive manner than was ever considered necessary in their time.

How then are we to find out which are the best men among the crowds of candidates for the service, not only the best in mental capacity, the most able to master a highly complex vocation, but also such men as are physically able to endure the fatigues and privations inevitable in war?

The same kind of problem has had to be solved in greater or less degree, for every profession. The days of favour and affec-

tion are long past. The age is democratic and it is demanded that every man who wishes to serve his country in any capacity must start on an equal footing with his neighbours and that no one shall have any benefit in commencing the race of life from rank, wealth or connections. The best efforts of the shrewdest men of our time have been devoted to discovering the most practical manner of eliminating the least worthy among the candidates who present themselves and reducing their overwhelming number to the comparatively few that are necessary and nothing has been devised better than competitive examinations in various subjects. Everybody admits that the method is crude in the extreme. It may easily happen that undesirable men may be successful and that very good men may fail. In passing examinations, as in everything else, luck has a large share and the result cannot always be depended upon as being mathematically accurate. If examinations were a perfect method, China should be a perfectly constituted and governed country, for examinations have there been a national institution for an unknown number of centuries. But, if examinations are discarded, what is to take their place? No other method of selection can apparently be thought of which is not accompanied by hopelessly insurmountable drawbacks. Mr. Gladstone recognised this several years ago, summing up the whole question by saying "this is an age of examinations."

The fact being conceded, the question has at once arisen how to make the examinations for entrance to the army most practically effective. And here a difficulty occurs which is not so pressing in the examinations for

other branches of the country's service. It was noted above that, besides testing his mental capacity before admitting a man to military service, he must also be proved to be physically fit. He must have the *mens sana in corpore sano* and many people have thought that, as the examination of the candidate's mind is competitive, so the examination of his bodily powers should be competitive also.

But, is the mental examination designedly competitive? The answer is "No." It is only required theoretically that a candidate shall have received the ordinary education of a gentlemen and that he shall show a normal degree of intelligence. The actual standard of knowledge to which a man must have attained before he can enter the army as an officer, though sufficient, is by no means excessively high and, though the examination papers embrace many subjects and some of the questions may appear sufficiently formidable, it is only necessary to answer a very small proportion of these questions in order to qualify. The element of competition comes in on account of the number of candidates, among whom there are many men of very high attainments. The men who can answer the whole, or nearly the whole, of the examination questions naturally make much higher marks than would be required for mere qualification and of course, in the result, it is these men who are taken out of the numbers available to fill the vacancies in the army. As a matter of fact, the examination papers are not in themselves much more difficult than those which used to be set for the army entrance examination more than thirty years ago, but the number of candidates has so greatly increased that, whereas thirty years ago a candidate who

answered a few questions correctly, was proved qualified and passed into the service, now such a man would be hopelessly beaten by other competitors who can answer the greater part of the questions that are set. If for any reason the army became a less popular service than it now is or if from war or any other circumstances, there was a much greater demand for men to fill vacancies, competition would cease altogether and it would be found that the educational requirements necessary for would-be officers are by no means excessive.

As with mental qualifications so with physical. There is a well-defined standard of bodily powers to which every aspirant to military service must attain. This standard is certainly higher than it ever was before, it is rigidly maintained, and we are informed it is likely to be made higher still. But, if a candidate is thus qualified, there the matter ends. He is not given an opportunity of showing how much he excels others in original or cultivated bodily capacity, and any peculiar physical gifts or accomplishments that he may have in excess of the qualifying standard are not taken into account in summing up the total of his merit. And this leads us to the particular proposition which we wish to examine. How far, if at all, it is desirable that, in examinations for entrance to army service, there should be a comparative scale of physical merit, adjusted in the same manner as, and taking rank alongside of, the present scale of mental merit.

Perhaps the first point that arises in such a consideration is the extreme difficulty of conducting a physical examination which admits more or less competition. There is such an enormous amount of subjects, each of which might

fairly demand consideration that it would be far from simple to give to each its due value. The original gifts of muscular power, lung power, agility, &c., &c., and the acquired accomplishments of riding, swimming, sparring, fencing, shooting and many others are all doubtless most valuable and may all, at some time or another, have an influence on a man's utility as a soldier. But how are the comparative merits in all these qualifications of about five hundred or six hundred young men to be fairly gauged? The Education Department has anxiously gone into the matter and has come to the conclusion that, in the available time, no certain result is to be arrived at. For example, an instrument for testing lung power has been tried but was found to give most inaccurate results. A certain knack in using the instrument was necessary in order to make it give reliable information. In like manner instruments for testing physical force were tried and failed for the same reason. Then, how is comparative agility to be assessed? It would be impossible to make all candidates run races or compete in jumping. When we come to acquired accomplishments, besides the difficulty of finding out which are the best men in each, another insurmountable obstacle arises. If good riding is to count as a merit, then the sons of wealthy parents who have been supplied with horses from their youth would surely have an undue advantage. If swimming is to receive high marks, there are many families whose sons have been unavoidably cut off from perfecting themselves in the art. Gymnastics and the art of self-defence, either with Nature's weapons or with foil and singlestick, are happily and with great advantage be-

coming subjects of instruction in all places of education for boys, but, in order to find out how much they had been taught, could the hall at Burlington House be turned into a gymnasium, and how long would it take to put all the candidates to a comparative test?

The fact is that the physical examination by medical officers is now conducted on such very searching lines that none but the flower of British manhood is considered fit for the army. So searching is it that, of all the candidates who present themselves, about ten per cent fail in some particular. The outside public has little idea how much more physical capacity is required now than formerly and how impossible it is for a man with any defect, however slight it may be, to pass the severe scrutiny to which he is subjected. It is well known that, in reference to a discussion on this subject, a medical officer recently examined three of the highest placed officials at the Horse Guards, men who had served for long years and in many wars with the highest credit, and found that if any one of them wished now to enter the army, he would be rejected for some inborn constitutional defect. We well remember the subalterns who, in our own knowledge, joined the army in the years following the Crimean war and how many of them were obviously physically deficient in some way or another. Such men would not now have a chance of getting a commission. As the physical examination is so carefully conducted therefore, we may rest assured that the officers who enter the army are, as we said above, the flower of the British people. They have all the outward signs that indicate strong constitutions and they have the muscular development which is

able to support the greatest toil. The cadets at Sandhurst, at a late inspection, were found to be five feet, nine inches in average height and their chest measurements bore more than a due proportion to their height, some of them in fact measuring forty inches. What better men could the country desire for its service? With such physique, the aptitude and taste for employing it so that it is developed to the utmost may, in a country like England, safely be left to the various influences which invariably surround young men. If our country were like France, where field sports and many different athletic-pastimes are not part of the people's life, it might possibly be a good thing to insist that every one entering the army should have cultivated his physical powers in some direction and even to allow such cultivation to have an influence in giving to the man a start in his career, but, while the English people has its present tastes and temper, no such necessity exists for its young men.

We know that it has often been said, not only by disappointed parents and guardians but by officers high in the service, to whose opinions all respect is due, that the country loses the services of many most valuable men because superabundant thews, sinews and animal vigour are not allowed to weigh in the same scale with high intelligence and mental acquirements when a young man's claims to be employed as an officer in the army are being weighed. And this we are quite willing to allow. The question to be asked in reply is, do we not succeed in securing a sufficient number of still more valuable men to meet requirements? And, if we can show that the men who pass into the army are not only better

mentally qualified than those who fail but also are better qualified physically, the whole of the criticism falls to the ground.

It will, we think, be generally found that the men who are mentally the best are also the best physically; the best, it is to be understood, not perhaps in the actual original bodily gifts of nature but in the capacity for using these gifts to the best advantage. What bodily game, sport or employment is there in which success and mastery are not attained at least as much by determined energy and reasoning power as by vigour of hand, agility of body and clearness of eye? How often has it been demonstrated that the men who have most distinguished themselves in the schools and in their after career have also their names recorded among the "blues" at Oxford and Cambridge? We may here cite the most remarkable instance that has lately been brought to notice. Four Appellate Judges, Lord Esher (Master of the Rolls), Lord Macnaghten, Lord Justice A. L. Smith and Lord Justice Chitty are all old rowing "blues." We doubt not that these brilliant jurists were all by nature gifted with athletic frames, but did they not owe something of their high position on the river to the perseverance and ability which have since placed them at the head of a great learned profession?

Given a fair though not excessive amount of natural strength to start with, the same power of concentrating attention and will and the same intelligence that brings success in mental efforts will give the same superiority in all bodily trials and exercises. When the small stage coachman was asked how it was that, with his comparatively feeble frame, he

could hold four horses together, he touched a great truth when he replied "Vot the big 'uns does by strength, ve little 'uns does by hartifice." We have frequently met these young men who have failed to pass into the army and have heard the system condemned which could reject such fine active fellows devoted to out-of-door pursuits and, as their partial friends think, "just the men to be soldiers." We have always felt inclined to ask, in reply, "do you realise what an officer may have to do and are you prepared to take this young man who has shown his inferiority in ability, application and will power and to place him, in preference to a mentally better individual, in situations where he is responsible not only for the honour of England but also for the lives of a number of English citizens who are serving their country as soldiers?"

If it were only his own destiny that he carried in his hand, if he were only one musket bearing unit, he might, and probably would, be valuable as far as he went but, as great issues to his country and great risks to the men under his command depend upon the training of his powers of thought, his previously acquired knowledge and capacity to utilise it, we think that most people would rather see in his place a man who had shown these qualities.

There are many people who do not quite understand how great a change has come over the conditions of war as affecting the practical education of an officer in the field. In the great old struggles which lasted for long periods, a young man who joined the service was generally able to gain a considerable amount of experience before it fell to his lot to act for himself. Armies manœuvred in masses under the immediate eyes of their

leaders and little initiative was required from any but men in the higher ranks. Subalterns, Captains and even Colonels received direct and simple orders, whose execution demanded little but gallantry and an heroic example. Every day brought its practical teaching in one form or another and this, continued through many months or years, supplied to a great extent original defects in education and early training and made a man sufficiently familiar with the battle-field before he became of such a rank as required him to exercise a separate command. Now, on the contrary, modern tactics involve that armed forces meet each other in widely extended formation and every officer, even if he is of the lowest grade, is called upon from the first to exercise his judgment and skill in the command of the men entrusted to his charge. Now it is very possible that the failure even of a subaltern to act correctly may have an important effect on the fortunes of the whole line and, even if these great issues are not jeopardised, he may be responsible for unnecessary loss among his own detachment. Now, too, when great wars are few, short and decisive there is no time or opportunity for a man to learn a leader's business by long daily experience alone. He must go into the field completely equipped with knowledge as far as may be and, in selecting our officers, we must of necessity and above all things choose those men who have shown the power of acquiring knowledge and the quickness of mind to profit by it. As in the classic legend, Minerva must spring into existence, ready armed at all points. It is therefore essential that we should have men in the army who have shown power of thinking to good purpose

and the most highly trained intelligence. No merely gallant, healthy and powerful young man will serve our turn, if it is possible to find anything better. Even supposing that we have exaggerated the responsibilities of a subaltern officer in action, which we are far from admitting, and that the highest standard of mental power perfected by careful training is not essential to the performance of his duties in the battle-field, it is to be remembered that, if he survives, he must inevitably pass to a higher rank in which most certainly he will be called upon to display many qualities besides personal vigour and personal gallantry. These qualities do not come when they are required simply because they are necessary, and defects in early training will become painfully apparent when the heavy demands of modern war make themselves felt.

After all, there is little conclusive value in wordy argument as to the merits of the present system of examination for entrance to the commissioned ranks of the English Army, the system which recognises competition in mental power in assessing the merits of candidates, but leaves physical qualifications to be dealt with by a high, fixed medical standard. The real test by which the system must stand or fall is its result in the efficiency of the army.

Whatever shortcomings and faults our army now has, it may very confidently be said that the officers who have entered it within the last twenty years are in no way to blame for them and, indeed, it may equally confidently be said that whatever of glory and credit has been gained the younger officers of the army have done more than their

share in acquiring it. Never before have quicker intelligence and nimbler power to mould existing circumstances to a favourable issue been shown by the officers of any nation's army, never have any officers more clearly proved themselves to be masters of their profession and equally never before have any officers displayed more physical hardiness or a greater power and endurance of body. Perhaps the majority of the officers who served in Afghanistan, in Zululand, and at Tel-el-Kebir had joined the army before the entrance examinations had entered their present acutely competitive condition, though many of them even had found it necessary to work hard before they were gazetted to commissions. But we have had many small wars within the last few years, which, though not sufficiently important to cause national anxiety, have been full of the severest mental and physical trials to the individuals engaged. The Burmese operations, the Hunza Nagar campaign, the defence and relief of Chitral, the numerous small wars on the North, West and East of Africa and the Dongola Expedition have all very clearly proved what an admirable body of officers there now is in our army and very markedly so in the junior ranks. The officers in high command in all these scenes, widely different in localities and conditions, have of course attracted universal admiration by their energy and great ability, but in every theatre of war, in wild mountains, in snow-blocked passes, in dense malarious jungle, in arid pathless desert and often against overwhelming odds, the executive work has ever principally devolved upon captains and subalterns who had entered the service under the present system and right nobly and effec-

tively have these very young men done their duty. Nobody has ever heard that any one of them has failed in the smallest degree, mentally or physically. Their country has every reason to feel pride and confidence in them and no one can possibly cavil at the methods which responsible authorities have adopted in selecting them from the crowds of other gentlemen who competed with them for the commissions which they hold.

Before concluding, there is one most important point to which we would direct attention as supporting our contention that, given a high physical standard, it is quite unnecessary, in England at least, to demand any form of competition in bodily powers or exercises as part of the method of selection among candidates for commissions. We have said above that in England the aptitude and taste for employing high physical gifts, so that they may be developed to the utmost, may safely be left to the various influences which ever surround the young men of our nation. We are quite sure that any old soldier will agree with us when we say that we believe that the average standard of excellence of the British army in all physical sports and exercises is much higher at the present day than it ever has been at any previous time. If we take riding for instance, was there ever a period in the history of the British army when so many of its members could show themselves to be first-rate men either with hounds or between flags? Who that remembers the ordinary regimental steeplechases of thirty years ago cannot recall the laughable exhibitions which some of the performers were sure to make of themselves? Even in the old Grand Military Steeplechases

some men always appeared who were in no way prepared for the work before them and whose performance was worse than amateurish.

Now, in all the great military races, at Sandown, at Aldershot, at Punchestown, the men are really fit, a very competent knowledge of racing is shown and the riding is of a high class of excellence. Even in small garrison and regimental meetings at home and abroad, the general performances are extremely good and show that, in horsemanship at any rate, the officers of the army can well hold their own against all comers. At no time have there been in the army so many really first-class performers in the saddle as within the last few years. The names of Captain (Roddy) Owen, a winner of the Grand National, who so lamentably died on service last year in the Soudan, Mr. Campbell of the 9th Lancers, another winner of the Grand National and of two Grand Military gold cups, and Lieut-Colonel Broadwood, the brilliant present leader of the Egyptian cavalry, who was so well known on Indian racecourses and was, we believe, considered by Mr. Arthur Yates to be one of the best gentlemen who ever wore a silk jacket, occur to us at once and there are many others nearly, if not quite, as good who have all come into the army through the present narrow entrance. Then, if we look at the cricket-field, was there ever a time when better elevens came out of

barracks? If we turn to rackets, could the army of twenty or thirty years ago have produced the same number of excellent pairs as those which yearly contend at Prince's for the military championship cup. On the polo ground, as in the hunting field, we do not think that officers of the army are among the worst men. In adventurous travel and in the pursuit of big game through nature's wildest recesses, soldiers are ever foremost and most successful and in our more peaceful English field sports anyone who invites two or three guns from the nearest barracks to take places in the turnip fields or in the woodland is pretty sure to secure the services of very reliable shots.

No. The present system by which the vast number of candidates for commission is reduced to the comparatively few who are required to fill vacancies may not be perfect. Some very desirable young men who would turn into valuable servants of their country may not be taken and some who are of more moderate quality may somehow pass the ordeal, but it must be confessed that the general result is most satisfactory. There can be no question as to the enormous improvement during late years in the general culture, education and intelligence of the officers of the army and we think that their physical powers and their training of those natural gifts are now equally on a much higher level than at any previous period of our nation's history.

C. STEIN.

Aquatics Past and Present.

THE setting in of our summer, three hot days and a thunder-storm, as some people choose to describe it, is the signal for setting afloat all the private and "hack" boats to be found on English waters. He who for the first time visits some popular riverside resort, say, Maidenhead at almost any moment, or Henley about regatta time, will have no difficulty in at once coming to the conclusion that rowing or boating is decidedly a popular form of amusement. The present year, in which we celebrate the longest reign, has afforded the opportunity for comparing many things as they now exist with what they were when Her Majesty came to the throne sixty years since; but possibly in connection with no sport or pastime have there been greater changes than those which have come over rowing, whether we regard it from a racing or a pleasure standpoint. Time was, of course, when rowing and sculling, like stage-coach driving, found occupation for a very large number of persons, conveyance by water, indeed, being as old as the river Thames itself, and long before the first hackney coach rumbled through the streets of London watermen were plying at the different stairs, and for a very moderate sum were prepared to row as far down the river as Gravesend, or up as far as the hirer wished. Rowing, however, was not then an amusement of the amateur; it was one of those things which people paid others to do for them.

When the Queen came to the throne, aquatics as an amusement had not enjoyed such a very long life. Doggett's Coat and Badge had, it is true, been rowed for

since 1715, the comedian having given the prize to commemorate the accession of the House of Hanover; and the watermen often had a small race among themselves, sometimes for a moderate stake subscribed for by the fraternity, sometimes for a purse presented by a regular patron of the wherries. One or two clubs were in existence at the end of the last century; but the Star, Arrow, and Shark societies were presumably somewhat select, and their operations were not carried out upon a very large scale, for the simple reason that the members of those clubs could find but few opponents. At any rate, the boat-racing of the last century, with the exception of the contest for Doggett's Coat and Badge and some competitions which were instituted in imitation thereof, bore no greater resemblance to the racing of to-day than does a Yorkshire gallop to the struggle for the Derby or St. Leger.

In making mention of early aquatics one naturally thinks of regattas which, while claiming great antiquity in name, are comparatively modern inventions in their present form. It was, says a writer of the last century, a species of amusement peculiar to the Republic of Venice; and the spectacle was said to have the power of "exciting the greatest emotions of the heart, admiration, enthusiasm, a sense of glory, and the whole train of our best feelings." The writer in question, after giving a graphic and spirited description of a Venetian function, concludes his remarks with the words: "Regattas have been attempted on the river Thames, but they were but humble imitations of the Venetian amusement."

No imitation, however, was attempted before 1775, in which year a regatta was held on the Thames in front of the Ranelagh Gardens, and considering the material available and the novelty of the whole business, it appears to have been a sufficiently grand and imposing function, and the experience thus gained was utilised at a subsequent date, when a second regatta was organised at Weybridge, and, from the description left of it, the words of William Read may almost be regarded as prophetic:—

This was a day of banqueting on board;
And swan-winged barques, and barges
many-oared
Came crowded to the feast. The young,
the gay,
The beautiful were there. Right merrily
The pleasure boats glide onward, with
swift prow
The clear wave curling, till around each
bow,
With frequent flash, the bright and feathery
spray
Throws mimic rainbows at the sun in play.

Of such a nature was the regatta in England a hundred and twenty years ago, and in some respects there may be a tendency to go back to the spectacular effects of that period, though at the same time we have added greatly to the competition side of a regatta.

At Oxford and Cambridge it is probable that boating—the word is used advisedly instead of “rowing”—as a means of pleasure or exercise had been in vogue for many years; but we hear of no systematic rowing at either University until about 1810, while about the same date, or perhaps rather earlier, rowing was introduced at Westminster School and at Eton. The “Templars”—students of the Inns of Court—had their rowing club somewhere about 1812, and between that date and 1830 several clubs came into existence, and Lord William

Lennox, writing in 1862, declared that people of good social position did not at the time he wrote take anything like the same active participation in boat-racing as they had done about thirty or forty years previously, when a race or two up to the “Red House” was an every-day occurrence. His lordship, however, must have been thinking of impromptu matches, for by 1862 there was a tolerable amount of amateur racing in England. The chatty author, no doubt, had in his mind such feats as that accomplished by six officers of the Scots Fusilier Guards, who in 1824 undertook for a wager to row from Oxford to Westminster in sixteen hours. Leaving Oxford at three a.m., Maidenhead was reached at three minutes past eleven, and Westminster Bridge at a quarter to seven in the evening, the wager being, therefore, won with a quarter of an hour to spare.

There does not appear to have been boat-racing at either Oxford or Cambridge until about 1815, and then there were but three four-oared boats at Oxford, Cambridge following suit some short time later, while when the Queen began her reign eight-oared racing was not much more than a dozen years old. With these few remarks on rowing as it was prior to 1837, it will be seen how immensely popular rowing has become. Two University races only—in 1829 and 1836—had taken place when the Queen first began to rule this realm, while it was two years later before, in a very small way, Henley Regatta was established, and without going any further, the history of these two events is enough to show what changes have come over boat-racing and rowing. In 1829 it was just thought worth

while to send a mounted messenger from Henley to Oxford with the result of the race, and when he clattered into the city and shouted how the race had ended, no particular excitement was aroused, for nearly all those who were very enthusiastic about the race had gone over to Henley, and they were not very many in number. The race itself was not noticed at all by the majority of newspapers, and scarcely one accorded it more publicity than was expressed by a short paragraph. To-day, as everyone knows, not only is the race itself an event in which nearly everyone takes more or less interest, but no sooner do the rival presidents begin to make up the crews after the Christmas Vacation, than the papers give a regular diary of each day's doings; if one member of a crew be shifted to another, thwart, the circumstance is duly noted, while the substitution of one man for another is necessarily a circumstance of far too great importance to be passed over. If we admit that many of those who look on at the practice of the crews and witness the race itself make both an excuse for an outing, the fact remains that the number of rowing clubs now in existence have disseminated far and wide a knowledge of the principles of rowing, and those who have been coached take the utmost interest in the form of the competitors for the chief eight-oared contest of the year.

In connection with rowing during the past sixty years nothing is perhaps more remarkable than the wonderful attention paid to details of form, and the scientific manner in which crews are now instructed. Just as we may hunt in vain for an old book on driving, so we may search fruitlessly for an old work on rowing, and the

chances are that sixty years ago "Put your oar in deep, and bring it out with a jerk," as Mr. Verdant Green was enjoined to do, was not a great way off the kind of instruction given. The waterman were doubtless taken as the pattern to be copied by amateurs, and as watermen were sometimes found rowing as members of amateur crews they in all likelihood acted the part of mentor. The coaching for men, however, who rowed in heavy boats about fifty feet long with four feet beam, must have been a comparatively simple process; and it was not until the boat-builder brought in his improvements that rowing became the science it now is. In the days of the *Shark*, *Fly*, and at Oxford, of the Black and White Exeter boats, crews did not disdain a "huck" at the end of the stroke. In its table of winners of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race the "Rowing Almanack" marks the successive steps taken in boat-building. The year 1846, for example, saw outriggers used for the first time in the Varsity race, though Clasper's four won a race at the Royal Thames Regatta in 1844 in an outriggered boat, which the north countrymen introduced on the Thames for the first time, as we learn from Mr. Brickwood's book on "Boat Racing." This innovation enabled boats to be built of less weight than formerly, and then nothing of any great importance took place until 1857, when other new departures were taken. The present style of boats without keel had been designed; both Universities adopted them, and in the above-mentioned year they were used by both crews, while for the first time in the history of the race the old square-loomed oars were abandoned, and round ones were used instead. By

this time the boats were light enough to slip away from the crew, the art of "catching the beginning" had to be acquired; "hucking" at the end of the stroke had for some time been given up, and leg work, straight backs, an absence of arm work, hands quickly away from the chest, and a sharp recovery were more and more insisted upon, and then in 1873 came sliding seats. With their introduction came more coaching difficulties, for men had to learn to slide as well as how to row. Meantime the great London rowing clubs and any number of provincial bodies have been founded, and regattas take place wherever a suitable course can be found.

At the Universities, Dublin and Durham included, rowing has advanced with leaps and bounds. From four-oars at Oxford and Cambridge eight-oared races have been introduced; colleges have put on more than one boat; and at Oxford they have had to take a leaf out of the Cambridge book and row in two divisions.

The present reign, too, has seen the gradual building up and very rapid downfall of professional rowing. As already mentioned, there was a time when professionals, in the shape of watermen, virtually represented the rowing world; yet it was not until the year 1831, when, after a great deal of preliminary skirmishing, a match was made between C. Campbell of Westminster and J. Williams, of Waterloo, and the former became champion. A period of seven years does not appear to have made its mark upon Campbell, who in 1838, the year after the Queen came to the throne, beat R. Coombes of Vauxhall; but the latter turned the tables on his opponent in the year

1846, fifteen years after his victory over Williams. Cole, Messenger, Kelley, Chambers, Renforth, and Sadler are well-known names in the rowing world, and the year 1863 may be noticed *en passant* on account of the visit of the Australian, Green, who was decisively beaten by Chambers. Kelley beat Hammill, an American, a couple of years later, and we fully believed the time would never come when an English sculler would have to strike his colours to an American or Colonial; but 1876 told a different tale, for then Trickett, a New South Wales sculler, beat Sadler on the Thames, and from that day to this no English sculler has won the Championship of the World. No one now needs to be told that for a long time professional sculling was on the decline, and then it cracked up altogether. The brothers Chinnery with great liberality tried to revive it, and another praiseworthy attempt was made by the promoters of the National Regatta; but everything proved in vain; no one with the slightest pretension to be regarded as a decent sculler could be discovered, and at present professional rowing is one of the "vanished and banished" sports, with no likelihood so far as one can see of ever again raising its head.

Amateur rowing, on the other hand, has increased enormously both in quantity and quality, and one of the events of the reign in connection with rowing has been the difficulty surrounding the amateur question. Into the details it is unnecessary now to enter; suffice it to say that the Amateur Rowing Association was the outcome, and that body has performed excellent work in doing its best to uphold the amateur status, while the leading and a great number of smaller clubs are

affiliated to the A.R.A., and hold their regattas under the rules promulgated by it. By some clubs the definition of an amateur has been considered too strict and exclusive, so another body, it can hardly be called a rival, has sprung up to define an amateur in a less exclusive form. Pedestrianism, swimming, and cycling are among the amusements upon which the pseudo-amateur has left his bad mark, so those who have at heart the interest of amateur rowing have seen the necessity of taking care that no such tricks are played at our regattas. Foreign entries have, it is true, caused us some trouble at Henley, and the claim of several of those who have competed to row as amateurs, only serves to prove that our standard of amateurism is higher than that of most other places.

Taking leave, then, of boat racing, it only remains to note how much our inland waters are now frequented by those who merely go on the water for pleasure. Boats are found at all the more convenient and fashionable resorts, but it cannot, unfortunately, be said that the waterman schoolmaster is very much abroad. "Boating fatalities" is a standing headline in nearly all the newspapers, and anyone with even a moderate knowledge of watermanship must shudder as he sees the lubberly fashion in which so many boats are managed. Still, there the boats are, and not rowing boats only, but canoes, punts, and sailing craft of all kinds.

Punting has of late years received a good deal of attention, and now that punt races have been established, the size of the craft has been marvellously cut down, some of them being in their degree just as crank and difficult to manage as a sculling racing boat.

From the charge of bad management we must, of course, except the small sailing boats, which are now used so much on the Thames and other rivers. One of the newest developments is the foundation of up-river sailing clubs, and these sailing boats are handled with exceeding smartness. Thirty or forty years ago the sailing boats on the upper river might have been counted on the fingers, while at about the same period steam launches were almost as rare as to-day they are common, and in many cases by no means harmless, objects of the river.

The river, like the world, is doubtless big enough for all, but the steam launch on the Thames sometimes very strongly resembles a bull in a china shop, and one cannot help thinking that those who navigate them so carelessly are putting the Thames to a use to which it is but little adapted.

The houseboat, too, is another craft which has made its appearance on the river during a comparatively recent period, but it, like the steam launch, is now subject to rules drawn up especially for its guidance, and so the complaints against it are not perhaps so violent as was once the case.

Since the above was written a daily newspaper has pointed out that the bicycle has to a great extent ousted rowing, and that although people still go to certain favourite places, others which present no special attraction beyond scenery are left very severely alone, and doubtless to the great enjoyment of those who like rowing for its own sake, and do not believe that the noisy crowd of larkers lends any enchantment to the district.

It will thus be seen that in one way and another a very great

change has come over aquatics during the reign of Her Majesty. Boat-racing has become more and more popular, and so have the craft for mere pleasure purposes, while boat-building has made very great strides, the racing craft being now more like a delicate piece of cabinet-maker's work than specimens of the boat-builders' art. The old City barges have virtually passed away, and the houseboat seems to be their direct successor.

Meantime, the river Thames still remains. Book upon book

has been written about it, yet its history is ever fresh, but, alas for some of its beauties. The comfortable riverside hostels have disappeared and modern public houses have been built in their stead, while the neat-handed Phyllis has been ousted by the waiter. Many a reach, which, within the recollection of those who are scarcely more than middle-aged, was a thing of beauty, is now disfigured by bricks and mortar, but doubtless any historian of sixty years ago would have preached in similar strain. W. C. A. B.

Cricket.

MR. A. E. STODDART has at length completed his choice of the twelve cricketers to accompany him to Australia next October, and we must congratulate him upon having collected material for a very good side. The amateurs are Messrs. N. F. Druce, A. C. Maclaren, K. S. Ranjitsinhji, J. S. Mason, and Captain E. G. Wynyard, whilst the professional element will consist of Richardson, Hayward, Storer, Board, J. T. Hearne, and the Yorkshiremen Hirst and Wainwright.

As is invariably the case in these matters it has been impossible to collect a team entirely representative of English cricket, and without a doubt the presence of Messrs. Jackson and Lionel Palairet and Abel would strengthen the side.

We commend Mr. Stoddart's judgment in relying upon two professional wicket-keepers instead of depending upon amateurs as he did when last he visited the Colonies. There can be no doubt that professionals stand the hard

work better, than with few exceptions do amateurs; and certainly Board, the Gloucestershire wicket-keeper, is as hard as nails, whilst Storer is likely to acquit himself as well as any stumper who has gone to Australia.

In Richardson, Hirst, J. T. Hearne, Wainwright, and Hayward the side possesses five first-class bowlers, and it must not be forgotten that Mr. J. R. Mason is well qualified to keep up his end if required, whilst the name of Ranjitsinghi is not altogether unknown as a taker of wickets, and Mr. Stoddart of course is a bowler of some merit.

It is something of an experiment to go into the field without a slow left-handed bowler, and one misses the names of Briggs and Peel who have so often done so well in the Antipodes. However, we cannot call to mind for the moment any young bowler of their class who is good enough to take to Australia, and so Mr. Stoddart must rely upon Hirst as his left-hander.

In batting the team is exceptionally strong, and there is not a weak batsman on the side. Messrs. Stoddart and Maclaren have already shown how well they can score upon Australian wickets, and judging from his play this season in England Mr. Maclaren is in better form than ever. Of the new hands one may well predict that Ranjitsinhji is sure to score well upon the perfect wickets which are provided "down below," and Mr. Druce has given us ample evidence at Fenners, that upon a really good wicket he is a very difficult man to get out.

To Captain Wynyard fell the last place in the team, and as an all-round cricketer he has not a great many superiors. He can take to advantage any place in the field, not excluding the wicket. He is sometimes to be seen bowling, and, as a batsman, he is consistently successful.

Mr. Stoddart has again arranged five test matches against combined Australia, two each at Sydney and Melbourne, and one at Adelaide. We are inclined to think that cricket in Australia just now is better than when Mr. Stoddart last took out a team, and it may be that he will have to do all he knows to win the rubber, but as the inclination is towards attaching more importance to these great matches, and not overworking the visiting teams with up-country matches against odds, it is likely that they will at all events have the advantage of upon each occasion going on to the ground fit.

County cricket and the chances of the Championship are topics which grow more and more important, as the end of the season is nearing.

The sensation of the season has been the success of Essex, who have sprung to the top of the

ladder in one bound, and up to their defeat at the hands of Surrey in the middle of August actually held first position in the Championship table. It must not be forgotten that Essex play a much smaller card of matches than do their mighty and monied rivals, and so the comparison is by some critics regarded as unfair; but Essex has beaten Surrey, Lancashire, and Yorkshire besides many another good side, and at last enthusiasm has been stirred up in the county, and the ground at Leyton is no longer deserted; in fact crowds of something like twelve thousand people assembled to witness the Surrey match.

The Eastern County are extremely fortunate in possessing some young amateurs of great ability. Mr. F. G. Bull is probably one of the best slow bowlers of the day, and Mr. Kortwright, although he has been before the public some little time, and although fast bowlers age much sooner than slow bowlers, still continues to work havoc with his opponents' wickets. Mr. Turner, too, so recently a school-boy, demonstrated his ability the moment he joined the county team, whilst the names of Perrin and McGahey have become quite familiar to cricketers for their long scores.

It looked a few years ago as if Essex would never do any good, and it must be a most cheering experience for Mr. C. E. Green, who has for so many years worked so hard in the cause of cricket in Essex, to see the Leyton ground swarming with spectators, who have collected to see Essex beat all comers; an occurrence which this season has not infrequently taken place.

The season of 1897 will be memorable for the fact that twice

within a period of a few weeks the record score for the first wicket in a first-class match was lowered. For many years the total of 278 scored by Dr. W. G. Grace and Mr. B. B. Cooper at Kennington Oval remained unbeaten until in August, 1892, Messrs. H. T. Hewett and L. C. H. Palaret at Taunton, put on 346 runs against the Yorkshire bowling before the first Somerset wicket fell. It was left for two of the Yorkshiremen who were fielding upon that occasion to surpass this total; and at Bramhall Lane, Sheffield, in July last, Tunncliffe and Brown knocked up 378 runs off the Sussex bowling before a wicket fell.

One would have thought that such a big score as this would be likely to hold the record for some little time, but oddly enough scarcely a month had passed before Abel and Brockwell, playing for Surrey against Hampshire, went one run better, and actually saw 379 runs telegraphed before Abel succumbed to exhaustion and got out. This performance restored the record once more to Kennington Oval, and we think properly, for, after all, mammoth scoring of this character depends more upon the ground and the efforts of the ground-man than upon the skill of the batsman, and Kennington Oval certainly enjoys a better reputation as a run-getting ground than does the enclosure at Bramhall Lane.

The tall scoring of the present season has become almost monotonous in its regularity, and under the extremely easy conditions which assist batsmen nowadays, it would almost seem that patience and endurance only are needed to secure a very high average, provided only that the batsman has a certain amount of skill to enable him to play forward and

back; to snick a ball to leg, and sufficient prudence and lack of ambition to refrain from playing at any ball pitched a few inches clear of the off-stump. Certainly there are more centuries scored nowadays than ever before in the history of cricket, whilst the time taken by the batsman to compile his runs is, if anything, longer than of yore, so that it is not surprising to find that a great percentage of three-day matches never at any time look like being finished. As a public entertainment for the purpose of collecting gate-money, it may be all very well for two counties to play three days and leave the game drawn; but if cricket be played for sport, then surely there can be little, if any sport, in a drawn game.

The Australian method of playing matches out to a finish has at all events the advantage that a definite conclusion is some day or other arrived at, occasionally after five or six days' play, but the disadvantage of the Australian system is that since time is of no consideration at all, the batsmen develop cautious play to a degree which is little short of melancholy; and on one occasion Lord Sheffield's team had to field for Alec Bannerman during nine hours whilst he was compiling a score of ninety odd runs on a perfect Australian wicket.

Dr. W. G. Grace is to be congratulated upon his four centuries scored up to the middle of August, and the Gloucestershire XI. during the holidays was distinctly a good one. Mr. Jessop has proved himself one of the most interesting cricketers in the country, and some of his hitting has been quite phenomenal, especially when he knocked up a century against the Yorkshire bowlers in about forty minutes, and with Messrs. Champain and Townsend available

Gloucestershire are no very easy nut to crack. They defeated Notts in very hollow fashion by an innings and forty runs, in the return match, and Dr. Grace, in addition to making a score of 131 runs, took five wickets in the second innings of Notts at a very moderate cost, and it is interesting to notice how frequently it happens that the Champion comes off both with bat and ball in the

same match. It is sad to think that the season is practically at an end. Scarborough remains, where three matches are to be played by very strong sides collected by Mr. C. I. Thornton, and then the Hastings Festival rings down the curtain upon first-class cricket of 1897.

Since this article was in type Captain Wynyard has been ordered to join his regiment, and Briggs takes his place in Mr. Stoddart's team.

To a Foxhound Puppy.

Come puppy, my puppy, come, give me your paw,
You are getting an old dog now;
And soon to the kennels you'll go, and the pack
You'll greet with your gay "bow-wow."
Yes, soon all the gambols of youth will be o'er,
And you'll feel the stroke of the lash,
When a nice little bunny starts up from a bush,
And away with a rush you dash.
You know I have taught you so often, my dog,
That foxhounds should scorn little game;
That beagles and bunnies are all very well,
Like the hunting of deer that are tame.
In the trial of life you should always aim high,
And scorn all that's foolish and low;
What are bunnies and baubles that dazzle the eye
When you hear the loud cry "Tally-ho!"
And remember, my puppy, the whip, though it hurts
Is intended to cure your defects;
And without you know (you know Latin, of course,
You will never be *princeps* or *rex*.
How often those brown eyes will flash with delight,
When they see the old fox just in view!
And your heart will beat as you gallop along,
With the pack racing all after you.
Your skin is so glossy, your chest is so broad,
Was ever a puppy so fine!
But Hector's your sire, and your mother Brave Bess
And you come of a pedigree line.
And blood will tell in a hound or a man,
Though there's many a man I know
Who brings no credit to high degree,
And shames every knightly vow.

You, puppy, will never forget all my words
 Of advice, or be stupid and weak ;
 You listen so well, and can hear all I say,
 Though, except with your eyes, you can't speak.
 There are ignorant bumpkins who ride over hounds—
 They ought to be hung I declare—
 If anyone, puppy, e'er rides over you,
 With my hunting crop—may I be there !
 So puppy, my puppy, come, give me your paw,
 I behold your sad eyes with a sigh ;
 For soon to the kennels you'll go, and alas !
 I must bid my dear puppy good-bye.

T. H. DITCHFIELD.

A Day with the Indian Grouse.

THE bird referred to above is the Sandgrouse, of which there are no fewer than nine species in India ; two of which, however, viz. : "Syrrhoptes Tibetanus," and "S. Paradoxus" are feather-footed, and confined to Thibet and the borders of China. The seven barefooted species in India are "Pterocles Arenarius," or Large Sandgrouse ; "P. Senegalus," or the Spotted ; "P. Coronatus," or the Coroneted ; "P. Fasciatus," or the Painted ; "P. Lichtensteini," or the close-barred ; "P. Exustus," or the Common ; "P. Alchata," or the Pintailed ; but of these only the common and large are numerous, and the large, or black-bellied Sandgrouse a winter visitor to the Punjab, affords the best sport. This species, (which by the way is supposed to be the bird mentioned in the Bible, Numbers XI. v. 31) weighs from 1 to 1½ lbs, and is a handsome game bird ; it is a rapid flyer and its close plumage requires a heavy charge of powder and large shot. These birds were found breeding near Kandahar during the last Afghan War, the eggs, 3 in number, being laid in a slight depression in the

ground during May and June. Their food consists of seeds of small plants and grasses, and in those shot, small stones are always found in their stomachs ; their call, a peculiar clucking whistle, is unmistakable. They frequent large, it may be said in some places vast, sandy plains, and at midday, when the sun is hot, take a siesta, bustling about and dusting themselves, first one wing up and then the other like an old hen ; they drink always once in the morning, sometimes again in the afternoon at some river or jheel, early when the weather is hot, later when cold. During cloudy weather they are on the move all day. The packs which I came across rarely numbered more than a hundred, twenty to fifty being about the average, though there are accounts of packs of upwards of two thousand, and tales of how many cart-loads were poached by men lying concealed and shooting them while drinking at the rivers or water-holes, I regret to say not always by natives. Hume in his "Game Birds of India," says :—"Sandgrouse are not found in Assam ; but I certainly on one occa-

sion flushed a small pack of "*Pterocles Arenarius*" in Assam: I could not be mistaken in the birds, having shot so many in the Punjab, and their peculiar note is unmistakable, unfortunately I did not get a shot as my gun was behind with my orderly and they flew over a hill out of sight. As the month was April they were probably migrating. My orderly, a Punjabee, recognised the birds at once. At the time I write of, being Adjutant of my regiment, an occasional Thursday during the cold weather was all I could devote to fishing or shooting, but I generally managed to get ten days about Christmas; the fishing, by the way, was some of the best I ever had in India, Mahseer with Salmon Fly, but that, as Kipling says, is another story; now for the Sandgrouse.

It was four o'clock on a January morning, the place a station in the north of the Punjab, a voice in the darkness says, "Sahib, Sahib, it is four o'clock;" answer sleepily, "Very well. Is the horse ready?"

"Yes, Sahib."

"Has the Khitmutgar got the tea ready?"

"Yes, Sahib."

No further questions occurring to me to delay the evil moment, I get up, dress, have my tea and toast, issue forth, mount and gallop off. The place I am going to being about fourteen miles out, I have one pony stationed half-way, the man in charge of him and my other Syce and orderly having gone on the night before. On arrival I find my orderly and Syce shivering with the cold, the temperature being about the freezing point. The place is a large sandy plain, interspersed with a few ploughed fields. Walking carelessly along with my orderly, the latter suddenly

whispers, "Bhut-tetur," (Sandgrouse). I look where he points, see nothing, but an instant after, up from the bare ground about thirty yards off get a small pack of seven or eight birds, I have only time to fire one barrel, feathers are knocked out of the bird but he goes on with the rest, the orderly exclaiming, "He is hit, but not killed," the latter being self-evident. Remembering past experience, I watch him with the field-glass and have the satisfaction of seeing him drop suddenly like a stone, and on walking up find the bird quite dead. This puts the orderly, a Punjabee Mussulman, into good spirits, he always laying great stress on the success of the first shot. We walk on and presently hear overhead the peculiar clucking note of the Large Sandgrouse, and see a flock whirling by, but out of shot, at the rate apparently of sixty miles an hour, they settle about half a mile away.

On approaching the place we find some ploughed fields interspersed in the sandy plain, and to find the grouse will be difficult, as they lie close and are undistinguishable from the colour of the ground. You may thus pass them or have them get up behind you and be out of shot before you can turn round. However, this time it is I who get a glimpse of something that moves, no doubt a grouse turning on his side to sun himself. Leaving the orderly standing motionless I advance in a "can't see you" sort of way so as to pass the birds about forty yards off. Perhaps they are keeping an eye on the orderly and so allow me to pass on one side of them within range. I turn sharply, and having marked the place when starting, get them on the ground and account for three. The left barrel, however, I was not quick enough

with and it is harmless. When crossing a sandy ridge to get to another part of the ground, I see high up a solitary sandgrouse coming straight towards us, evidently bent on joining, with the least possible delay, the pack he has lost. The orderly says, "Too far, and going too fast," but allowing it is difficult to say what distance in front of the bird, I pull trigger and down he comes, shot in the head, almost on the top of the orderly who is standing some fifty yards in rear, and I am flattered by his exclaiming, "Shabash" (well done). Following the direction the last bird was flying in, we get to the top of another sandy ridge, the sky has now become cloudy, and in consequence the grouse are restless, and there are two or three packs to be seen flying about. I sit down in the hopes of some of them settling near. One lot does so, but in trying to stalk them they get up about 200 yards off evidently very wild. However, I see another pack settle in the direction from which I had come, and retracing my steps over the sandy ridge, the birds get up to my right. I fire both barrels, drop one with the right, but the last was a long shot and the bird goes off wounded. However, seeing where he settles, I get him with another shot.

We stop for luncheon near a village well, and there often being pigeons in these wells, the orderly throws down a stone. Out come some six or seven birds and I make a fair right and left. While

at luncheon I notice flying about large flocks of the Rufous short-toed lark, with the long-syllabled scientific name of "*Calandrella brachydactyla*." These birds are called Ortolans by most people in India, and are excellent eating. Loading with No. 8 shot, I get twenty-seven with two barrels. After some more sport of much the same description with the sandgrouse, I make for the village where I had left my pony. I may mention that about half way on the road to the place where I shot the sandgrouse, I was fortunate enough, while quail shooting in the month of August, to obtain an undoubted specimen of the "larger button quail" (turnix tanki), taking the egg from the body of the bird when examining the bag at the end of the day's sport. The egg was sent to Mr. Hume, the eminent ornithologist, and is now in his collection in the Natural History Museum, South Kensington. While riding home over the sandy plain I came almost on the top of two wolves (*canis pallipes*), lying in a small hollow. They jumped up, showed their teeth, and then cantered off. I galloped after them with the pony going at full speed; they lobbed along about twenty yards ahead, going as if it were no exertion to them. I soon gave this up, got on to the high road, and so home, the bag being nine brace of large sandgrouse, two pigeons and the larks, the latter by no means the least valuable for the table.

CAINOS.

The Sportsman's Library.

THE task of reviewing Mr. Dewar's interesting book* is considerably facilitated by the preface written by the Marquis of Granby. That enthusiastic and skilful fisherman says, "the author of the 'Book of the Dry Fly' seems to me to deal so broadly and fairly with this delicate piscatorial art, and to have so due an appreciation of the undoubted value, not only of the different ways of using the Dry Fly, but also of what is termed 'Wet Fly' fishing, that in the present instance prefacing is a comparatively easy task." This is a perfectly fair summary of the book under notice, and it is the author's broad and non-partisan spirit of treating his subject which marks it off from so many other books on fly-fishing. Before going further we would draw especial attention to a point which has commended itself to the Marquis of Granby—the cutting of weeds to an extent which pretty well abolishes them.

Comparing the takes of trout as recorded in Colonel Hawker's Diary with those which fall to the lot of the latter-day angler, Mr. Dewar moralises on the reason why fish are less plentiful and more wary than they were when the gallant colonel indulged in some of his questionable exploits. Differing from the opinion expressed by two writers, the author is inclined to think that an increase in the number of fishermen, the want of water in many chalk streams, mills, and the constant cutting of weeds are among the causes of smaller takes. The Marquis of Granby cordially agrees with this, and notes that

"many a river has been spoilt by an ignorant and over-zealous keeper removing nearly all the various weed-growths, thereby destroying food and shelter for the trout." On seeing reference to weed-cutting in the preface, we naturally turned to the index in order to discover what the author had to say on the subject, but no mention is made of it. The index, indeed, is the weak point of the book—it is meagre. Upon the work itself an infinity of pains has been bestowed, and another twelve hours' labour would have given it such an index as it deserves.

All that Mr. Dewar says in praise of dry fly-fishing is thoroughly well deserved; and if this comparatively new system, as it is termed, has done nothing else, it has at least tended to what we regard as a neater form of fishing. The use of a "dropper," and two, three, or even more flies above it answered its purpose well enough for a time, but it stands to reason that the use of one fly only—and the dry fly-fisher uses but one—necessitates, indeed, admits of, a more careful manipulation. With but one fly to attend to, there is no limit to the lightness with which it may alight on the water; it may come down like a piece of thistledown, which three or four flies on a line cannot do. Mr. Dewar puts the merits of the two methods of fishing very fairly and pithily; indeed, the absence of any doctrinaire style is one of the book's chiefest merits. The whole matter is, as the Marquis of Granby remarks, treated in a broad and masterly fashion. "A Not Unequal Contest," is a most interesting chapter, into which a

* "The Book of the Dry Fly," by George A. B. Dewar. (London: Lawrence and Batten.)

good deal of practical information is imported. "Dibbling with the Dry Fly," and "Evening Fishing," are two chapters which should not be missed, while, as an example of instruction, blended with narrative, "The Dry Fly in Derbyshire" should be noted. It is more than probable that this book of Mr. Dewar's will see another edition, and when the second is called for will be the time to enlarge the index.

Frocks, fashions, and furniture, all things, in fact, which could possibly be brought to do so, have been made to assume this year an early Victorian aspect. This is most proper, and we have all been delighted about it, but a revival of early Victorian photography such as we are treated to in Prince Ranjitsinhji's book* may not be so universally approved. In these days of Kodaks and Biographs it is a little trying to look at picture after picture purporting to represent human beings in action where the figures are so obviously posed as in this volume. Of course, when a cricketer is taking guard or waiting for a catch in the slips, or for the peas and salmon in the dining-room or tent, this early Victorian method does well enough; but if, in the midst of those rapid and indefinable motions of the body which go to make a cut, a pull, or a drive, a batsman attempts suddenly to stand to attention while the photographic artist utters the mystic incantation, "Now, sir, are you quite ready? Just one moment—now, one, two, three! thank you." Then, when the deed is done, and his picture is handed down to posterity, he will look—well, like some of the victims in this volume.

For instance, there is a picture of a man catching a catch in the out-field which illustrates our meaning exactly. We should like to take a Kodak, get someone to hit this fieldsman a dozen catches in the long-field, snap him in the act of taking them and compare the results with the picture which Prince Ranjitsinhji would have us believe is an up-to-date representation of how the thing should be done. Indeed, the representation before us might far better be entitled "Oh what a pretty thing I've found, is it a bird's egg?"

As a study of character the photographs are interesting enough, the younger men of the Prince's stage and standing, the young amateurs especially, all look so serious, as if they really did think they would appear in the picture to be accomplishing the stroke they are intended to illustrate. But the older hands—ah, well—look at them as they pose for the stroke and see if there is not, so far as it can be reproduced in a picture, an unmistakable twinkle in their eye, a sort of "I wonder if the public will swallow it" expression.

We cannot leave this portion of the subject without noticing a picture of Mr. Stoddart supposed to be taken in the act of driving a ball hard forward, and we are given to understand that the illustration represents the affair just prior to the finish of the stroke. We should like the great Middlesex batsman to just look at this picture and tell us whether when the ball does reach his bat it will not infallibly be skied straight into the air. It might almost appear that this great cricketer, affected by some "brain wave" of the Indian Prince's loyalty, has here unconsciously reverted to as near an approach to his early Victorian

* "The Jubilee Book of Cricket," by Prince Ranjitsinhji. London: W. Blackwood and Co. 1897. Price 6s.

cricket as he can remember, and shown us the stroke as he would have done it when he first began to study batting.

But let us leave the illustrations, although the Prince has been so prodigal in this respect that one can never get very far from them, and after all they are a mere detail, for to quote a remark of a fellow-countryman of the Prince who was getting up the first book of Euclid for an examination, "The pictures need not spoil our pleasure in the book if we do not allow them to distract our mind from the letterpress."

The Prince, in the preface, acknowledges his indebtedness to various gentlemen for assistance in his loyal undertaking, and to Professor Case are due our sincere thanks for his article upon Oxford Cricket. Mr. W. J. Ford writes upon Cambridge Cricket, and also upon the Public Schools. The Prince also avails himself of the assistance of Mr. C. B. Fry.

The volume contains well over four hundred pages, and naturally enough there is much which is well worth reading. The remarks as to no-balling a bowler with a doubtful action are, to our mind, very much to the point, the author aptly says on this question that the very reason generally given by an umpire for not no-balling a doubtful delivery—namely, that "he was not quite sure," is according to the law of cricket as it stands the very best reason in the world for disallowing the ball. Interspersed with much sound philosophy such as above, there is a good supply of padding, and the Prince has a solemn way of propounding truisms which are absolutely unanswerable.

Part VI. of "The Encyclopædia of Sport" * is quite up to the standard of the previous numbers, and the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, and Messrs. Hedley Peck and Afalo are to be congratulated upon their work.

The number before us carries the work as far as Fencing. The long and valuable article upon Dogs, by Messrs. Rawdon, Lee, and Fred Gresham is concluded, and is followed by a valuable article upon Driving, from the pen of that eminent authority, Mr. W. C. A. Blew. Mr. F. C. Selous writes of the Elephant, and we suppose that no one is better qualified to speak of the African Elephant than he.

Duck-shooting and grouse-hawking are both favoured with good full-page engravings, and "The Encyclopædia of Sport" promises to be a standard work.

"The Paper Boat" † carries a cargo of six stories, all but one of which have appeared in print before, most of them in the columns of the *Yachtsman*. The stories are interesting, and will be good light reading for those that go down to the sea in ships, or sit upon the sands. The author is evidently well versed in matters nautical, and his local knowledge of the Solent and the South-west Coast is apparently a very exact one. "The Voyage of the Florette," which is the only new story in the book, is also the longest. We have no doubt that this little work by Palinurus will help many a holiday-maker to while away the happy idle hours.

* "The Encyclopædia of Sport." London: Lawrence & Bullen.

† "The Paper Boat," by Palinurus. Published by James Bowden, 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Price 3s. 6d.

“Our Van.”

Some Past Racing.—How long ago is it since the Van Driver sang “Come unto these yellow sands,” he wonders. Some few years, and the worst of it was that people did not respond to his invitation. True, Saltburn was a very quiet place, and is so still. Dull, the young people called it, and we cannot deny the accusation. But Saltburn had capabilities, and if they had been made use of and worked in the right way it would not be the dull, sleepy place it is now. Nature had made it beautiful, and the only thing required was man to assist in its development. And man was ready. The early proprietors of Saltburn must have been men of taste, for they found a glen ready made to their hands, which they converted into a charming and most unique garden. The two sides of the glen are now united by a bridge, the gift of Mr. Wharton, of Skelton Castle, once the hearthstone of the Bruces, or to give them their Norman origin, Brus. Whether the great Darlington firm of the Peases was opposed to frivolity, or whether Mr. Pease thought that with the gardens he had done enough, and did not attempt to stem the tide of dulness which set in as soon as Saltburn-by-the-Sea was added to the list of watering places on the Yorkshire coast, within the last few years, and perhaps owing to the V.D. saying so much about it within the “green covers,” it dawned upon racing men of all classes and degrees that it would not be a bad resting-place for Redcar (then entering into a new existence under the fostering care of Lord Londonderry. Lord Zetland, Mr. James Lowther, Mr. Robert Vyner, and other northern

sportsmen) and Stockton, the latter a wonderfully improved meeting under the excellent administration of Mr. Hornby, backed up by the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry, near neighbours of Stockton, Mr. James Lowther, and others. Lord Londonderry and Mr. Lowther are the two hosts of Stockton and Redcar, from whose hospitable boards no one turns empty away. But it is sad to think that the natural beauties of Saltburn did not attract, and that racing did. However, it is an ill wind that does not do some good, so racing men cling to Saltburn. We hear that the Zetland hotel passes into the hands of the railway company with the close of the year, and that Mr. Verini will not be there next year. Well, we shall much miss our landlord, for we have always found him most courteous and obliging, and consider that the railway company will have a difficulty in replacing him.

Redcar Races.—The course naturally suffered from the hard ground and, though we had rain on the second day, the mischief had been done, and the rain was too late as a remedy. In other respects the sport was excellent, and the company on the Stewards' Stand comprised the *élite* of Yorkshire and Durham, not to mention a strong London contingent, among which was the V.D., who has never failed Saltburn for the last twenty years. There was a good arrival list, and only the Jenny Howlet colt was sent back to Malton directly his trainer felt the ground, so the great race looked more like a certainty for Silver Fox than ever. One of the principal races

of the first day gave an opportunity to Bittern of showing what sort of a horse he is. He was fractious at the post, but with 9 st. 8 lb. got well away, and, after going about a quarter of a mile, went to the front, and, with a clear lead, won in a hand canter by three lengths. Oswestry, who came all the way from Berkshire, won the Redcar Handicap, Son-o'-Mine, running as he always does; and we looked in vain for Mr. Tidy to congratulate him on his journey to the north, but we could not find him, and York-mint's win in the Kirkclatham Biennial seemed to give him a chance in the big three-year-old race on the morrow. But those in the know were aware that Silver Fox was short of work, and, moreover, had not emptied his manger since he had been here. He had to give 20 lbs. to Unseen, therefore, though he only won by a short head, it was a fine performance considering the condition that Silver Fox was in.

St. Leger.—We are within three weeks or thereabouts of Doncaster, and there has not been a bet on the Leger, so that is equal to a one-horse combination. The poor bookies have got no work to do—oo-oo, so we cannot lose our money, which in the eyes of the young generation is a sad drawback. In fact, we believe that the next pleasure to winning is losing for them. They must have had a rare time of it at Redcar, for, with the exception of 7 to 4 on Bittern in the Redcar Two-Year-Old Stakes, and Brasse-y in the Coatham Handicap, they had an awful time, which they very much enjoyed. Mr. John Joicey won the Welter Handicap with Ulterior, and the more we think of the 20 lbs. that Silver Fox gave Unseen, the more do we honour him and trust

for his owner's sake that as his days so may his strength be.

Stookton.—This northern fixture has made extraordinary progress within the last ten or twelve years, since the days of Mr. Gregg, when we used to think if we got two or three horses from Newmarket we could blow our trumpet. Now, in this year of grace a special train bound for Redcar and Stockton left Newmarket with a string of fifteen or sixteen racehorses, so our readers need not be told how different this is from twenty years ago. Of course, with such neighbours as Lord Londonderry at Wynyard, and Mr. James Lowther at Wilton Castle, Stockton takes high rank, and York must look to its laurels. The dispersal of Captain Fife's stud gave us a very warm favourite for the Hardwicke Stakes in Myrto, supposed to be the best of the dispersed, but she ran shadily, a filly by Ayrshire from Lady Alwyne giving the latest Ayrshire blood to the Duke of Portland. Bedlight, a five-year-old son of Prism, gave us a taste of her quality in the Lonsdale Handicap, winning with great ease, and he was bought in for 300 gs., dirt cheap, and Peppercorn was sold to Mr. J. J. Jackson for 115 gs. The Northern Leger was thought to lay between Angelos and Unseen, but the result gave the bookmakers a turn, as no one found the blinkered Grey Hag, who won by a length. As she is by Hagioscope, her forte probably is staying.

Stag Hunting.—"Wild" sport on the purple moorlands of the Exmoor district is once again in full swing. After a few byedays, during which the unusual heat was all against hunting in comfort, the opening meet took place on Tuesday, August 10th, on Cloutsham Ball, the brow of

which commands about the most picturesque view on all picturesque Exmoor. Early in the morning the courtyard of the "Feathers" at Minehead—one of the chief hunting centres—presented a festive and animated appearance, and the crowd which foregathered at the trysting place a few hours later was certainly a record one. The late Mr. Fenwick Bisset, who hunted this country for so many years, left, as a record in his diary, his detestation of the Cloutsham meet, at which the picnic element, perhaps unduly, predominates. But we are not going to cavil at a custom which gives pleasure to so many of the inhabitants of Devon and Somerset, with the leaven of "outlanders" who visit the scene. A good run from Cloutsham is a rarity, stags being, as a rule, fat and lusty, and on the 10th the five-year-old who was "tufted" from out the extensive woods of Horner proved no galloper after being headed back into covert before the body of the pack had been laid on. He was next seen at Wimbersham Farm, after which he came round to Stoke Ridge, and headed straight for Roborough. After a poor run he "soiled" in Horner Water, and was quickly despatched. A very different sample of run was experienced two days later, when after accounting for a stag near the Doone Valley, hounds got on to another in Mr. Nicholas Snow's deer-park. This was a "straight-necked" customer, and no mistake, as he took hounds, and such of the field as had stayed after the first kill, right across the moor, and what is known as "the Forest" (the Simonsbath country), nearly to South Molton, and as darkness was coming on hounds had to be stopped. This was, probably, the most marvellous

run (of late years, at all events) that the Devon and Somerset have had, and sad it was to hear afterwards that it had been fatal to some of the horses, but few of whom were forward enough in condition for a gallop of that sort, over hard, slippery moorland, in weather but little cooler than that which had prevailed during the previous week. Amongst those, however, who saw most of the fun was a young lady of some fifteen summers, daughter of mine host of the "Feathers," piloted by a well-known dealer in racing ponies, more than one of which have won the much-coveted "Civil Service Cup" at Lucknow. We may add that young Mr. Sanders promises well as master, and being a west countryman, and having his soul in the sport, he is deservedly and naturally most popular.

American Horses.—Whether English breeders have really anything to fear from the number of horses which are being imported from America and Canada time alone will show; but at present the number of importations certainly appear to have the effect of keeping down prices, as it takes a remarkably good horse to make forty guineas at the hammer. One important matter to be ascertained is whether the horses from the other side will stand work. Some of those who have purchased them express themselves as disappointed in this respect, and buy no more of them—if they know it. This breaking down, however, is by no means confined to Americans and Canadians, even if the statement be true. Most of us probably have bought at the hammer at some time or other a horse which has not stood his work as well as we could have desired. Still, there is no doubt about the fact that complaints have

been made. Others again have averred that the statement is untrue, while one large firm, not long ago, announced that they would for the future buy Canadians only for their London work.

Those who are in a position to know, have declared that at least the Canadian trade has not come with us to stay. They say that a good horse in Canada is worth just as much as a good horse in England, and that the only animals sent over to us are those for which there is no use in the Dominion. The American trade, on the other hand, appears to be on a very much more solid basis. The ships which carry the horses are specially fitted for the business, with a completeness which leaves nothing to be desired, while in the yards of the very best jobmasters a good many American horses may be found. During the course of the recent Irish Commission on Horse-breeding it was made abundantly clear that misfits in horse-breeding were of no good to anybody, and anyone who goes to places like Tattersall's, Aldridge's, Rymill's, or any provincial repository, will soon see for themselves that mediocre horses bring little or nothing.

A few Bisley Notes.—Although Bisley is to a certain extent a matter of history, there are yet several points in connection with it which justify us in briefly referring to it. Experts were not agreed as to the probable results of the shooting. Bearing in mind that the Lee-Metford is now the service weapon, and used at Bisley, there were some who thought that the change from the Martini to the new rifle would be so great as to involve some rather inaccurate shooting. How very wide of the mark their forecast was the scores show.

The weather was, on the whole,

favourable, and the shooting was something wonderful. The wind on the opening days was perhaps a little gusty, but the conditions improved in this respect, and on the Thursday in the opening week, little fault could be found. The best records made by the Martini-Henry have been left very far behind indeed, and all hands are thoroughly satisfied with the new service rifle and its ammunition. The late Sir Henry Halford was an enthusiastic champion of the service rifle, regarding it as a marvel of accuracy, but he was rather down upon cordite, and recommended an explosive, turned out by a private firm for match shooting. The success of cordite, however, has now been proved, and the Government are to be commended upon the pains they have taken to bring about this result, while the shooting, taken all round, has shown that the Lee-Metford is just as good a weapon at target shooting as any of the private match rifles.

Mr. W. H. Taylor, Animal Painter.—In the collection at Cambridge House there is an oil-painting entitled "Lincoln Horse Fair," signed W. H. Taylor, 1858. The picture is well painted, and the animals in the fair are clever. The most conspicuous character is a portrait of Mr. Murray, a very celebrated Manchester horse-dealer. For years he bought the best horses in the fair, clothed them all alike in the most expensive horse clothing, and it used to be the talk of the time. If any of our readers are acquainted with facts as to the work and career of Mr. W. H. Taylor, a note sent to Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart., Elsenham Hall, Essex, giving the particulars, will much oblige.

The Crabbet Park Show.—Too much praise can hardly be

awarded to Mr. Wilfrid and Lady Anne Blunt, for the plucky manner in which they have fought the battle of the Arab. When Mr. Blunt holds a sale, he provides an excellent luncheon for the very large party which assembles; enlists the services of Messrs. Tattersall, and yet the returns must be regarded as poor. But then Mr. Blunt has said over and over again that he does not care about making money out of his sales, but is perfectly satisfied that virtue should be its own reward, and does not grumble if his stud yearly realises a sum which about pays expenses. For the future it is understood that these sales, instead of being biennial, will be annual affairs.

The sale was held on July 24th, and of the twenty-four lots put up, ten only found purchasers. Farfar, a chestnut mare, went for 80 guineas, and Shebaka for 74 guineas, while Reshmeh realised 97 guineas, a similar price being paid for the horse, Rawwal. The half-breds, that is to say those horses the result of a cross between Arab horses and Suffolk mares, brought only small prices, those at least which were sold. Many of the good points claimed for Arabs are admitted, but an Englishman has been generally brought up to believe that size means power, and it will take a long time to make the majority of hunting-men believe that they can be carried as well over a big country on a 14 hd. 2 in. Arab as on a 16 hd. horse, by a thoroughbred sire. For harness purposes the Arab has not enough action to make him worth a great deal of money, though as a utility horse he is good, because sometimes he can trot at a good pace, though he is generally better at the canter or gallop.

Coaching.—Unless it be 1887

there has never been a worse year for coaching than the present, in which we have been celebrating the longest reign. The weather has for the most part been all that could be desired, but the passengers, even on the most favourite routes, have been few and far between, and almost the only good loads carried have been the private parties taken down by subscribers. The Guildford road has not been nearly so well patronised as usual, and while it used to be said that the Brighton coach loaded itself, this has certainly not been the case during the present season. Although there there is an up and down coach every day, one vehicle would have quite sufficed to carry the number of passengers who have travelled by the road, while the new ventures (the Farningham Red Rover, the Ascot Vigilant, and the St. Albans Regulator) have not done much.

For some reason or other coaching seems less in favour than ever, but it will be ten thousand pities if the art of driving four horses were to become as lost an art, as the manufacture of that fine old varnish, which the fiddle makers of old employed with such success. It may of course be said that the art will never die out, because teams will always be driven, and driving clubs continue to flourish, but one is inclined to think that if the road, as an institution, passes away, the style of driving will entirely change. Take those members of the driving clubs, for instance, who have gone through no apprenticeship on one of the modern stage coaches; they drive in an entirely different style. The old stage coachmen had passed on their rules and traditions to the younger professionals, and both one and the other have,

by precept and example, passed their experience on to the amateur on the road. He is not necessarily in all cases a fine coachman, but still, the way in which he handles his horses is, as a rule, creditable, and it is certainly based on a proper style.

There are rumours of sundry new roads being taken up next season, and it is said that a well known member of the Coaching Club will next year have the Guildford road, though it was at one time asserted that Mr. Shoolbred would resume his place, and do the coach in the sportsmanlike style in which he has carried it on for something like twenty-three or twenty-four years. The Present Times and the St. Albans coach are "off," and by the time these words are in print several others will have followed suit, while the Old Times will have made its terminus at Oatlands Park its winter route.

The Sherborne and Compton Stud Show.—The two executive bodies, who have hitherto managed these shows, have this year amalgamated, but one can hardly say with complete success—it was too much of a show. The Sherborne programme was a very good one, and it attracted some very good horses, well-known prize-winners, but it only differed a little from other good class shows. The hunting classes reached a very good standard, and the brood mares classes were up to the mark; but, of course, the interesting time was the two concluding days, which were taken up by the Compton Stud Show. The weather, by the way, was extremely hot, and the show being moved up the hill on to some chalk soil, on which scarcely a tree grew, the sun beat down with a most tremendous fury, while the jumpers found the ground exceed-

ingly hard. The exhibits at this show must have been sired by the Compton Stud horses, and it is only doing Captain Fife and his colleagues bare justice to say that their exertions have certainly given a material impetus to horse-breeding in Dorsetshire, a county which, though affording some of the best hunting in England, bred no horses whatever until a few years ago.

When we first remember the show, the brood mares were a terribly sorry class, but the fillies dropped by them have in many cases been retained, and their female progeny in turn devoted to breeding, with the result that very much better mares are now seen, and the young stock is infinitely superior to what it was. The mature hunters, too, made a capital show, and from every class it was possible to pick several which would show favourably at any covert side in England.

The sales, which took place on both days, were somewhat uneven. On the first day, when the hunters were offered by Messrs. Tattersall, the business done showed a marked increase on that of previous years. One horse was sold for a couple of hundred, but he curiously enough was not described as a good hunter, and there were rumours that a defect had been found in him. If this be true, the buyer is rather in a difficult position, because according to Messrs. Tattersall's rules there is no implied warranty of soundness in a horse which is described as having been hunted and being a good jumper. On the second day business was exceedingly slack, little in fact being done.

The Grouse Season.—It is by no means unusual to hear conflicting reports about grouse-shooting, and this season forms

no exception to the rule. Still, the fact remains that disease has made its appearance in several places, and that in consequence some of the moors will not be shot over this year. The inclement weather in the spring caused the death of many young birds, but on some moors, especially those which are a little sheltered, the supply seems about up to the average. The weather was not all that could be desired on the opening day, but late in the forenoon an improvement took place, and shooters enjoyed themselves, though no phenomenal bags were made. Perhaps the most cheering reports come from the English moors, some of these in Yorkshire, Cumberland, and Derbyshire being well stocked, while in Wales things appear to be satisfactory enough. The rival attractions of grouse-shooting and stag-hunting have materially thinned London, and the short and not particularly brilliant season has come to a rather premature close.

Yachting.—Though the season's racing, which may be said to have ended with the closing days of the past month, is hardly likely to be remembered as a record one in the history of marine pastimes, the big class events were notable from the fact that each of the craft engaged had a more or less winning turn, though it is to be feared two at least of the competing ships are not again likely to steer up to the starting gun, for the Britannia and the Meteor are clearly unable, under the new regulations to give away the time allowance to their smaller built rivals.

That the Kaiser's cutter has succeeded upon several occasions in more than holding her own is not surprising, from the fact of her having upon at least a couple

of instances during the season sailed the course in a record time, and should the German Emperor lay the Meteor up and not raise his racing flag upon her again, Watson's splendid design will long be recollected as probably the best all round boat which ever spread sail.

Whilst the rumour is prevalent that the Prince of Wales will have a new big racer built, nothing whatever definite has publicly transpired upon the point, and though outbuilt, under the new conditions of rating, by the Bona and the Aurora, the Britannia, as the oldest of our big racing craft, can claim a splendid record.

Of the new boats very considerable interest has been manifested in the Aurora, the more so from the fact that something in the way of ill-fortune starred Mr. Rose's cutter before the hoisting of her racing flag, a strike long delaying her completion being followed by a mishap in her launching and the decided down at the head trim which she had when ready for sailing, necessitating as it did a re-arrangement of the distribution of her ballast. That she is a good boat, particularly in a breeze, is evident from the form which she has displayed, though in the Bona she has a rival which Watson has succeeded in constructing upon the most favourable lines possible in the way of securing time allowance.

Though the fifty-two linear rating class, the old twenty raters, were hardly likely at the beginning of the season, to produce very good sport, the new Morning Star last year's crack, the Penitent, and the older Audrey sailed some most interesting events, the Morning Star proving herself to be an exceptionally fast boat, with a liking for a light breeze, whilst the Penitent gave proof that she is a

better vessel than her form last year against the Saint, Niagara, Isolde, and Audrey, indicated, though at the end of the season she displayed a commendably long line of winning flags.

A very satisfactory feature in connection with the racing of the present year has been the success attending the contests for cruisers, and with the promise of further encouragement being given in the regattas of the future to boats of this type, there should be a very considerable addition to a class of craft in which comfort and speed find, as far as possible, a combination. The good entries which have marked the many Thames club matches this year, and the excellent form displayed by the smart little ships which sailed over the surface of London's grand old river, serve to show that yachting has become decidedly more popular of late both in the Thames estuary and in the upper reaches of the river, some capital sport has been displayed by the white-winged little craft. Boat building has, too, received a very considerable fillip, and the yachting yards of the Itchen and the Medina have now a very great rivalry to contend with on the Thames side.

Model yachting has hardly advanced in public favour to the extent to which it once gave promise, though a few clubs have come to the fore, prominently the one instituted at Southampton three seasons ago, and which is mainly composed of the smart skippers and designers of the great southern centre of marine pastimes, whilst both at Ryde and Southsea the canoe lakes have been flecked by the white sails of many of the miniature craft.

Though the racing programmes are practically finished off, a good month's cruising is yet open before the time of a general laying up

is at hand, and, particularly at the westward, many pleasure craft are likely to be seen steering over our home waters for several weeks to come, while others are under orders for the Mediterranean, one of the first to go being the *Fleur-de-Lys*, Mr. English's fine steamer, her destination being the shores of Egypt. Her owner was, it will be remembered, in negotiation for the *Defender*, but owing to the sum asked by the syndicate for the American champion boat there was no absolute result in the form of a purchase.

The *Aurora* being an Itchen built vessel, is qualified according to the conditions laid down by Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne for the cup which he has offered as an international trophy between this country and the States. It was won by the old *Arrow*, in 1851, against the famed *America*, and was given by the Queen. Whether Mr. Rose will take up the offer is not at present known. The cup is a very handsome trophy, and should give rise to a series of most interesting contests.

The "Empire."—The Cinematographic developments come fast and furious just now at the variety entertainments, and the "Empire" executive, always amongst the most enterprising, have gone one better than their rivals by giving a complete representation of the recent Jubilee procession, a task which entailed the taking of no fewer than 22,000 photographs, which are nightly projected upon the screen. The point of view is well selected just at the corner of St. James's Street, so that a double view of the pageant is enjoyed, and, best luck of all, the carriage in which Her Majesty was seated actually halted for a few seconds right in front of the camera. The audience at the

"Empire" nightly receive Her Majesty with the utmost loyalty, and other prominent members of the procession, such as the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Lord Roberts, are recognised and greeted with great enthusiasm. This is one of the sights of London just now, and a wonderful triumph for science.

The other items in the "Empire" programme are as usual very good, the evergreen ballet of Monte Cristo still finds a place, although it is now at the very commencement of the entertainment. The other ballet, entitled "Under One Flag," is beautifully put on, and singularly well adapted for the "Empire" in the Jubilee year; the arrangement is most artistic, and the music, including a patriotic ode sung by an immense number of voices, is in our opinion even better than the usual run of ballet music at the home of English ballet. The Cragg Troup are as marvellous as ever, and Galetti's monkeys and Tschernoff's dogs do their business perfectly.

To our mind one of the cleverest turns is that of Cinquevalli, the juggler, whose turn is timed almost too late in our opinion, as he scarcely gets on before eleven o'clock. Certainly his feats and tricks with the ordinary chattels of everyday life, such as cigars, matches, hats, coats, and umbrellas, are as clever as they are original, and a welcome change from the business of the old school of jugglers with torches, and gilt balls, and blunt knives.

"The Palace."—The veteran Mr. Charles Morton gives us as good a show as ever at the beautiful house in Shaftesbury Avenue. Miss Lottie Collins, fortunately recovered from her recent indisposition, is in as good voice and spirits as ever, and sings three of

her songs nightly with great effect. Gus Elen and Marie Montrose also hit the public taste, and we are lost in admiration of Mr. W. Ritchie, the "Tramp Bicyclist," who gives what is to our mind one of the funniest shows to be seen in town, his eccentric costume and entry upon an extraordinary-looking tricycle proclaim him a man of great originality, and when he sustains a series of disasters in his attempts to mount his bicycle the whole house is filled with laughter. Except for the fact that the performance must be a punishing one for the Tramp, we could wish that Mr. Ritchie's turn were a longer one; however, we are glad to hear that he has been able to prolong his stay in this country. The American Biograph is still a great attraction, and a new series of pictures includes a couple of express trains, which are most realistic. Mr. Morton's show is always up to date, and always worth a visit.

"The Tivoli."—Fregoli came and went. Biondi came, went and returned, and after his holiday is going as strong as ever at the "Tivoli" with his new sketch "The Tripper Tripped." "The Greatest Character Representative of the Age," as he styles himself, undertakes no fewer than thirteen characters in his new and original Pantomime Comedy, which deals with the departure of M. Piantini and family for the seaside. As one might expect, the husband, the wife, and the lover are the chief characters; and the clever Italian further introduces a swarm of passengers, railway officials, cabmen, paper boys, and so on until one's head almost swims. For some reason or another, which is not to us quite obvious, it is part of the business of the quick change artiste to give

impersonations of celebrated composers. As the impersonation mainly consists in the donning of a wig, whiskers and false nose made to resemble the features of the composer, whose face is probably unknown to nine-tenths of the audience, we cannot help wondering what is the reason of the popularity of this part of the show.

Ugo Biondi has fifteen composers on his list, and the applause which greets each of them proves that people like this portion of the show.

In addition to the quick change attraction, the bill at the Tivoli contains many good things. Dan Leno is back again, and Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew reappear in their sketch, "When two hearts are won."

Aquatics.—Rowing is pre-eminently a sport which seems to grow in favour the more it is practised and the better it is understood. Regattas have been very numerous since our last; and, altogether, your racing "wet-bob" has had a high old time of it. Next to Henley, the Metropolitan Regatta appeals most to class crews as regards competition pure and simple, albeit it has not yet attained the same measure of social success. Perhaps, when the new lock is *un fait accompli* it will be possible to cater for the popular taste in this direction also. Some capital racing was witnessed throughout; and, in the result, the trophies were fairly equitably distributed among the clubs. Kingston again asserted their senior eight's supremacy by thrashing two very powerful London and Thames combinations in handsome fashion. The Junior Eights fell to Kensington, but only on a foul, which somewhat detracted from the interest. St. Paul's School turned out a capital

crew for this event; and, after the fine form shown by public schools generally this season, greater emphasis is given to the renewed appeal for the resuscitation of the Public Schools Cup at Henley. H. T. Blackstaffe (Vesta R.C.) easily won the London Cup for Senior Sculls, the runner-up being Dr. McDowell, the popular American exponent. H. W. Stout of the L.R.C.—stout by name and "devilish tough" by nature—just as easily landed the Junior-Senior Sculls, whilst C. H. R. Thorn, of the same ilk, pulled off the Junior ditto. The London Four turned the tables on Kingston for the Thames Cup, after a very fine set-to, and the Thames R.C. received compensation for a bad sequence of ill-luck lately by victory in the Junior-Senior Fours. A big crowd witnessed the Wingfield Sculls contest, of the following Wednesday, from Putney to Mortlake, and it is noteworthy that the Cantab, B. H. Howell, an American, was allowed to compete. Rules are rules, and his entry was surely anomalous, although he has certainly resided in England for the past six years, and learnt all his rowing among us! He rowed pluckily and well, as also A. G. Everitt (L.R.C.), but nobody had the faintest chance with Blackstaffe, who won "hard held" from Barnes Bridge, thus securing the proud title of Amateur Champion of England. This will compensate him for his "Diamonds" defeat, after creating a record for that event.

As usual, Molesey Regatta attracted a big entry, the racing going on from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m.—without a hitch, so perfect were the arrangements. "A. R.," another of the famous Thorn Brothers, landed the Junior Sculls, and R. K. Beaumont (Burton-on-

Trent) the Senior ditto. London once again defeated their old Thames rivals for the Senior Fours, and the Junior Fours went to the Reading crew, a new combination. The T.R.C. carried off both the Thames Cup Eights and the Junior Eights, but went under to Kingston in the Senior ditto, the last-named crew giving a grand exposition. C. W. Kent, of Leander and Oxford fame, and P. Cave-Moyles, carried off the Garrick pairs by a few inches only, their victory being highly popular. Kingston Regatta was marred by "dem'd moist weather" (as Mr. Mantalini would say) somewhat unfortunate after the sportsmanlike conduct of the executive in giving way to Molesey in the matter of dates. The L.R.C. won the Senior Eights, Senior Fours, and Junior Eights; the T.R.C. the Junior-Senior Eights, and both Senior and Junior Sculls—by the aid of Beaumont and S. Malmston—whilst Kingston carried off the Junior Fours. Staines Regatta was notable for the *quality* if not quantity of the entrants. The features of the meeting were the victory of Trinity Hall (Cambridge) for the Senior Fours, and the success of the Home club in the Staines Eights. This is the first time a Staines eight has won at its own regatta! The Senior Eights—for a new massive Challenge Cup standing nearly 3 ft. high—was won by London.

Other meetings of interest, of which space forbids detailed mention, were those of the Brigade of Guards, Marlow, Braymead, Kingston Borough, &c. Ideal weather prevailed at the old-time Walton function, and the racing was very classy and interesting throughout. London pulled off the Senior Eights and Senior Fours, whilst Molesey just got the better of Twickenham in the

Walton Eights after a sensational finish. The Windsor and Eton Regatta of the same day also provided good sport, a large and fashionable crowd foregathering to witness the proceedings. By kind permission of the Queen, subscribers were allowed inside the private grounds of Windsor Castle, a boon highly appreciated. Kingston easily beat Reading for the Senior Fours, and Beaumont once again thrashed R. P. Croft (Cambridge University) for the Senior Sculls. The best part of the programme was occupied by what has been fitly termed "amusing events" and this seemed to suit the public immensely. Reading Regatta also attracted a large attendance; the racing, moreover, being of very high order. Croft landed the Senior Sculls, and W. A. Lunn (Vesta R.C.), the Junior ditto; whilst the Grand Challenge Eights went to the T.R.C. Severe competition was to the fore for the Maiden Erleigh Fours, the final—after six heats—falling to the Worcester R.C., a crack Midland combination. The Iris R.C. took away the Sandeman Challenge Cup, and Kingston the Reading Challenge Vase, whilst the Reading Challenge Bowl was easily secured by the Bristol Ariel R.C. The visit of these crews was much appreciated, and, next year, we trust to see more Northern and Midland crews *en évidence* at Henley and elsewhere.

Space forbids mention of many other aquatic meetings of note, but the Goring and Streatley Regatta demands notice, by reason of the remarkable prowess of the Orkney Cottage crews. Composed of past and present 'Varsity men, this highly exclusive club carried off three of the principal events of the day against all the leading Metropolitan crews, *i.e.*, the Challenge Eights, Challenge

Fours, and Challenge Pairs. It did our eyes good to see R. C. Lehmann, the famous Cantab and Leander veteran, rowing for all he was worth in old-time style! Another "surprise" of the day was the defeat of Beaumont, by H. W. Stoul, in the senior sculls; and there is no doubt that the L.R.C. man is smarter in this direction than most people imagine.

That a good deal of confusion has been created this season owing to the late fixture at Henley, is beyond doubt, and it is to be hoped that the stewards will see their way clear to study the wishes of the Metropolitan clubs more for the future. Sailing has been going on merrily since the Bourne End week, yet to give but slight mention of the multifarious fixtures during the interim would occupy several pages of BAILY. Enough, therefore, to again emphasise the amazing progress, this branch of aquatics has made within the past year. It is a cause for satisfaction, moreover, that the river-yachtsmen of the United Kingdom are increasing in numbers year by year, as sailing is emphatically one of the most characteristic of all our national pastimes. Yachting proper must ever be a select pastime, for obvious reasons, principal of which is the "sea-stomach" required by its devotees; but sailing, which is part and parcel of the same passion, can be carried on in the reaches of "Ye Silverie Temes" without this terrible drawback. Punting continues to advance in popular estimation also, as testified by the increasing patronage given to every meeting within the last month. The Amateur Championships were held down Shepperton way again this year, over a course which allows of *separate rye-pecks*. "Beau" Rixon did not defend his title as champion this season, and

four exponents threw down the gauntlet. W. Colin Romaine and Adrian Hope qualified for the final, a great race ensuing until about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from home, when the first-named got away, and "romped" in an easy winner by three lengths in 5.49 $\frac{1}{2}$. The official time-keeper made it 5.50. The new champion followed up this success by victory in the Senior Punting contest at the same meeting, thus proving himself a worthy successor to Messrs. Grenfell, Rixon, Verity, &c. For the Championship Doubles, Guy Rixon and W. P. Russell, and H. S. Freeman and Edgar Green were in opposition, a fine tussle taking place throughout. The last-named pair led from the first, and, although hunted gamely from pillar to post, won by 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ lengths in the good time of 4.20. After the proceedings, the usual dinner was held at the Bridge Hotel, Chertsey, under the genial presidency of Mr. W. H. Grenfell, that undefeated champion and keen patron of punting. Thanks to a right glorious summer, boating generally has received a rare fillip, and we doubt if our "great silent highways" were ever so freely patronised before. Even the craze for cycling has not affected the river season, which, so far, has equalled any of recent years.

Golf.—It is matter for regret that the Calcutta Cup, once the most popular of competitions at St. Andrew's, should not be maintaining its place, but on the contrary should be going steadily back. Some of the members of the club attribute its decline to the use of the new course, and at the spring meeting they put forward the proposal that a return should be made to the old one in order to attract back competitors. They recognise that there are a great many golfers who take objection

to the new course, if not as a practice ground, at any rate as a place for an important competition, and they point out that in the month of August when the Calcutta Cup is played for, it is especially arduous. There is also a body of golfers who take exception to the method of handicapping. The system is not to allow strokes at particular holes as is done in most English clubs, but to give a start of so many holes and then make the men play hole by hole on even terms. It is obvious that, while this arrangement may very well suit men whose play is nearly equal—say, divided by two or three or four strokes in the club handicap—it places at a great disadvantage the long handicap man who is drawn against a man with a short handicap. Take the case of a man allowed a start of 8 holes drawn against a scratch man. There is at least a difference of a half one in their play, and under this arrangement it is necessary that the inferior player abandon his own game and endeavour to play that of his opponent. Like the frog who wished to swell himself to the dimensions of the cow, he is doomed to failure. He presses at the tee, he tries to carry bunkers he never carried in his life, he takes his play club when he ought to use his cleek or iron, and he commits many more mistakes, and does justice neither to himself nor to his opponent. Put Mr. John Ball on St. Andrew's, and give him as opponent an 18 stroke man. According to the Calcutta Cup method the latter would not be entitled to nearly so much, but give him a start of 18 holes. Can there be any doubt that Mr. Ball would win every hole, and that his opponent would make an egregious fool of himself? One

has only to look at the results of the play at St. Andrew's last month to see how the thing works out. In the first round wherever there was a difference of four or more holes in the allowance, the player with the smaller number won the match with one exception. The exception was the case of Mr. C. E. Todd, who, with an allowance of seven holes, beat Surgeon-Major Duncan with an allowance of three, but Nemesis overtook Mr. Todd in the second round, where he was decisively beaten by Mr. Norman Boase, one of the scratch players. It is possible, therefore, that the decline of interest in the competition may be quite as much due to the method of handicapping as to the use of the new course, for when men find themselves year after year knocked out in the early rounds, they naturally get disheartened, and refrain from entering.

After the first round there was a good deal of close play. Dr. A. H. Vassie, who last year was defeated by Mr. G. Leslie Smith, met that gentleman in the second round, and thus had an opportunity for revenge. He had gone round in the morning in 82, a distinctly good performance, so that his friends were not without confidence in him. But with Mr. Leslie Smith he allowed his short game to deteriorate; and although in all other departments he played well, he found his opponent too strong for him again, and lost by 3 up and 2 to play. Poor Mr. Finlay played a splendid game against Mr. F. E. Harding, winning by 3 up and 2 to play. The finalists were Mr. W. Hillman and Mr. H. Heywood Ball, both of whom, throughout the earlier stages of the competition, had shown excellent form. In the final neither was seen at his best. Just when they

were starting a storm of thunder and lightning broke over the links, and what with this and the importance of the contest the men seemed to be thrown off their game, and they did things in the way of fozzling drives and missing putts that the King of Siam would have been ashamed of. Mr. Hillman won by 3 up and 2 to play.

The death of Mr. C. P. Finlay, jun., is the saddest thing that has occurred at St. Andrew's for many years. Mr. Finlay played for the Calcutta Cup, getting through the first two rounds, and being beaten in the third by his old friend, Mr. Norman Boase. Not only so, but he played in a three-ball match in the course of Wednesday afternoon. That was his last game, and on the Friday morning his body was found on the partly covered rocks of the Witch Lake. How he got there no one can say with certainty, but the conjecture is that walking from the Club-house in the dark evening he mistook his way and fell over the cliff, which is only slightly guarded. As a Rugby footballer, he was twice President of the famous Edinburgh Academical Club, and often played in representative matches; as well as a golfer, Mr. Finlay stood in the very foremost rank, and there was no more amiable and gentlemanly young fellow about St. Andrew's, and it is sad to think of his career being cut short in this tragic fashion.

It says something for the stamina and the character of Willie Fernie that he should be able at this time of day to play a 36-hole match with Herd, of Huddersfield, and beat him. Fernie has been before the golfing world as a first-class stroke and match player for at least fifteen years. He came to the front just before the career of Jamie Ander-

son closed, and he had many a stiff match with the redoubtable Bob Ferguson. His championship year was as long ago as 1883, when at Musselburgh he tied with Ferguson who had won the championship during the three previous seasons. On that memorable occasion he beat the veteran, despite the fact that the latter was playing on his own green. Since then Fernie has played such men as Willie Campbell, when Campbell was at his best, Ben Sayers, Willie Park, junr., J. H. Taylor, and, in fact, all the leading professionals. Fernie is now settled at Troon, so that in playing Herd he had some advantage, but all who saw the match agree that apart altogether from considerations of place and knowledge of the ground he showed much the better form. Herd is usually strong in putting, but on this particular occasion it seems to have been the weak part of his game, while Fernie in this, as well as in all other departments, played perfect golf, his scores for the two rounds being 72 and 75. Herd took 77 and 80, and the wonder is he only lost by 4 up and 3 to play on the two rounds.

The competition for the Cup, presented by the Earl of Wemyss to the golfers of East Lothian, whose praises by the way the Rev. John Kerr sings so enthusiastically in his book, has brought out some very strong play this year. There is of course great wealth of material in this county, which includes within its borders such golf greens as North Berwick, Dunbar, Muirfield, Luffness, Gullane and Archerfield, and all the clubs, with the exception of the Honourable Company, put very strong teams in the field. The winners—the Tantallon Club of North Berwick, for instance—were represented by Mr.

A. M. Ross, one of the finest and most experienced players in the country, Mr. W. B. Taylor, the holder of the Irish Championship, and those two young stalwarts, Mr. C. F. Whigham and Mr. C. L. Dalziel. They beat first the Luffness team, then Dunbar, and in the final round, Gullane.

The greens in and around London are little played over during these months. It seems to be the correct thing for the golfer to hie away to Scotland, or failing that to go to Cromer, or Deal, or Sandwich, or some other course within easy reach. The consequence is that most enjoyable golf is to be had in and around London at this season, for not only are the links free from anything in the nature of congestion, but they are in better order now

from a golfing point of view than at any other period of the year.

The golfer's mind and imagination are being troubled just now with rumours that a new wood for golf clubs has been discovered, which adds 20 to 30 yards to the length of the drive. Its name is kept more or less secret, which heightens the effect upon the mind and imagination, but it is said to be no more expensive than hickory, and to be easily got when one knows what to ask for. It is claimed for it that it is "lively" at the right place, and stiff where it ought to be stiff, and that it yields the same results to beginners as to old hands. Probably when it is produced we shall hear that someone used it 50 years ago, and found it a failure.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During July—August, 1897.]

THE DUKE OF LEEDS has had the misfortune to lose two promising greyhounds from his stud. The deaths are announced (July 24th) of Laurel Crown and Laurel leaves both of whom ran in the Waterloo Cup this year, the former winning three courses. Laurel Leaves running up for the Plate.

During the luncheon interval at the cricket match between Yorkshire and Somerset, at Leeds, on July 27th, an important presentation was made to Lord Hawke, in recognition of his services to Yorkshire cricket. The presentation, which consisted of a portrait of himself, together with a handsome service of silver plate, is the result of a public subscription commenced last autumn, upwards of £900 having been subscribed. The presentation was made by Mr. M. J. Ellison, president of the Yorkshire County Club, and there were a large number of ladies and gentlemen present. Sir Charles Legard was one of the speakers at the presentation, and he highly congratulated Lord Hawke upon the high regard entertained for him throughout the cricket world. Lord Hawke, on rising to reply, was most heartily received. He

said the testimonial would ever be regarded as an heirloom in the Hawke family, and he sincerely thanked everyone who had subscribed to it. He did not think his post as Captain of the Yorkshire Eleven would have been such a happy one but for the cordial support he had always received from the members of the team, both amateur and professional.

A popular Irish sportsman has just passed away in the person of Mr. William Spillane, J.P., D.L., whose death, after a brief illness at his residence at Limerick, is announced (July 28th). The deceased, who was a prominent citizen of Limerick, was chairman of the Limerick Race Company directors. He was a most enthusiastic sportsman, and always interested himself in matters connected with sport in the district in which he resided.

On July 29th, Thomas Glover, for some years a well-known jockey, died at Nottingham. Glover, who was apprenticed to the late Mr. Edwin Weever, was very successful in the early seventies, and in 1894 secured sixty-three successes, including the Cæsareshitch stakes, for Lord Ailesbury, on Aventuriere.

A young Irish sportsman, Mr. James Gleeson O'Donoghue, has just died at his residence, Killarney (July 30th), after a very brief illness. The deceased was a very enthusiastic sportsman, and throughout the county Kerry took a leading part in organising sport. He was a member of the Killarney Regatta Committee, and of the Kerry Race Committee, besides being a prominent member of the Killarney Cycle Club, and the County Kerry Cricket Club. Deceased was also an ardent cyclist, and his early death has occasioned great regret in the South of Ireland.

Count Zech, well known in Germany as an owner of racehorses and gentleman rider, died on August 1st. He was riding at Carlshorst on July 20th, and sustained a fall, from the effects of which he expired.

The Marquis de Bonhillier, a well-known French sportsman, and owner of Reluisant, who won the French Derby, has just (Aug. 7th) met his death by accident. The Marquis had the misfortune to lose his wife in the recent catastrophe at the bazaar in the Rue Jean Goujon.

On August 9th, the international running match between E. C. Bredin (England), and C. H. Kilpatrick (America), took place at the London Athletic Club grounds at Stamford Bridge. The distance was half a mile, and odds of 6 to 4 were laid on the American at the start, but, after he had made the running until a hundred yards from home, Bredin beat him for speed in the run-in, and won by four yards in 1 min. 55 3-5 sec.

Mr. R. C. Vyner's shooting party had good sport on the Askrigg moors, on August 12th, 13th and 14th, 900 brace of grouse were killed.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire opened the grouse shooting season with a party at Bolton Priory Hall on the 12th, eight guns killed 235 brace on Hazlewood moor, hill drives on the Valley of Desolation moor yielded a bag of 258 brace before luncheon. The 13th was wet and stormy, but over 100 brace were killed up to luncheon time. On the 14th 231½ brace were killed, and on the 16th six guns got 265 brace on Barden moor.

One of the heaviest bags obtained in Yorkshire on the 12th, was that of Sir Edward Green and party, who killed 350 brace of grouse.

On the 12th Lord Bolton's party of seven guns, including Lord Scarborough, Lord Galway, and Colonel Cathcart, Hon. W. G. Orde-Powlett, Hon. Orde-Powlett, bagged 303 brace, driving on Apedale moor.

On the 12th, at Dallowgill, five guns, including the Marquis of Ripon, Earl de Grey, Mr. St. Quintin, and Mr. Herbert, accounted for 1,103 brace, and on the 13th, 859 brace of grouse were killed.

A party of three guns, Lord Walsingham, Lord Ashburton, and Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh had a good day on Blubberhouse moor, near Otley, August 17th. The three guns brought down altogether 420½ brace of grouse.

Among the best bags in Scotland were those of Mr. Younger, on the Duke of Atholl's Dalnaspidal moors in Perthshire (one hundred and thirty-nine brace, over dogs); Mr. Bunten, in the Rannoch district (one hundred and twelve and a half brace to seven guns); Lord Tweeddale's party at Yester, Haddingtonshire, on the Lammermuirs (one hundred and twelve brace); Mr. John Austin at Dunachton, Inverness-shire (one hundred and forty brace); Messrs. Hargreaves in Gaick Forest (one hundred and thirty-three and a half brace); and Sir James Bell on Ardach, Braco (one hundred and twenty-three and a half brace).

It is rare that the Goodwood Cup has fallen to the same owner two years in succession, but the distinction has fallen to Mr. R. Lebaudy, who secured the event both last and this year with Count Schomberg by Aughrim out of Clonavarn; although last year he walked over the course. The value of the Stake has considerably increased, amounting this year to £625 as compared with £440 last year and £390 in 1895, when H.R.H. the Prince of Wales won with Florizel II. The time occupied by Count Schomberg in covering the course, 2½ miles, was 5 min. 6 sec. We have to go back forty-seven years to find an instance of the Cup going to the same owner in successive years, Lord Stanley winning the trophy in 1849 and 1850 with Canezou.

It is reported from America that Mr. J. R. Keene is having inscribed on the slab covering the grave of Domino, the great racehorse who recently died, the following inscription:—"Here lies the fleetest runner, and as game and generous a horse as the American Turf has ever seen." As a racehorse Domino won altogether 203,650 dols., the larger proportion of which sum was earned during his two-year-old career. Domino had only one season at the stud, thirteen English mares imported by Mr. J. R. Keene were mated with him last spring, besides three of American birth.

TURF.

SANDOWN PARK.—SECOND SUMMER
(ECLIPSE) MEETING.

July 16th.—The Great Kingston Two-year-old race of 461 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. Hoare Smith's b. f. Platonic, by Hawkstone—A Life's Mistake, 8st. 5lb.	Bradford	1
Mr. Richard Croker's br. f. Rhoda B., 9st. 2lb.	C. Wood	2
Mr. T. Cannon's ch. f. Horatia, 8st. 5lb.	M. Cannon	3
10 to 1 agst. Platonic.		

The Tenth Renewal of the Eclipse Stakes of 9,285 sovs.; for three and four-year-olds; Eclipse Stakes Course (one mile and a quarter).

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's b. c. Persimmon, by St. Simon—Perdita II., 4 yrs., 10st. 2lb.

J. Watts	1	
Lord Rosebery's b. c. Velasquez, 3 yrs., 9st. 4lb.	C. Wood	2
Mr. L. Brassey's b. c. Bay Ronald, 4 yrs., 9st. 13lb. ...	W. Bradford	3
100 to 12 on Persimmon.		

July 17th.—The National Breeders' Produce Stakes of 4,357 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. C. D. Rose's ch. c. Cyllene, by Bona Vista—Arcadia, 9st. 4lb.	S. Loates	1
Lord Rosebery's b. f. Ebba, 8st. 11lb.	C. Wood	2
Mr. Arthur James's b. c. Dielytra, 9st.	J. Watts	3
6 to 5 on Cyllene.		

LEICESTER.—SUMMER MEETING.

July 19th.—The Prince of Wales' Plate (Handicap) of 283 sovs.; the straight mile.

Lord Ellesmere's br. c. Mackinnie, by FitzSimon—Windlass, 3 yrs., 7st. 1lb.	Toon	1
Mr. A. Day's b. or br. c. Florist, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.	C. Wood	2
Mr. A. Knowles's b. h. The Tinman, aged, 9st. 13lb.	Calder	3
5 to 2 agst. Mackinnie.		

LIVERPOOL.—JULY MEETING.

July 21st.—The Southport Two-year-old Stakes of 201 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs and a half.

Mr. F. Alexander's b. f. Mandorla, by Hampton—Almond, 8st. 11lb.	M. Cannon	1
Captain Featherstonhaugh's ch. c. Mint, 8st. 9lb.	C. Wood	2

Mr. R. W. B. Jardine's br. Filly by Fitzjames—Bruyere, 8st. 6lb.
F. Finlay 3
7 to 2 agst. Mandorla.

The Molyneux Plate of 500 sovs.; Canal Point in (about six furlongs).

Lord Stanley's br. c. Melange, by Melanion—Amalgam, 4 yrs. 8st.	C. Wood	1
Baron de Rothschild's bl. h. Amandier, aged, 9st. M. Cannon		2
Mr. Vyner's b. c. Albinus, 3 yrs., 7st. 1lb. N. Robinson		3
5 to 2 agst. Melange.		

St. George Stakes of 1,719 sovs. for three-year-olds; one mile and three furlongs.

Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. f. Goletta, by Galopin—Biserta, 9st. 7lb.	K. Cannon	1
Mr. Fairie's b. c. Eager, 9st. 6lb.	M. Cannon	2
Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Royal Footman, 8st. 7lb.	Calder	3
100 to 30 agst. Goletta.		

The Twenty-eighth Great Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes of 1,611 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. Arthur James's br. Filly by Common—Needles, 8st. 11lb.	M. Cannon	1
Captain Greer's ch. c. Bittern, 9st. 5lb.	C. Wood	2
Mr. R. Sherwood's ch. c. The Khedive, 8st. 7lb.	Rumbold	3
6 to 4 agst. Needles filly.		

July 22nd.—The Fortieth Knowsley Dinner Stakes of 600 sovs. for three-year-olds; one mile and a furlong.

Mr. Reid Walker's b. f. Galatia, by Galopin—Pamela, 8st. 9lb.	C. Wood	1
Lord Ellesmere's b. f. Fortalice, 8st. 9lb.	M. Cannon	2
Mr. Vyner's b. or br. c. Yorkmint, 9st.	Black	3
3 to 1 agst. Galatia.		

The Mersey Stakes of 550 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs and a half.

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Morning Dew, by Adieu—Golden Morn, 8st. 7lb.	M. Cannon	1
Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Devon, 8st. 7lb.	Calder	2
5 to 2 on Devon.		

The Liverpool Cup of 975 sovs.; Cup Course (one mile and three furlongs).

Mr. Jersey's ch. c. Brayhead, by Arklow—Contour, 3 yrs., 6st. 5lb.	H. Jones	1
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Mr. A. F. Calvert's br. h. Clwyd,
6 yrs., 8st. 7lb. Rickaby 2
Duke of Westminster's br. c.
Labrador, 4 yrs., 9st. M. Cannon 3
10 to 1 agst. Brayhead.

The Croxteth Plate of 500 sovs.; five
furlongs.

Lord Ellesmere's br. f. Esther
Waters, by Lowland Chief—
Clarissa, 3 yrs., 6st. 5lb.

H. Jones 1

Mr. Vale's b. f. Prosperous, 3 yrs.,
6st. 6lb. H. Luke, junr. 2

Mr. Vyner's br. h. Cunctator, 5
yrs., 7st. 5lb. F. Finlay 3
100 to 8 agst. Esther Waters.

GATWICK.—SUMMER MEETING.

July 23rd.—The Straight Handicap of
252 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. J. Wallace's b. c. Spook, by
Oberon—Lady Lothian, 4 yrs.,
9st. 9lb. (5lb. ex.) M. Cannon 1
Captain Baird's ch. c. Teredo, 4
yrs., 6st. 11lb. Toon 2
Mr. W. M. G. Singer's b. f. La
Rosee, 3 yrs., 6st. 6lb. H. Jones 3
2 to 1 agst. Spook.

The Summer Handicap of 251 sovs.;
one mile and a quarter.

Mr. P. H. Osborne's b. m. Ac-
mena, by Martini Henry—Acme,
5 yrs., 8st. 12lb. Bradford 1
Mr. B. S. Straus' b. c. Cherry-
wood, 3 yrs., 6st. 8lb. Dunn 2
Mr. W. H. Palmer's br. c. Thur-
ling, 3 yrs., 8st. 7lb. N. Robinson 3
11 to 8 on Acmena.

The Crabtree Plate of 254 sovs. for
two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's br. f. St.
Ia, by St. Serf—Berengaria, 9st.
5lb. Kumbold 1
Mr. W. B. Purefoy's b. g. Prosser,
8st. 8lb. W. Taylor 2
Capt. C. Howard's Sheet Anchor,
8st. 8lb. Allsopp 3
5 to 2 agst. St. Ia.

NEWTON MEETING.

July 24th.—The Newton Cup (Handicap)
of 274 sovs.; one mile.

Lord Lonsdale's b. m. Porte Bon-
heur, by Poste Restante—Brace-
let, aged, 8st. 2lb. F. Finlay 1
Mr. G. MacLachlan's ch. m. Full
of Fashion, 5 yrs., 7st. 6lb.

S. Chandley 2
Mr. T. Weldon's b. c. Thirlstane,
4 yrs., 7st. 5lb. Harrison 3
5 to 4 agst. Porte Bonheur.

GOODWOOD MEETING.

July 27th.—The Stewards' Cup, value 300
sovs.; T.Y.C. (six furlongs).

Mr. H. McCalmont's ch. f. Am-
phora, by Amphion—Sierra, 4
yrs., 8st. 8lb. M. Cannon 1
Lord W. Beresford's b. c. Diakka,
4 yrs., 8st. 4lb. Bradford 2
Sir. S. Scott's bl. f. Ardvoirlie, 4
yrs., 6st. 9lb. Segrott 3
100 to 8 agst. Amphora.

The Richmond Stakes of 25 sovs. each,
10 ft., with 500 sovs. added; for
two-year-olds; T.Y.C. 50 subs.

Mr. L. Brassey's ch. c. Paladore,
by Ayrshire—Palisandre, 8st.
10lb. Bradford 1
Mr. Arthur James's ch. f. Sevil-
lanas, 9st. 1lb. J. Watts 2
Lord Penrhyn's b. or br. f. Ata-
laya, 6st. 7lb. F. Finlay 3
5 to 4 agst. Paladore.

July 28th.—The Goodwood Stakes of 505
sovs.; two miles and a half.

Mr. W. G. Stevens' ch. c. Gluten,
by Thurio—Bran Bread, 4 yrs.,
7st. 1lb. K. Cannon 1
Mr. W. Newton's b. h. Eclipse, 5
yrs., 8st. 5lb. Allsopp 2
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' b. g.
Glentilt, 6 yrs., 7st. 13lb.
O. Madden 3
5 to 1 agst. Gluten.

The Halmaker Stakes of 10 sovs. each
for starters, with 200 added, for
two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. A. James's b. c. Dielytra, by
Melanion—Venus's Looking
Glass, 8st. 12lb. (car. 8st. 13lb.)
J. Watts 1
Mr. H. McCalmont's b. c. Argosy,
8st. 12lb. M. Cannon 2
Mr. R. C. Garton's b. f. St. Lucia,
8st. 9lb. Calder 3
7 to 4 agst. Dielytra.

The Sussex Stakes of 25 sovs. each,
with 500 sovs. added, for three-
year-olds. New mile.

Mr. Theobalds' b. c. Ardeshir, by
Ayrshire—Agnostic, 8st. 3lb.
C. Wood 1
Mr. C. D. Rose's b. c. Frisson, 8st.
10lb. S. Loates 2
Mr. Wallace Johnstone's ch. c.
Stewarton, 8st. 10lb. Allsopp 3
9 to 2 agst. Ardeshir.

The Lavant Stakes of 30 sovs. each,
with 200 added, for two-year-olds;
five furlongs.

Mr. L. Brassey's ch. c. Orzil, by
Ayrshire—Merry Miser, 9st. 2lb.
Bradford 1

- Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c.
Devon, 8st. 9lb.Calder 2
- Mr. J. Gretton's b. c. Zanoni, 8st.
12lb.M. Cannon 3
11 to 4 on Orzil.
- July 29th.—The Goodwood Corinthian
Plate (Welter Handicap) of 195
sovs., gentlemen riders (members of
the Bibury Club) jockeys; Old
Mile.
- Mr. H. E. Beddington's ch. c.
Bucksfoot, by Galliard—Wind-
sor, 3 yrs., 10st. 7lb.
Mr. Lushington 1
- Mr. Martin D. Rucker's b. c.
Dumb-bell, 4 yrs., 11st. 5lb.
Mr. Bewicke 2
- Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. The
Bogey, 3 yrs., 10st. 5lb.
Mr. J. Thursby 3
6 to 4 agst. Bucksfoot.
- The Goodwood Cup of 625 sovs.;
two miles and a half.
- Mr. R. Lebaudy's b. f. Count
Schomberg, by Aughrim—
Clonavarn, 5 yrs., 10st. 2lb.
S. Loates 1
- Duke of Westminster's br. c.
Labrador, 4 yrs., 9st. 4lb.
M. Cannon 2
- H.R.H. the Prince of Wales'
b. c. Oakdene, 3 yrs., 7st. 7lb.
O. Madden 3
11 to 10 agst. Count Schomberg.
- The Prince of Wales' Stakes of 2,600
sovs.; for two-year-olds; T.Y.C.
(six furlongs).
- Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Champ
de Mars, by Martagon—Fleur
de Marie, 8st. 9lb.Rickaby 1
- Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. f.
Ayah, 8st. 11lb.T. Loates 2
- Mr. L. Brassey's ch. c. Poldo, 8st.
11lb.Bradford 3
8 to 1 on Champ de Mars.
- The Rous Memorial Stakes of 1,200
sovs. for two-year-olds; T.Y.C.
(six furlongs).
- Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Cap
Martin, by Martagon—Flower
Girl, 9st. 3lb.Rickaby 1
- Mr. T. Brinckman's ch. c. Sarratt,
8st. 11lb.C. Wood 2
- Mr. H. McCalmont's ch. c. Cush-
endun, 8st. 5lb.Calder 3
85 to 40 on Cap Martin.
- July 30th.—The Visitors' Plate (Handicap)
of 200 sovs.; Old Mile.
- Mr. Martin D. Rucker's Red
Heart, by Hilarious or Cherry
Ripe—The Sabine, 5 yrs., 9st.
6lb.C. Wood 1
- Mr. J. E. Platt's b. c. Cyrenian,
3 yrs., 6st. 9lb.H. Jones 2
- Mr. A. Day's b. or br. c. Florist,
4 yrs., 7st. 3lb.Toon 3
5 to 2 agst. Red Heart.
- The Findon Stakes of 10 sovs. each,
with 200 sovs. added, for two-year-
olds: T.Y.C. (six furlongs).
- Mr. H. E. Beddington's b. c. Van-
loo, by Saraband—Vanda, 8st.
12lb.Allsopp 1
- H.R.H. the Prince of Wales' b. f.
Mousme, 9st. 2lb.J. Watts 2
- Mr. W. Low's ch. Filly by Right-
away—Hall Mark, 8st. 9lb.
M. Cannon 3
7 to 1 agst. Vanloo.
- The Chesterfield Cup of 460 sovs.;
Craven course (one mile and a
quarter).
- Lord Stanley's ch. f. Birch-rod, by
Hazlethatch—Fright, 4 yrs., 7st.
7lb.N. Robinson 1
- Mr. H. E. Beddington's bl. or br.
c. Earwig, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.
Allsopp 2
- Baron de Rothschild's bl. h. Aman-
dier, aged, 8st. 9lb.T. Loates 3
10 to 1 agst. Birch-rod.
- The Molecomb Stakes of 30 sovs.
each, with 200 sovs. added, for
two-year-olds; T.Y.C.
- Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c.
Royal Footstep, by Royal
Hampton—Lightfoot, 9st. 2lb.
Calder 1
- Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's b. c.
Greenan, 8st. 12lb.Rickaby 2
- Duke of Westminster's ch. f.
Orpah, 8st. 9lb.M. Cannon 3
11 to 10 agst. Royal Footstep.
- The Nassau Stakes of 30 sovs. each,
with 200 sovs. added, for three-
year-old fillies; Old Mile.
- Prince Soltykoff's br. f. Perce
Neige, by St. Simon—Flitaway,
8st. 5lb.M. Cannon 1
- Mr. Douglas Baird's b. f. Briseis,
8st. 5lb.Rickaby 2
- Mr. R. Lebaudy's b. f. Overdue
8st. 10lb.S. Loates 3
6 to 5 on Perce Neige.

HURST PARK CLUB MEETING.

- August 2nd.—The Hurst Park Holiday
Handicap of 280 sovs.; one mile.
- Mr. A. J. Schwabe's b. c. Marton,
by Hampton—Lady Marion, 4
yrs., 7st. 6lb.Trundley 1
- Mr. J. B. Mosenthal's b. c.
Chaleureux, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb.
O. Madden 2
- Mr. A. Day's b. or br. c. Florist,
4 yrs., 7st. 8lb.S. Loates 3
9 to 4 agst. Marton.

BIRMINGHAM. — AUGUST MEETING.

August 2nd.—The Birmingham Handicap
Stakes of 442 sovs. ; one mile,
straight.

Lord Ilchester's br. c. Lord Her-
vey, by Sheen—Molly Lepel, 4
yrs., 8st. 9lb.White 1
Mr. Tyler's b. c. Saint Noel, 4
yrs., 9st.Rogers 2
Mr. Walker's ch. c. Dancing Jew,
3 yrs., 7st. 11lb.R. Morgan 3
8 to 1 agst. Lord Hervev.

August 3rd.—The Shifnal Stakes Handi-
cap of 267 sovs. ; about five
furlongs.

Mr. Dobell's ch. h. Whiston, by
Prism—Wild Mint, 5 yrs., 7st.
12lb.F. Finlay 1
Mr. H. E. Tidy's br. c. Wild
Laddie, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb.
E. Walters 2
Mr. Heath's b. h. Besom, 5 yrs.,
7st. 6lb.Fearis 3
6 to 4 agst. Whiston.

The Cheveley Stakes of 235 sovs. ;
about two miles.

Mr. A. Knowles's ch. f. True Art,
by Veracity—Sarah Bernhardt,
3 yrs., 9st. 11lb.Calder 1
Mr. T. Cannon's b. m. Melan-
cholia, 5 yrs., 9st. 11lb.
F. Finlay 2
Mr. R. Craig's b. c. King George
3 yrs., 8st. 9lb.E. Hunt 3
5 to 2 agst. True Art.

BRIGHTON. — AUGUST MEETING.

August 3rd.—The Corporation Plate of
270 sovs. for two-year-olds ; T.Y.C.
(about five furlongs).

Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. f. Guisla,
by Lactantius—Guinevra, 8st.
8lb.K. Cannon 1
Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Rococo,
8st. 8lb.M. Cannon 2
Mr. R. Sherwood's ch. c. The
Khedive, 9st.Rumbold 3
5 to 2 agst. Guisla.

The Brighton Stakes (Handicap) of
437 sovs. ; one mile.

Mr. J. Ryan's b. h. Chasseur, by
Galopin—Lady Gower, 5 yrs.,
9st. 9lb.Rickaby 1
Prince Soltykoff's b. h. The Nipper,
5 yrs., 8st. 8lb.C. Wood 2
Sir J. Miller's b. m. La Sagesse,
5 yrs., 10st.S. Loates 3
5 to 1 agst. Chasseur.

August 4th.—The Brighton Cup of 487
sovs. ; for three-year-olds ; one
mile.

Mr. Fairie's b. c. Eager, by En-
thusiast—Greeba, 9st.

Rickaby 1
Mr. P. Lorillard's br. g. Sandia,
8st. 11lb.C. Wood 2
Sir W. Ingram's b. c. Comfrey,
8st. 4lb.M. Cannon 3
5 to 2 agst. Eager.

The Sussex Plate (Handicap) of 272
sovs. ; six furlongs.

Mr. J. Hammond's ch. h. McNeil,
by Galliard—Zariba, 5 yrs., 7st.
13lb.O. Madden 1
Mr. H. E. Beddington's b. g. Van
John, 4 yrs., 7st. 3lb.Allsopp 2
Mr. Dobell's b. c. The Quack, 4
yrs., 7st. 3lb.Toon 3
11 to 2 agst. McNeil.

August 5th.—The Brighton High-Weight
Handicap of 437 sovs. ; one mile.

Mr. Dobell's b. c. Sligo, by Dun-
combe—Springthorn, 3 yrs., 8st.
3lb.Toon 1
Mr. Wallace Johnstone's ch. c.
Stewarton, 3 yrs., 8st. 13lb.
Allsopp 2
Mr. J. G. Mosenthal's b. c.
Chaleureux, 3 yrs., 8st. 9lb.
O. Madden 3
5 to 1 agst. Sligo.

LEWES. — SUMMER MEETING.

August 6th.—The Southdown Club Open
Handicap of 241 sovs. ; one mile
and a quarter.

The Prince of Wales' b. g. Safety
Pin, by Surefoot—Pin-basket, 4
yrs., 12st. 5lb.Mr. Lushington 1
M. H. Le Fevre's br. h. Royal
Charter II., 6 yrs., 11st. 4lb.
Mr. P. Brooks 2
Mr. R. Buckworth's b. g. St.
Johann, 5 yrs., 11st. 7lb.
Mr. D. Thirlwell 3
9 to 4 on Safety Pin.

The Astley Stakes of 772 sovs. for
two-year-olds ; five furlongs.

Sir J. Blundell Maple's ch. f.
Royal Footstep, by Royal
Hampton—Lightfoot, 9st. 1lb.
Calder 1
Mr. J. Gretton's b. c. Zanoni, 8st.
11lb.M. Cannon 2
Duke of Devonshire's b. f. Elf,
8st. 11lb.O. Madden 3
2 to 1 agst. Royal Footstep.

The De Warrenne Handicap of 276
sovs. ; five furlongs.

Mr. D. Seymour's ch. c. Sirdar,
by Wild Sherry, dam by Ascetic
—Binker, 3 yrs., 7st. 13lb.
Allsopp 1

Mr. R. Croker's b. h. Americus,
5 yrs., 9st. 6lb. Buett 2
Mr. Mills' ch. f. Othery, 4 yrs.,
7st. 13lb. O. Madden 3
7 to 1 agst. Sirdar.

August 7th.—The Lewes Handicap of 990
sovs. ; one mile and a half.

Mr. Jersey's ch. h. Merman, by
Grand Flaneur—Seaweed, 5
yrs., 6 st. 12 lb. Sharples 1
Mr. J. L. Dugdale's ch. h. Carlton
Grange, 5 yrs., 7 st. 3 lb.
N. Robinson 2
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. f.
Asterie, 3 yrs., 6 st. Dalton 3
100 7 agst. Merman.

KEMPTON PARK.—AUGUST MEETING.

August 10th.—The Kempton Park Inter-
national Breeders Two-Year-Old
Stakes of 884 sovs. ; five furlongs,
on the Straight Course.

Captain Bewicke's ch. Filly by
Swillington—Samaria, 8st. 6lb.
Allsopp 1
Mr. F. Cartwright's ch. c. M.D.,
9st. 3lb. F. Leader 2
Mr. Cresswell's br. f. Green Room,
8st. 2lb. Rumbold 3
8 to 1 agst. Samaria Filly.

August 11th. — The City of London
Breeders' Foal Plate of 1,180 sovs.,
for three-year-olds ; Jubilee Course,
one mile.

Mr. Theobald's b. c. Ardeshir, by
Ayrshire—Agristic, 9st. 7lb.
C. Wood 1
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. or b. f.
Merle, 9st. Rumbold 2
Mr. A. Taylor's b. c. Jacobus,
8st. 3lb. Calder 3
5 to 4 agst. Ardeshir.

REDCAR.—SECOND SUMMER MEETING.

August 10th.—The Twenty-First Kirk-
Leatham Biennial Stakes of 212
sovs. for two-year-olds ; five fur-
longs.

Lord Zetland's b. g. Pinfold, by
Surefoot—Pinta, 8st. 9lb.
O. Madden 1
Mr. James Joicey's b. or br. Filly
by Retreat—Ramelton Lassie,
8st. 6lb. T. Loates 2
Mr. C. J. Cunningham's ch. c.
Dermot Asthore, 8st. 9lb.
S. Chandley 3
7 to 2 agst. Pinfold.

The Redcar Two-Year-Old Stakes of
500 sovs. ; six furlongs. 75 subs.
Captain Greer's ch. c. Bittern, by
Gallinule—Hirondelle, 9st. 8lb.
Garrett 1

Mr. R. Sherwood's ch. c. The
Khedive, 8st. 12lb. J. Hind 2
Mr. W. R. Reid's b. f. Royette,
8st. Lane 3
7 to 4 on Bittern.

The Redcar Handicap Plate of 266
sovs. ; about one mile and a half.

Mr. Tidy's b. h. Oswestry, by
Glasshampton—Rivulet, 5 yrs.,
7st. 10lb. F. Finlay 1
Mr. W. P'Anson's br. c. Durannus,
4 yrs., 7st. 2lb. S. Chandley 2
Lord Durham's b. h. Son o' Mine,
6 yrs., 8st. 11lb. Rickaby 3
4 to 1 agst. Oswestry.

August 11th.—The Wilton Plate of 270
sovs. for two-year-olds ; five fur-
longs.

Mr. J. Lowther's b. f. Althæa, by
Althotas—Lauretta, 8st. 6lb.
O. Madden 1
Lord Crewe's b. f. Oration,
8st. 9lb. T. Weldon 2
Mr. J. G. Joicey's ch. f. Silver
Salver, 8st. 9lb. T. Loates 3
5 to 1 agst. Althæa.

The Eighteenth Great National
Breeders' Foal Stakes of 500 sovs.
for three-year-olds ; one mile.

Mr. J. G. Joicey's ch. c. Silver
Fox, by Satiety—Silver Sea,
9st. 10lb. T. Loates 1
Mr. P. Buchanan's b. or br. f. Un-
seen, 8 st. 4 lb. Lane 2
Mr. James Joicey's b. or br. c.
Dick Whittington, 9st.

O. Madden 3
9 to 4 on Silver Fox.

The Upleatham Welter Handicap
Plate of 212 sovs. ; one mile
straight.

Mr. E. Murray's ch. f. Lady
Sykes, by Linthorpe, dam by
Cœruleus—Common Sense, 3
yrs., 8st. Lane 1
Lord Zetland's ch. or gr. f. Grey
Hag, 3 yrs., 7st. 7lb.

O. Madden 2
Mr. R. Craig's ch. c. Clondalkin,
3 yrs., 7st. 11lb. Lounie 3
7 to 1 agst. Lady Sykes.

WINDSOR.—AUGUST MEETING.

August 13th.—The August Handicap of
317 sovs. ; one mile.

Lord Stanley's ch. f. Birch-rod, by
Hazelhatch—Fright, 4 yrs., 9st.
Rickaby 1

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's ch. c.
Yedo, 3 yrs., 7st. 3lb. (car. 7st.
4lb.) Allsopp 2
Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. f. Hazel-
beech, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb. Toon 3
11 to 10 agst. Birch-rod.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—DUNSTALL PARK MEETING.

August 16th.—The Wolverhampton Handicap of 292 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. D. Seymour's b. m. Angelina, by Coracle—Culverin, 6 yrs., 8st. 6lb.	1
Mr. A. D. Cochrane's b. h. Eger-ton, aged, 8st. 4lb.	2
Mr. W. L. Nicholson's b. g. Inglis, 3 yrs., 7st.	3
C. Leader Evens Angelina.	

August 17th.—The Staffordshire Breeders' Foal Plate of 382 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. c. Allegro, by Lactantius—Cheerful, 8st. 7lb.	1
Mr. S. H. Burns' Filly by Senanus—Scotia, 7st. 11lb.	2
Lord Durham's br. c. Dubuque, 8st. 12lb.	3
Rickaby 6 to 4 agst. Allegro.	

STOCKTON RACES.

August 17th.—The Stockton Handicap of 300 sovs.; one mile and five furlongs.

Mr. J. L. Dugdale's ch. h. Carlton Grange, by Carlton—Mystery, 5 yrs., 7st. 6lb.	1
Mr. John Scott's b. or br. g. Scrivener, 4 yrs., 6st. 7lb.	2
C. Leader	

Mr. James Joicey's b. h. Tyranny, 5 yrs., 6st. 13lb.	3
G. F. Leader 15 to 8 on Carlton Grange.	

The Wynyard Plate of 537 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's br. f. St. Ia, by St. Serf—Berengaria, 9st. 2lb.	1
Mr. J. Daly's br. c. Advance, 8st. 7lb.	2
Bradford	
Lord Crewe's br. f. Bend Sinister, 8st. 4lb.	3
S. Loates 11 to 2 agst. St. Ia.	

August 18th.—The Wilton Welter Handicap Plate of 275 sovs., second receives 20 sovs.; one mile.

Lord Durham's b. g. Not Much, by Minting—Drizzle, 3 yrs., 9st. 5lb.	1
Rickaby	
Mr. A. E. Aston's b. c. Lakeside, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb.	2
O. Madden	
Mr. E. Murray's ch. f. Lady Sykes, 3 yrs., 7st. 12lb.	3
Lane 4 to 1 agst. Not Much.	

The Hardwicke Stakes of 497 sovs. for two-year-olds; T.V.C. six furlongs.

Duke of Portland's b. or br. Filly by Ayrshire—Lady Alwyne, 8st.	
Fagan	1

Mr. J. Lowther's ch. f. Queen's Gate, 8st.	2
C. Wood	
Lord Zetland's b. g. Pinfold, 9st.	
O. Madden	3
8 to 1 agst. Lady Alwyne filly.	

The Great Northern Leger of 787 sovs. for three-year-olds; Leger Course (one mile and five furlongs).

Lord Zetland's ch. or gr. f. Grey Hag, by Hagioscope—Griselda, 8st. 2lb.	1
O. Madden	
Mr. Jersey's ch. c. Angelos, 8st. 5lb.	2
S. Loates	
Mr. P. Buchanan's b. or br. f. Unseen, 8st. 2lb.	3
Lane 10 to 1 agst. Grey Hag.	

The Lambton Stakes of 218 sovs. for two-year-olds; six furlongs.

Mr. James Joicey's gr. Filly by Pepper and Salt—Queen of the Isles, 8st. 2lb.	1
S. Loates	
Mr. Preston's br. c. Kirkfell, 8st. 5lb.	2
O. Madden	
Mr. W. Sanderson's b. c. Reaper, 8st. 5lb.	3
J. Harrison 6 to 1 agst. Queen of the Isles filly.	

August 19th.—The Durham County Produce Plate of 1,183 sovs. for three-year-olds; one mile and two furlongs.

Mr. W. Low's b. c. No Fool, by Wise Man—Bellicent, 7st. 11lb.	1
S. Loates	
Lord Londonderry's b. c. Nah' Ma' Wusk, 8st. 9lb.	2
Rickaby	
Mr. E. Foster's ch. c. High Chancellor, 9st. 1lb.	3
R. Colling Evens No Fool.	

NOTTINGHAM.—SUMMER MEETING.

August 20th.—The Welbeck Abbey Stakes of 315 sovs.; five furlongs straight.

Mr. R. Lebaudy's b. h. Sweet Auburn, by Sweetheart—Goldsmith Maid, 6 yrs., 7st. 13lb.	1
S. Loates	
Mr. L. J. Douglas' b. f. Sulkas, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb.	2
F. Finlay	
Sir J. B. Maple's b. f. Lady Wrangler, 3 yrs., 6st. 5lb.	3
Luke 11 to 10 on Sweet Auburn.	

CRICKET.

July 21st.—At Birmingham, Warwickshire v. Gloucestershire, former won by 2 wickets.

July 23rd.—At Old Trafford, Lancashire v. Somersetshire, former won by an innings and 75 runs.

July 24th.—At Huddersfield, Yorkshire v. Essex, latter won by 1 run.

- July 24th.—At the Oval, Surrey v. Kent, former won by an innings and 148 runs.
- July 24th.—At Leicester, Leicestershire v. Derbyshire, former won by 5 wickets.
- July 24th.—At Trent Bridge, Notts v. Gloucestershire, latter won by 3 wickets.
- July 24th.—At Brighton, Sussex v. Hampshire, former won by an innings and 176 runs.
- July 27th.—At Headingley, Yorkshire v. Somerset, former won by an innings and 22 runs.
- July 28th.—At Derby, Derbyshire v. Surrey, latter won by 10 wickets.
- July 28th.—At Liverpool, Lancashire v. Gloucestershire, former won by 10 wickets.
- July 29th.—At Lord's, Rugby v. Marlborough, latter won by 3 wickets.
- July 30th.—At Old Trafford, Lancashire v. Hampshire, former won by 10 wickets.
- July 31st.—At Harrogate, Yorkshire v. Gloucestershire, latter won by 140 runs.
- August 4th.—At Kennington Oval, Surrey v. Notts, former won by 9 wickets.
- August 4th.—At Canterbury, Kent v. Lancashire, latter won by an innings and 19 runs.
- August 4th.—At Birmingham, Warwickshire v. Yorkshire, latter won by 9 wickets.
- August 7th.—At Canterbury, Kent v. Yorkshire, latter won by 10 wickets.
- August 7th.—At Leyton, Essex v. Lancashire, former won by 6 wickets.
- August 7th.—At Taunton, Somerset v. Sussex, latter won by 9 wickets.
- August 10th.—At Old Trafford, Lancashire v. Leicestershire, former won by 9 wickets.
- August 11th.—At Cheltenham, Gloucestershire v. Kent, former won by 65 runs.
- August 11th.—At Brighton, Sussex v. Yorkshire, former won by 6 wickets.
- August 11th.—At Kennington Oval, Surrey v. Hampshire, former won by an innings and 303 runs.
- August 13th.—At Leyton, Essex v. Surrey, latter won by 10 wickets.
- August 14th.—At Lord's, Middlesex v. Sussex, former won by 7 wickets.
- August 14th.—At Cheltenham, Gloucestershire v. Notts, former won by an innings and 40 runs.
- August 14th.—At Manchester, Lancashire v. Yorkshire, former won by an innings and 26 runs.
- August 14th.—At Taunton, Somerset v. Kent, former won by 80 runs.
- August 17th.—At Beckenham, Kent v. Surrey, latter won by 156 runs.
- August 18th.—At Brighton, Sussex v. Lancashire, latter won by an innings and 186 runs.

ROWING.

- July 21st.—H. T. Blackstaffe (Vesta R.C.) won the Wingfield Sculls, time, 23 min. 53 sec.

SWIMMING.

- July 31st.—At Southport, J. H. Derbyshire won the Half Mile Amateur Championship.

SHOOTING.

- July 24th.—At Bisley, Private W. Ward, 1st V.B. Devon Regiment, won the Queen's Prize—Total 304 points.

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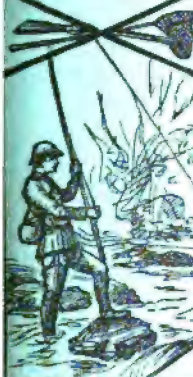
SPORTS and PASTIMES

OCTOBER, 1897.

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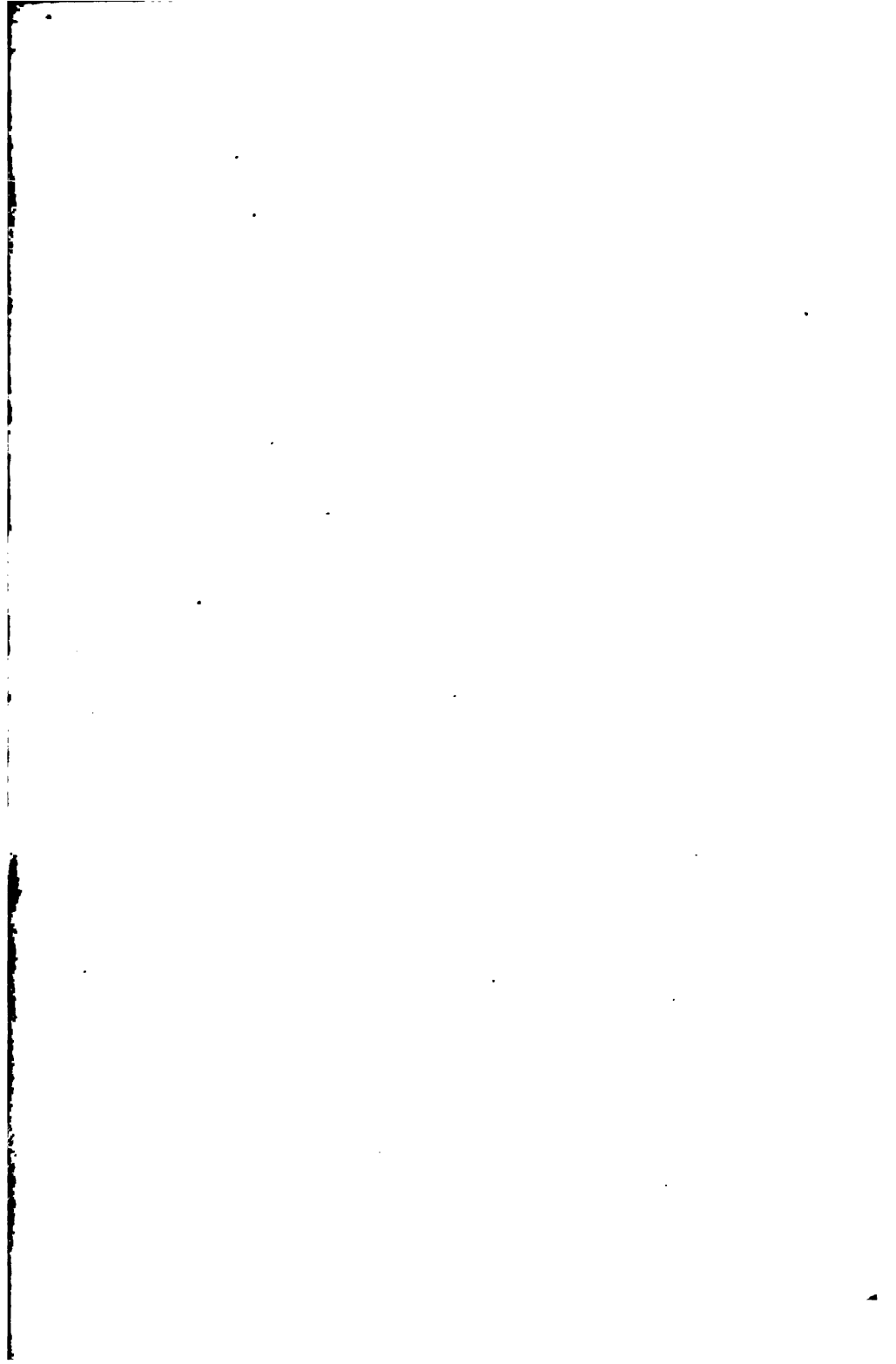
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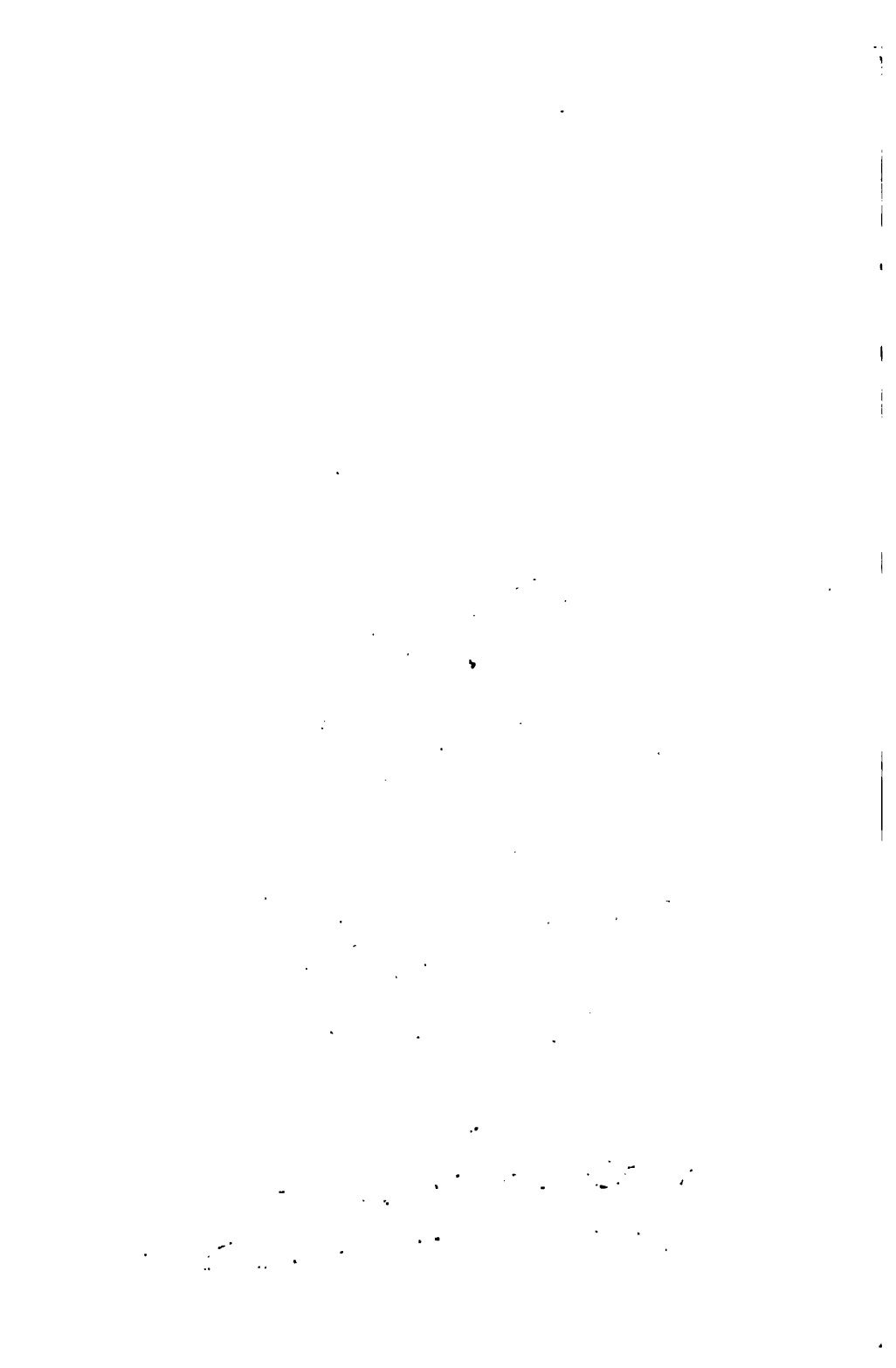




Elliot & Fry, photo.

H. Roffe, sc.

Austin Mackenzie.



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WITH

Steel engraved Portrait of MR. AUSTIN MACKENZIE. Portrait of the late MR. E. R. BALFOUR. Steel Engraving THE FIND—"HARK TO RALLYWOOD."

Mr. Austin Mackenzie.

THERE can be no lot more fortunate for any sportsman than to hunt a pack of hounds built up by himself. Not only is the character and method of working of individual hounds a source of interest; but, in addition, the huntsman can trace those hereditary traits which mark each family of foxhounds, and which are transmitted from generation to generation, as surely as are colouring and shape. This good fortune Mr. Austin Mackenzie can enjoy to the full.

SINCE 1881, when he first carried the horn as Master of Old Berkeley (West), in succession to Mr. Longman, he has taken the deepest interest in the formation of the pack which now, as the North Pytchley, is one of the best in the kingdom. There is probably no better school for a huntsman than the Old Berkeley country. Though so near London, it is a wild and rough tract with large woods, steep hills, and a good deal of plough. The necessity of a first-rate pack of

hounds is there brought home to the huntsman, who must learn to distrust his horn and trust to his pack.

The O.B.H. foxes are stout and wild, as woodland foxes are apt to be, as also are the foxes of Mr. Austin Mackenzie's present country, the North Pytchley. The latter country carries a better scent, but it, too, is a wild woodland country. There may be seen a form of hunting which, to the lover of hounds, is most delightful, but which needs a pack bred as are Mr. Mackenzie's to be thoroughly enjoyable. In well-established packs there is, corresponding to the family likeness so noticeable when hounds are on their benches, a certain likeness in the method of hunting which makes the hounds a community, working together with that combination and confidence which no scratch pack composed of drafts can ever show.

This result has been obtained in the Brigstock Kennels, where the eye is charmed by symmetry of the hounds, while in the field the sportsman is carried away by the pleasure of watching the drive and pace, and delighted by the beautiful music of this pack. Plenty of tongue is an ornament to a pack hunting in the open; it is a necessity of sport for a woodland country.

That it is possible to combine the highest hunting qualities with perfect shape, let the successes of Mr. Mackenzie's kennel at Peterborough witness. These successes began in 1891, when Trumpeter and Pirate won in the class for young dog-hounds, and, in a mixed class, Gambler, Gaily, Roman and Rallywood. In 1896 these successes were surpassed when Vigilant and Wisdom won in the class for young bitches; Trumpeter, Rin-

der, Gaffer and Prompter were the first two couples of dog-hounds, and the kennel also carried off the champion cup for the best three couples of hounds in the show. The triumphs of Brigstock at the present year's show are still fresh in the memories of those who stood round the ring and who noted the combination of quality and substance in the winning couple, Spartan and Dexter, and the beauty and galloping power of Winifred, Wanton, Dairymaid and Vigilant.

Nor have these results been obtained by chance. Mr. Austin Mackenzie has clear and definite views on the subject of breeding. Certain principles he lays down. He advises, first, the selection of a "tap root," to use his own words, which should be crossed back to continually. "The nick should come in the third generation." No sounder principles were ever enunciated, and it is methods similar to these which laid the foundation of such celebrated packs as the Belvoir, the (old) Puckeridge, and the Blankney, the dispersal of which last pack was said by Sir Reginald Graham to be, from a hound-breeding point of view, nothing less than a national disaster. Mr. Austin Mackenzie laid the foundation of his pack on Blankney blood, and has used the Belvoir as his out-cross. We believe, too, there is a slight strain of the old Puckeridge blood, as we are under the impression that Mr. Mackenzie bought some of the best bitches at their final sale. This, however, might well only introduce another Belvoir strain, as some of the best bitches in that pack at the time of the sale were granddaughters of Belvoir Nominal. The pack at Brigstock have reached a point of excellence which entitles us to regard them

as the direct successors of the Blankney. In bone substance and staying power, as well as rare quality, they are equalled by very few packs in the kingdom.

While hunting or hound-breeding are perhaps Mr. Mackenzie's chief title to fame in the world of sport, these are not the only pursuits in which he delights or excels. Coaching men will remind us of the well put together and well handled team with which he used to attend the meets of the Coaching Club in Hyde Park. Fishermen well know that the subject of our sketch is an enthusiastic salmon angler, filling up in the spring months the blank left by the close of the hunting season. In the autumn Mr. Mackenzie is a keen hand with a gun, either over his elder brother's extensive estates or on the large shootings, of which he is himself the lessee, in the midlands. The national sport of racing, though in a less degree than the others, has claimed some of his time and attention, and here he has had his share of success. Across country Blarney, Johnny Longtail, Princess of Waldeck, have all won in his colours, while upon the flat Mr. Mackenzie owned a useful performer in Tib.

To turn now to those biographical details and dates which are needful to enable us to arrange his career in our minds, Mr. Austin Mackenzie is the third son of the late Mr. Edward Mackenzie, of Fawley Court, Bucks, and Newbie, Dumfries-shire. He was educated at Eton, the best of all schools for turning out masters of hounds. In 1874 he passed on to Oxford, where no doubt he saw the Bicester find a fox at Cheatsley Firs, or the Heythrop running over their stone-wall country, or Lord Macclesfield draw Fernhill.

Mr. Mackenzie then passed for the Army; but, having married, in 1878, Lucy, daughter of Mr. Gustavus Taite Dalton, of Fermor, Co. Meath, he gave up the idea of soldiering, and a few years later (in 1881) bought Mr. Longman's dog pack and a few bitches and took the Old Berkeley (West) country, carrying the horn himself.

The most remarkable run during Mr. Mackenzie's Mastership of the O. B. H. (West) was one from Aylesbury racecourse, still remembered by those who took part in it. The fox was killed in the open in the Whaddon Chase country, an eleven mile point. The last day on which Mr. Mackenzie hunted these hounds was also a memorable one in the annals of the Hunt. On that occasion there were three good runs each crowned with a kill.

In the year 1885 Mr. Mackenzie succeeded Lord Lonsdale as Master of the North Pytchley, and took his pack to that country, which he has hunted with great success three and four days a week ever since. Towards the end of the season of 1896—97, the North Pytchley had a grand hunt from Dingley, right across Mr. Fernie's country, and to ground near Owston Wood. A friend who fell in with them by accident wrote to us at the time in great admiration of the hunting qualities of the hounds.

An all-round sportsman, Mr. Austin Mackenzie has achieved success in a line where, without a rare combination of circumstances and personal gifts, distinction is rendered difficult, and his name will be remembered as the breeder of a pack of hounds which will hold the same place in the estimation of those who come after us as Mr. Osbaldeston's, Mr. Parry's, or the Blankney do in our own.

The Derbyshire Wye.

THE number of dry-fly fishermen is ever increasing, and the consequent demand for water within a reasonable distance of the metropolis is continually tending to raise the value of suitable lengths of the South country chalkstreams to such an extent that many are unwilling and more unable to pay the exorbitant rentals asked by the fortunate owners of such property. Some have sought for and found what they require in Normandy or other French provinces; some have discovered in Germany, Belgium, Austria, or other parts of the Continent rivers on which they can get their sport at a reasonable figure. Many, however, misled by specious advertisements or inspired paragraphs in the leading sporting papers, have travelled far to find bad accommodation, inferior fare, and streams in which the poachers have for years worked their wicked will and reduced the stock of trout and grayling to a minimum.

It has often been suggested that there must be streams in comparatively remote parts of the United Kingdom where fair dry-fly fishing and comfortable quarters are obtainable at a moderate cost, and where, although perhaps not up to the Hampshire standard, yet trout of something above herring size can be taken in sufficient numbers to content the angler who is not actuated solely by the desire of cutting records and achieving success beyond the expectations of the ordinary sportsman.

In the county of Derbyshire and the adjoining ones of Staffordshire and Cheshire, the Dove, Manyfold, Wye, Derwent, and probably other streams hold a

fair stock of both trout and grayling. By the courtesy of many owners and leasees of fisheries I have had the opportunity of inspecting and trying the greater portion of the Wye during the last summer, and have thought that it might be of use to my brother anglers to give them the benefit of the experience thus gained. I take this opportunity of tendering my warmest thanks to those who have so promptly and so kindly given me permission to visit their waters, and ask them to accept my criticism, which in some instances may seem hard or unfavourable, in the spirit in which it is offered, viz., that of striving to indicate how the character and consequent value of the fishing can be enhanced.

The sources of the Wye are two small streams emerging from the limestone rocks at the Eastern extremity of Buxton. These streams unite in the public gardens of that charming health resort; and, after flowing underground through a portion of the town, the river runs nearly parallel with the course of the Duke's Drive through Ashwood Dale, Miller's Dale, Monsal Dale, and Ashford to Bakewell, and thence past Haddon Hall to Rowsley, where in the grounds of the Peacock Hotel it joins the Derwent.

The upper part extending from Buxton downwards for nearly four miles can be fished by day, or season tickets procurable in Buxton. On the lowest length from Bakewell Bridge to Rowsley Bridge a limited number of visitors staying at the Rutland Arms, Bakewell, and at the Peacock, Rowsley, have the privilege of fly-fishing; while the freeholder also issues a certain number of

day tickets for this water. The whole of the intervening portion of the river is in private hands, and permission to fish is usually only accorded by the lessees to their personal friends.

The Wye is a fairly rapid stream, twisting and winding in its course, alternately careering along stony shallows and pouring over miniature falls into sluggish pools, generally culminating in deep eddying holes on the concave side of the sharp turn. The shallows are paved with rough stones and boulders, which are often moved by the winter floods and washed down until their course is checked by massive rocks, so that the bed of the river is ever changing in character. Hence it is not surprising that the prominent feature of the chalk streams, the luxuriant growth of weeds, is absent. The deeper reaches contain considerable deposits of gritty mud, the detritus of the stones mixed with gravel, sand, and decomposed vegetable matter; and at each successive flood a portion of this mud is carried down the river to be replaced in the process of time by a fresh stratum.

It must be remembered, too, that it is not a chalk stream, *i.e.*, one of which the springs, feeding it, filter up through beds of chalk, but a river flowing out of the mountain limestone, and passing in many parts between lofty masses of the rock, from the faces of which there is constant erosion caused by the action of the water detaching finely divided particles which are held in suspension throughout the rapid portions of the stream. The water, therefore, as compared with that of a gin-clear stream, like the Test, is always more or less turbid, and, immediately after heavy rain is of a milky description from

the road washings or other calcareous matter introduced; and, later, is stained of the muddy brown colour usually described by fishermen as "pea-soup," from the peat, soil, and other decomposed, or semi-decomposed vegetable products carried into it by the flood.

The crustaceans and molluscs which constitute so important a portion of the nutriment of the fish are plentiful in most parts of the river, and in respect to the insects, the deficiency of sub-aqueous vegetation points to a scarcity of those which, in their larval forms, frequent the weeds. Thus, although of the Ephemeridæ the various duns and spinners of the genera *Bætis*, *Centropetillum* and *Ephemerella*, such as the Olive Duns, Iron Blue Duns, Pale Watery Duns, and Blue Winged Olives are present in numbers sufficient to induce the fish to rise at them freely at times; yet the hatches are sparse as compared with those of the Hampshire streams. On the other hand, the March Brown and Yellow May Dun, of which the larvæ are found in rapid water on the under side of the stones, are said to be prevalent, and the Mayfly, which in the immature state inhabits gritty mud, is very abundant, and generally gives the fisherman the best sport of the season.

Caddis are present, but not in any very great quantity, and hence the imago, the Sedge Fly, is not often seen in sufficient numbers to make the late evening or night-fishing with its imitation a prominent feature during the hot weather. Of the Perlidæ the Stonefly, Yellow Sally, and Willow Fly (especially the last) are abundant, but the angler should note that during the summer the Fisherman's Curse, Black Gnat, and similar diptera, consti-

tute the greater portion of the insects floating on the surface. The advantage of designating the same insects by the same names throughout the country is so obvious that no apology is needed for calling attention to two local misnomers, or at least cases in which the Derbyshire and Hampshire nomenclatures are not identical. The Wye folk designate one of the Ephemeridæ in the sub-imago stage the Apple Green, and another the Grey Quill—the former is the Blue Winged Olive (*Ephemerella ignita*) and the latter the Pale Watery Dun (*Bætis binoculatus*, *Centroptilum luteolum*, *C. pennulatum*) of our south-country streams.

It is said in the district that the Derbyshire trout prefer Derbyshire patterns of artificial flies. If, however, before commencing operations, the angler will call on one of the local fly-dressers, he must not anticipate seeing a great number of new hackle flies or a large and varied assortment of typical Derbyshire productions, such as the Little Chap, Furnace, Honey-Dun, Mulberry, Orange and other Bumbles. He must not be astonished at being told that these artificials are seldom used nowadays, the favourites being the usual Hampshire winged patterns, such as the Blue Quill (there designated the Grey Quill), Red Quill, Olive Quills, Pale Watery Duns, Iron Blues, Ginger Quills, Red Spinner, Red and Black Ants, Black Gnats, &c.

Equipped with these patterns, dressed on oo and ooo hooks, the angler will, if he can cast a fairly light and accurate fly, be able to rise every trout or grayling taking surface food, the number he hooks and kills being dependent partly on his skill and partly on the caprice of the fish—for here, as elsewhere, fish after fish will at

times comes short at the fly; while, without any apparent reason or difference of weather, the next day or later in the same day, they will almost invariably rise, fasten, and get killed.

A Hampshire fisherman will be struck by the obvious disregard on the part of the natives of the all-important chalk stream maxim of keeping out of sight. They seem to be in the habit of walking bolt upright along the very edge of the river, and an inquiry on the subject usually elicits the rejoinder that the turbidity of the water, which although at times slight is never altogether absent, prevents the fish from seeing or taking notice of them. This would appear to the average dry-fly fisherman a great mistake, and may well account for a certain proportion of the ill success of the local anglers, especially during bright clear weather or on stretches of the river which are much frequented by them. The Wye is essentially a stream on which the floating fly is most successful, and in other respects the usual golden rules laid down in the text-books should be observed. Light and accurate casting, under-handed if possible, a thoroughly dry and cocked fly, absence of drag, judgment in the selection of the fish to which to cast, refraining from throwing too frequently, patience and good temper under difficulties, and not losing one's head when the fish is hooked.

The river contains a very good stock of both trout and grayling of moderate size and in fair condition in a great portion of its course, but there are two lengths, in one of which they have in part disappeared, and another in which there is considerable doubt on the subject. Strange to say, these are the only waters on which the

angling public have much chance of trying their skill, the one being that immediately below Buxton, and the other the stretch of something like eight miles between Bakewell and Rowsley. On the intervening lengths which are entirely in private hands, the trout are present in great numbers, and on favourable days very large bags of well-fed specimens from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 1 lb. or a little over that weight can be killed. There are, of course, trout of greater size, those of $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to $1\frac{1}{2}$ lb. not being scarce, and occasionally what the late Francis Francis styled "sockdollagers" of 2 lb., 3 lb., 4 lb., 5 lbs., or even more are seen in the pools. These monsters seldom rise, and it is a moot question whether the general character of the stream would not be improved by their being netted out and either destroyed or turned into ponds or lakes. The grayling which abound in these parts are smaller than the trout, the majority running an average of about $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., with some few reaching 1 lb. or over.

To the lessees of these lengths of the Wye a word of advice might possibly not be deemed a liberty. The accounts one hears of the number of fish taken by themselves and their friends are no doubt most satisfactory, but as far as can be gleaned from the scraps of information dropped on the spot, no steps seem to be taken to supply the deficiency caused by this sport in the form of stocking. The late Mr. Marryat once laid it down as an axiom that a true sportsman renting water and desirous of handing it back to his landlord in as good a condition, or better, than when he took it, should invariably turn in three yearlings for every sizeable trout he had

killed during the season. With grayling this is not necessary, as their natural increase is larger, more rapid, and less affected by other circumstances than that of trout.

Formerly there were plenty of fish in the length immediately below Buxton, on which day and season tickets could be purchased and good sport obtained at a very moderate outlay. For some years past the stock in the upper part has gradually diminished, and a careful inspection of this portion during the months of July and August last failed to reveal a single trout or grayling in the first two miles. Buxton is a town of increasing size and importance, its present population being above 4,500, and the sewage after treatment is discharged into the Wye at a point a short distance below the town. The local authorities have admittedly neglected to keep pace with the increase of buildings, with the result that a most unpleasant and insanitary odour arises from the river immediately below the effluent.

Extensive works are now in progress by which in the opinion of some authorities not only will the present nuisance be removed, but the result will be achieved of making the district as healthy and well drained as any in the kingdom. There are, however, a considerable number of residents and visitors who predict that the large expenditure undertaken by the Local Board will only have the effect of shifting the objectionable deposit a certain distance lower down the river, thus, perhaps, relieving the immediate vicinity of the town of the dreadful stench and passing it on to the inhabitants of Miller's Dale or some adjoining village. None but an expert with full knowledge of the

details could pretend to foretell which opinion will be borne out by the stern logic of facts.

As to whether the disappearance of the fish is due to the sewage pollution is a difficult question to decide. Certainly it is strange that trout and grayling should still be seen in the part of the river flowing through the public gardens which are above the sewage outlet and that they should have gradually decreased and eventually disappeared from the part of the river which is obviously affected by the sewage. Proprietors and lessees of fisheries lower down the river must be on their guard. They must remember that the first effects of sewage pollution are to prevent the fertilised ova from hatching and kill off fry and small fish which cannot be easily detected. When, however, the pollution has reached the stage of killing or driving away the adult fish it is too late for them to do more than recover pecuniary damages, but their sport is destroyed for many years to come.

In reference to the length between Bakewell and Rowsley, the conditions under which tickets are issued, as indicated in an earlier part of this article, have been in force for many years. The distance by road is about four miles, and following the turns of the river would probably not make it less than double that length. It consists of a series of shallows and pools, and no one with the smallest experience could walk along the banks without being impressed by its marked capabilities as a fly-fishing water. It is, therefore, not surprising that it should be one of the most frequented fisheries in the kingdom, and no doubt the landlords of the two hotels empowered to grant tickets to their visitors derive a considerable profit from this privi-

lege and indirectly, probably the freeholder shares in the benefit.

There are comparatively few days in the season when less than eight or ten rods can be seen on the water. A mere casual conversation will elicit the information that sport is usually very poor, that it is quite exceptional to find any number of trout rising during the hours of daylight and that the bags are unsatisfactory, not only in regard to the number, but also as to the average size of the fish killed. The *habitué* of the water usually walks from one favourite pool or spot to another, passing over long intermediate stretches of water, as he knows exactly where he can expect to find the sizeable trout. The grayling, though small, are more abundant than the trout, and the casual visitor's catch is generally made up of one or two brace of *salmo thymallus* averaging something under half a pound.

A number of theories are advanced to account for the dearth of sport. According to some the water is overfished to such an extent that the trout are rendered too shy to rise at any fly, natural or artificial. This is scarcely credible as all of us have had the experience of waters quite as much overfished as this, and yet with a good batch of fly the trout in them rise and are killed by those who can fish. Anglers of another school sagely opine that at some remote period the stock of trout was seriously reduced and that some stocking was undertaken to supply the place of those killed and for some mysterious reason the trout thus introduced do not take to surface food. This argument contains two palpable absurdities—firstly, that stocking operations on anything like an adequate scale, could be carried out without the full facts being

known on the spot; and secondly, that it is possible to find a strain of trout, either naturally bred or emanating from the pisciculturist's ponds which could refrain from feeding on the natural fly when hatching in considerable numbers, and never be deluded by the imitation floating over them.

Seeing that on the lengths immediately above even during the most unfavourable weather an angler can always find sufficient rising fish to keep him occupied, and as on the Bakewell to Rows-

ley water he can often wander about during the entire day and not see a single trout feeding on the surface, there is only one feasible and reasonable argument to advance, viz., that the trout are not there, and if the reputation of so good a river is to be preserved some serious steps must be taken on a scale commensurate with the extent of the fishing, and without delay to introduce new stock into this portion of the Wye.

FREDERIC M. HALFORD.

Doncaster Reflections.

ANOTHER Doncaster Meeting has come and gone, and the great racing festival of the North has left its mark on racing annals, as it ever does. It may justly, I think, be described as a genial and wholesome week, of most enjoyable weather, quite a contrast to those of Blair Athol's, Robert the Devil's, and Rayon d'Or's year, which we so well remember for their torrential rains. Galtee More's year will stand out, nevertheless, for its smallest field of starters during the last hundred years, ever since the grand Hambletonian won it, and the unusual paucity of the crowd that met to witness the sporting event of the year, as far as northern ideas go. Beyond this, again, we were treated to one of the slowest races on record, and critics seem, one and all, dissatisfied, because their idol did not win by a hundred yards. It was most curious to hear the different opinions on the race, which seemed to culminate in the verdict that Galtee More did not win so easily as he had been expected to do, seeing that

on handicap form he was asked to give from one to two stone to his nearest competitors. The solution, however, of the problem seems to lie in the fact that the race was won, like very many weight for age races are, without reference to any cutting 'down tactics. There was no horse in the race, unless it was the favourite, that could enhance its chance by forcing the pace, and he had twice this season won his races by waiting behind in badly run races and winning for speed. There seemed, therefore, no reason to suppose that he could not do so again with the same class to beat. Thus it was that Darling, his trainer, refused the offer of a good running maker, knowing, as he did, that his horse was of such a fine temperament that he would wait behind without fighting for his head, or taking anything out of himself, just to come and win when he was asked. This is exactly what he did do, but, like all slow-run races, each jockey had a bit in hand at the distance, and there was consequently a

flourish of arms and legs for a couple of hundred yards, and the later-timed rush of Morny Cannon on Chelandry, which Wood treated somewhat cavalierly, made the verdict only three-fourths of a length.

Thus once more was the triple crown won as all true lovers of a thoroughbred liked to see it won—cleverly—without unduly distressing or butchering its hero. Once only, I believe, has Galtee More felt the spur in his races, and that was in the Derby, where both owner, trainer, and jockey, were nervous as to whether he would take his place down that dreaded hill at Epsom, alongside his fleet opponent Velasquez, so as to keep him on the stretch at a critical portion of the race, and that one slight reminder served to put the issue beyond a doubt; nor must it be forgotten that neither the 2,000 guineas nor the Derby were slow run races. Unhappily, for would-be speculators on the Cesarewitch or the Cambridgeshire, the St. Leger race is no guide at all. To my thinking it makes the puzzle all the worse. Perhaps it would be said that I am only a half-hearted sportsman, but if I were the happy possessor of such a horse, that had won me about £25,000, without any serious effort, I should hesitate about pulling him out in a handicap this season, at a weight that would crush ninety-nine horses out of a hundred, even if by keeping him in the stable I disappointed some of the sporting public. Has it not been ordained that our best three-year-olds should run a mile at the end of April, one and a-half miles at the end of May, and one mile and three-quarters in September, leaving them the option of competing in the Jockey Club Cup, at weight for age over two and a-quarter

miles with their elders in November? With a big horse like Galtee More, that is really not fully furnished or come to his best, that is, the best that his grand frame promises to fill out into, he should not be asked to go two miles, until he undertakes his Cup career as a four-year-old. Thus he would without doubt, fulfil all that his best friends can foretell of him.

Of the other competitors Chelandry is a charming mare of the light Macaroni type, and a splendid mover, no mean animal to tackle in any St. Leger. St. Cloud II., I confess, to have thought out of place in such a contest, a coarse, thick horse of the hunter type, short of body and thigh, but evidently endowed with galloping powers, that will win him races. Silver Fox is a nice type of horse, and about the top of the second class; I should have liked to have seen him defeat St. Cloud, and earn a place to which his looks and performances entitled him, but it was not to be. Goletta is a fine mare, and I had visions of her doing another Throstle trick, but she got the better of Kempton Cannon and ran herself out all too soon, which I do not think she was intended to do. In the two-year-old racing, which is always so interesting at Doncaster, a very fine colt in Florio Rubattino was upset by a sharp little Ayrshire filly, Ayah, who seemed to come and win for speed, after Cannon had spun out his horse in one of his fine runs home, and got all his horses as he thought beaten. I much doubt Ayah's ever again effecting such an overthrow, as I look upon the chestnut son of Florentine out of Wealth as a first class colt. Wild Fowler also is a horse with plenty of length and power on good short legs, that won his race well, although St. Ia was giving him 9 lbs.,

and seemed to be catching him at the finish. I fear he will not ever be of the calibre of Galtee More, although we may see him a much admired horse on the Derby Day. He also is Irish bred, being by Gallinule; and Palinurus, another son of Gallinule, is less furnished at present, but is likely to do more credit to Lord Penrhyn's pretty colours than any horses that have carried them of late. We saw at least three promising two-year-olds in Royal Sport, a brother of Court Ball, The Baker, and Bridegroom the 2nd—the Baker's pedigree being remarkably full of Stockwell blood, but alas! he is not entered in the Derby or St. Leger. Nevertheless, it looks as if we were destined next season to have an interesting Derby, seeing that more than one of our fashionable stables have not yet shown us their hands.

A good look at Kilcock in all the bloom of his five-year-old career, was worth coming to Doncaster on Thursday to enjoy; and, despite his welter weight he made, as Darling declared he would, a noble fight for the Portland Plate. This was a fast race and no mistake, with the slashing Ugly, whose kicking in the paddock was dangerous to a degree, running for all he was worth in front until 100 yards from home, and I thought Kilkerran was lucky to catch him in the last few strides. It ought to give us some insight into the St. Leger winner's merit to hear, as we have done, from Darling, that Kilcock has no chance with him at a mile.

We must not dwell on other events, except to say that the Foxhill estimate of Winkfield's Pride received some exemplification in the way he cut down Jaquemart, who had gained an honourable place in the Great

Yorkshire Stakes, yet sad it was to see that not even a third runner could be found to pick up the spoils of third place in such an historic race. Here, however, the stewards of the Jockey Club have spoilt the contest by putting this year for the first time an extra 5lbs in the Cesarewitch upon the winner. It must be confessed that the in and out running of Galatia of late has been rather dumbfounding, and there are yet a few who fancy Dinna Forget's chance in the Cambridgeshire. Of jockeys Charley Wood and Tom Loates certainly carried off the palm, and Wood rode some beautiful races, surpassing in my opinion in his style, all his old form. He promises, indeed, to win back a degree of popularity beyond all compeers. He always keeps a cool head, and seems to ride his horses with a thorough knowledge of their attributes, and his nerve is splendid. And now I have yarned quite long enough over the racing, and let us take a short review of the sale paddock, which is always a leading feature at Doncaster.

In the first place, one word of hearty congratulation to Messrs. Tattersall for having improved their catalogues, and made them in book form with cut leaves. "Borderer" has been overheard using strong words over the ungainly old four-posters that used to do duty in this department, and even declaimed against them in your pages: now he feels that the march of progress has well begun, and that buyers, breeders, and onlookers can follow their vocations in comfort, and turn back, if they choose, in after years to the bound-up copies of an interesting book on young stock.

I have never ceased to wonder where all the money comes from

to buy yearlings, seeing how annually so many of our great racing men drop out, or start breeding studs of their own, and this has been especially so during the last year or two, and yet we see no diminution in their numbers, or in their plucky determination to carry off the choicest lots, let their cost be what it may. This week we have seen seventeen yearlings fetching 26,520 guineas, or an average of 1,560 guineas each. And the sires that have the proud distinction of being in this list are St. Simon, Ayrshire, Bend Or, Kendal, Melton, Hampton, Royal Hampton, Raeburn, Hagioscope, and Marcion, and here you have, I think, according to the public taste, the flower of our proved and fashionable sires.

To my thinking Ayrshire and Kendal carried away the palm this year, although St. Simon was still in very strong force. Old Hampton cannot hope to retain his position much longer, although he is perpetuated by Ayrshire, Royal Hampton and Marcion. Melton must on his return to this country always hold a high place, and Raeburn, to judge by his yearlings this year, will be fashionable. Bend Or only got into the select circle by the aid of a daughter of Chrysalis, almost own sister in blood, to Laodamia. Marcion, by a beautiful chestnut colt out of Marchioness, and Hagioscope, thanks to his colt out of Masque.

Of the younger sires, as yet not at their best, whose stock pleased me, St. Serf certainly stands first, some of his stock being well bought under four figures. Janisary again had some taking sons and daughters, which I shall look for on a racecourse ere long. Blue Green again gave a helping hand to Mr. Sneyd's sale, and the

Foragers were not forgotten. Tyrant also came out capitably, and had Mr. McIntyre's colt out of Swaledale been a bit more fashionable on his dam's side, he would easily have topped a thousand. The Orions found buyers, and so did the Hazlehatches, but the Adieus, Hawkeyes, and Balmorals, hung fire, and so did the Rightaways and Merryhamptons, Oberons, Selbys, and Prince Rudolfs. Orme's success hangs in the balance, his yearlings this year at Doncaster were certainly on the small side, short and delicate looking, and the Dog Roses, although better than last year, have yet to win races. Breadknife must as the sire of the The Baker become higher on the list, whilst Salisbury and Prism have gone dead all too soon for their owners' pockets. Donovan did not seem adequately represented, why I cannot say. In all 305 animals changed hands under the hammer, and their total cost was 84,461 guineas.

Sir Tatton Sykes has no reason to regret the change of policy, which I ventured to suggest last year, as by selling without reserve he brought together the most genuine lot of bidders and buyers I ever remember, and his good lot of yearlings realised grand prices, the highest average of the week. Not that Mr. Platt has any reason to grumble with his good sale, which the performances of Galtee More have ensured for the young Kendals for some time to come; Mr. Simons Harrison did fairly well with his lot, and so did Mr. Lawrence. Mr. Snarry must rely on something better than Giganteum, if he is to take his old place in the list, while such as Messrs. J. B. Wood and H. J. Bailey, l'Anson, Dr. Freeman, Mr. Hoole, the Rabley and Aislabie studs, Mr. Palin, and Mr.

R. C. Harrison, seem rather out of luck with their youngsters, as all of them in turn have bred good ones, and know how to bring them into the sale ring.

Taking the yearlings as a whole they appeared a better lot than have been sold at Doncaster for certainly the two previous years, and it will indeed be disappointing if there are not many useful racehorses amongst them. Very few, except on the first day, went away unsold, and of these the majority were not worthy of a place in the catalogue at all. When, however, will owners recognise the fact that it is better to leave their rubbish at home, than waste their money by trying to stuff it down the throats of the British public at a place like Doncaster?

It is needless to say that after writing in your August number such a downright opinionated article as "How to Make a Racehorse," its writer should have to run the gauntlet at Doncaster of criticism from some of the public breeders; yet on the whole its critics were very kind, indeed they were amenable to the argument that overcrowding is bad for horses, as for other animals, and that fresh pastures are most desirable; indeed, Mr. Simons Harrison told me that he had already started some new paddocks quite untainted by horses, and that his hopes ran high of improving the size and stamina of his yearlings by this means. Another matter of discussion, in which we thoroughly agreed, was the desirability of picking up regularly the horse droppings in fields where valuable horses depasture, and this I strongly recommend all breeders to do.

It is most encouraging also to my theories of horse breeding to see that the fattening of yearlings

is not on the increase. There were certainly far fewer prize fatlings in the market than usual, and the trainers rejoiced that this was so. Let us hope that breeders took stock in the paddock of that fine American bred two-year-old Bridegroom the 2nd by Rayon d'Or. He certainly showed us that we have by no means a monopoly in the art of breeding and rearing fine young racehorses. It tells us that we must use every means at our command to enable us to compete with the world in horse-flesh. At the same time it is flattering that our racing management and big stakes should thus draw the best blood from abroad to compete with us on our own ground.

Yes, and do we, as we quit the old town moor and its adjacent town, complain that its charms are departed or grown less attractive? I trow not—it would indeed be sad to think so. Doncaster has less residential votaries each year. Adjacent towns have their attractions, and the railways cater for them, whilst Doncaster is too old-fashioned to see that its high prices and exorbitant charges are prohibitive in a multitude of cases. And yet there are changes for the better—the new road to the course is the greatest improvement. You can walk or drive to the course in perfect comfort, without any interference from the heavier traffic, and all the empty vehicles pass that way to the course—and the town is certainly kept cleaner than of yore. Yes, thou dear old place, may thy rest be peaceful until next September, when we may, if health and strength permit, be enabled to re-visit thee under equally propitious skies to those of 1897.

What more fitting wind-up of the week could be found than in a visit to the York and Ainsty

Kennels? The invitation to his puppy show by the Master, Mr. Lycett Green, was accepted with delight, and I cannot refrain from adding to my Doncaster reflections just this little note on hunting. Having had occasional glimpses of this pack ever since the sad death of Sir Charles Slingsby, and their coming into the hands of my old Eton chum, Freddy Fairfax, down to a couple of years ago, it was very interesting to be able to note what a grand lot of hounds now fill the kennels at Acomb. A glorious sunshine added to the day's enjoyment, and I am not going one degree into the realms of romance when I say that such a good entry it has hardly ever been my lot to look over. When the judges — Mr. Radcliff of the South Dorset, Tom Smith of the Bramham, and Ash from the Holderness — had pondered long over the dog hounds they failed to agree, so even were the first two couples. At last Dreamer, by Warwick, a Belvoir bred dog, tracing back to Weathergage, was placed first, his brother Denmark third, and Traveller, a son of their Talent, second. When it came to the ladies their task was still more difficult, as old

Warwick had again fathered a lovely lot (three couple of them), of which Languish and Lovesong were the best. Still, I thought that Rakish, a daughter of Resolute, topped the lot. Eventually she came out second, with Lovesong first, and Sunshine, by Belvoir — Shamrock, third. The York and Ainsty have stuck manfully to Belvoir blood for many years, and the result is a grand-looking pack of hounds.

It warmed my blood to hear at the luncheon the hearty response, which the goodly array of Yorkshire farmers gave, when the Master expressed a modest, yet confident hope that wire would be as heretofore conspicuous by its absence throughout his country. Would that that cheer could reach throughout more southern latitudes, and take a permanent effect. At all events, your scribe felt at that moment that in Yorkshire there would be a refuge for fox-hunters, driven forth from less sporting districts. Mr. Lycett Green fully deserves all the support which he receives, for right well has he upheld sport round York. That foxes may once roll up in plenty, and with clean coats, is the fervent wish of

BORDERER.

In Memoriam.

F. W. A. ROCHE.

RARELY has our somewhat quiet county of Brecon been so stirred as it was at the sad news of the somewhat, and at the last, unexpected death of the Squire of Tregunter. We all knew that he was seriously ill, but had hoped almost against hope that a winter spent in the South of France might have spared him to us a

little longer. Alas, the hope was vain, and he died quite peacefully at Tregunter on the 8th of August last at the comparatively early age of 43.

The subject of this memoir was born at Tregunter in 1854, and was descended on his father's side from the ancient family of Roche, of Trabolgan, County Cork, whilst

he inherited the beautiful estate of Tregunter, from his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Madocks, daughter and heiress of H. Hughes, of Tregunter; and the Tremadoc Estate, Carnarvonshire, on which is built the town of Portmadoc, from his grandfather, Mr. Madocks of Tremadoc.

Educated privately, he entered the University of Oxford, where at Trinity he obtained in 1875 a first class in science, history and philosophy, graduating as a Master of Arts three years later. He was afterwards called to the Bar, but I believe never practised.

He married in 1890 a daughter of the late Venerable Archdeacon de Winton, who always with charming grace welcomed at Tregunter her husband's friends, and who with untiring attention devoted herself entirely to nursing him in his long and tiring illness.

"When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou."

On succeeding to his estates, Colonel Roche at once became one of the most prominent men in Breconshire in county business; besides being member of the County Council, he took the greatest interest in the Intermediate Educational Scheme, and was Chairman of the County Governing Body. He also was High Sheriff for Breconshire in 1881, and Carnarvonshire in 1887. He greatly interested himself in agriculture, being President of the Breconshire Agricultural Society on several occasions, as well as President of the Talgarth Farmers' Association for many years.

But fond as he was of county work, it was the Breconshire Volunteers that were nearest his heart, and with whom his name will always be most associated. For twenty-three years he was closely connected with them, and when he succeeded Colonel Wood

in command of the battalion, in 1889, everyone felt that he was the right man in the right place.

As a sportsman, especially as a game preserver, he was most keen. The Meets at Tregunter of the Breconshire Harriers, in the management of which at one time he participated, were always well attended, whilst those who enjoyed the privilege of participating in his pleasant "shoots," will not easily forget the well-stocked covers of Tregunter. He was besides a lepidopterist of no mean order, and made a magnificent collection of Breconshire butterflies and moths.

Still, it was something more than the above that caused his loss to be so deeply felt. Brilliant as was his conversation, and numerous as were the subjects he loved to discuss, it was his intense kindness of disposition, as well as his unbounded hospitality that endeared him to us all, and made us feel so keenly that indeed another old friend had gone.

On the 12th of August, the saddest of all grouse days, he was laid to rest in the churchyard of Talgarth, in the presence of over 1,000 people, from the Lord Lieutenant to the humblest labourer in Talgarth. They all came with but one motive, and that was to show what respect they could to the memory of the genial landlord, the kindly companion, and the truest of friends.

As the last sounds of the firing party (for the funeral was military) died away, and the vast crowd slowly dispersed, we took one look at the spot where—close under the shadow of the old grey tower of St. Gwendoline's, Talgarth, followed by the heartfelt regrets of all who knew him—

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

E. C. P.

Animal Painters.*

XLI.—F. C. TURNER.

XLII.—G. A. TURNER.

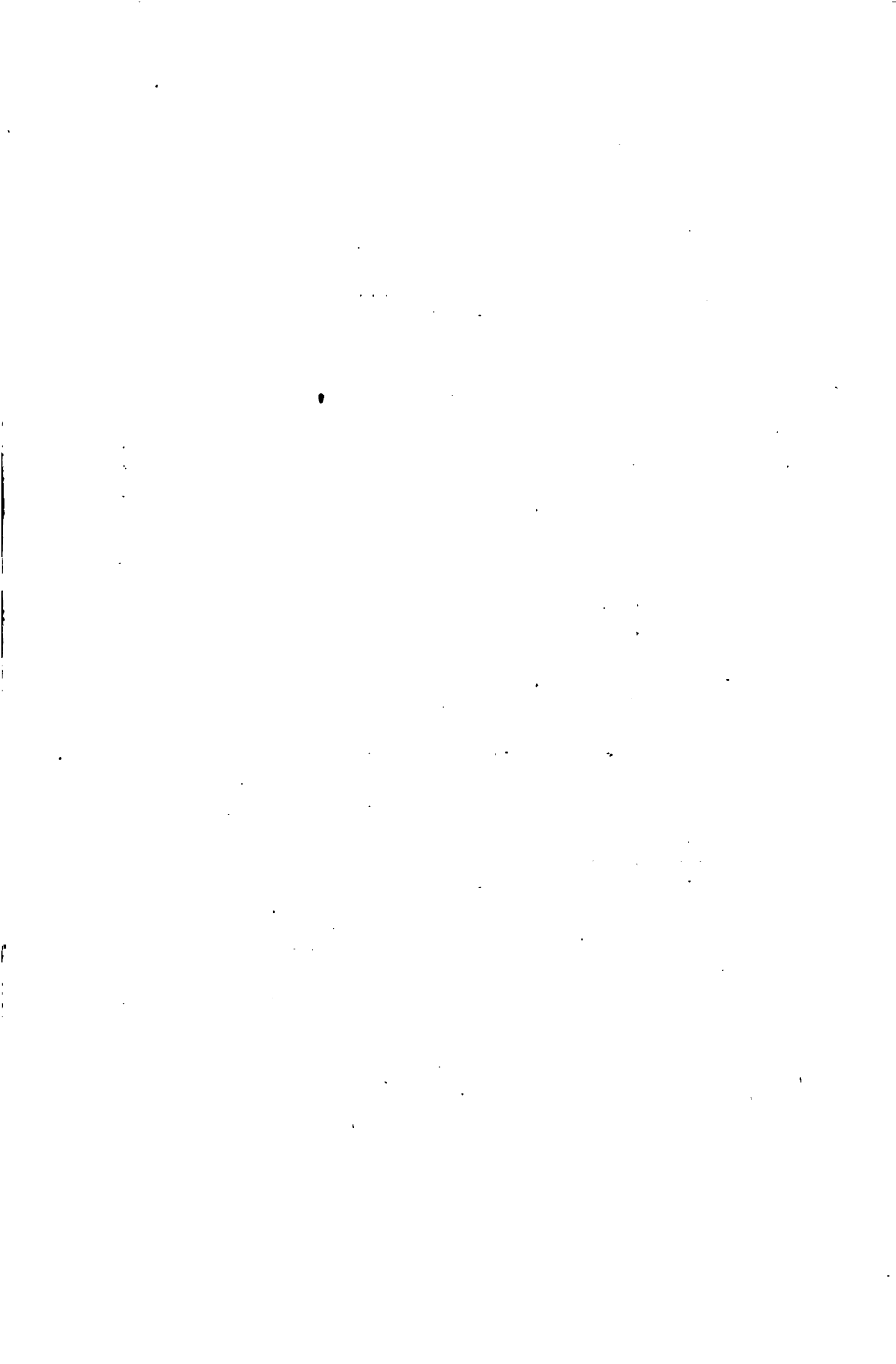
BY SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

CONCERNING the antecedents and early life of F. C. Turner we are entirely in the dark; his name occurs in no dictionary of art, and no record that throws light upon his career and domestic life can be found. There is reason to believe that 1795 was approximately the year of his birth; but where he first saw the light, who his parents were or what their worldly condition we are unable to discover. It is certain that F. C. Turner's artistic talents developed early in life, for his name occurs as an exhibitor in a London gallery in the year 1810, when he could not have been more than fifteen, or at most, sixteen years of age; and he has left abundant evidence to prove how those talents matured. That he was a native either of the South or West of England seems probable from the scenes whence he obtained material for the hunting pictures which formed so large a proportion of his works. We find him portraying incidents which occurred in the field with the Berkeley, Old Berkeley, East Kent and East Essex; while he has left nothing to indicate that he was familiar with the packs of the Shires and the North-country. Moreover, his first picture in the Royal Academy—*The Portrait of a Lady*—exhibited in 1817, was painted in London, the artist's address being given as 17, Park

Street, Upper Baker Street. He could not have passed any considerable portion of his time in the Metropolis, during the hunting season at all events, for it is said of him—and the bare statement is the only scrap of biographical detail I can find—that he rode more often to hounds and had been in at the death of more foxes than any artist in existence. The minute accuracy of technical detail which distinguishes his work sufficiently proves the intimacy of his acquaintance with all matters pertaining to the hunting field; and his pictures lose nothing of their interest to sportsmen from the fact that the artist was a straight man to hounds. The Old Berkeley was the pack with which he most frequently hunted, and F. C. Turner on a celebrated horse named Tommy was a figure well known to the followers of those hounds. As will be seen from the titles of the pictures given hereafter, F. C. Turner's sporting interests were by no means restricted to horse and hound; on the contrary, he was an all-round sportsman, equally fond of racing, shooting, and coursing, and equally conversant with each.

The possessor of sporting tastes which claimed gratification in winter and summer alike, it is extraordinary what a quantity of work he sent out from his easel; his brush must have been as sure and rapid as it was industrious, for he was a prolific contributor to sporting publications and also

* Under this heading will be continued monthly the series of brief articles connected with the lives of painters whose works appertain to animal life and sport, and who lived between the years 1600 and 1860.



References

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The purpose of this study was to determine whether the summer months of the year would affect the work life of a person sent out from the U.S. Coast Guard to work in the field. It was expected that the summer months would have the most effect on the work life of a person sent out from the U.S. Coast Guard as it was the most popular time for people to take a vacation. The study was a preliminary study to determine if there were any problems with the summer months of the year for the Coast Guard publications of the



1870

The Good "Hunk to Pa' Hymood"

exhibited largely during the thirty-five years over which his artistic career extended. His Royal Academy pictures were comparatively few, numbering only eleven inclusive of the *Portrait* of which mention has been made as his first exhibit. His second Academy picture was indicative of his sporting tastes: this was *Favourite Horses Going to Covert*, the property of W. F. Stephenson, Esq. With the exception of the first, all his Academy pictures exhibited between 1817 and 1844 (of which a list follows) were equine portraits and sporting subjects. Other exhibitions received more of F. C. Turner's attention; to the British Institution, the Suffolk Street Galleries and other galleries he contributed no fewer than 65 works.

Like other animal painters of his day, F. C. Turner was in course of time secured as a contributor to the *Sporting Magazine*, though he was an exhibitor at the various public London galleries for two-and-twenty years before that journal was adorned by a reproduction of any work from his easel. We find him first represented in the numbers for 1832, and the two years following by plates from hunting pictures. These are:—

In February, 1832 (No. 1)—

“Who-whoop! who-whoop! tear him, he's fairly run down.”

An engraving by John Romney from a work illustrative of the finish of a brilliant run with the Old Berkeley, at which no doubt the artist was present..

In December, 1832 (No. 2)—

“Tally ho! Tally-ho, there! across the green plain.”

Engraved by John Romney from another picture of the Old Berkeley, portraying the fox stealing away, hounds in full cry on his

line and the huntsman landing over a stiff fence out of the cop-pice from which hounds have just broken.

In May, 1833 (No. 3)—

“‘Drag on him! ah, wind him, my steady, good hounds.’

“‘Drag on him! ah, wind him,’ the covert resounds.”

The plate engraved by H. R. Cook. The scene is laid at Thornley Park, near Canterbury (no doubt an incident with the East Kent Hounds); the huntsman on a grey, is capping his hounds on to the line as they stream out of covert.

In January, 1844 (No. 4)—

“Cast round the sheep stain; cast round, cast round!

“Try back the deep lane; try back, try back!”

This plate is also the work of H. R. Cook. The picture represents the huntsman on a celebrated old crop-eared mare which was ridden for many years by Tom Arnold, huntsman of the East Kent.

These four plates from F. C. Turner's paintings complete the series illustrating the old song—
“A southerly wind and a cloudy sky”—

“‘Hark! I heard some hound challenge in yonder spring sedge.

‘Comfort bitch hits it—there, in that old thick hedge.

‘Hark forward! hark forward! have at him, my boys

‘Hark forward! hark forward! Zounds, don't make a noise!’”

F. C. Turner, once secured for the *Sporting Magazine*, continued to be a regular contributor. Between the years 1832 to 1845 he furnished no fewer than 78 pictures for reproduction; the plates of these were engraved by John Romney, H. R. Cook, J. Engleheart, T. S. Engleheart, J. H. Engleheart, John Roff, R. Parr, John Scott, G. Patterson, H. Beckwith, W. R. Smith, T. Good-

man, G. A. Perrian, S. Allen, H. Lemon and H. Hacker.

Nor did this most industrious of painters confine himself to the magazine mentioned; we find him represented in the *New Sporting Magazine* for 1837 by a picture engraved by T. E. Nicholson. The *Sporting Review* for 1840 contains an engraving by T. A. Prior, from one of Turner's pictures, which, by the way, appears again in the *Review* for 1843, engraved by J. Wesley. He was, from an early date in his career, in much request as an illustrator by the publishers of books of sporting character.

The *Essay on Hunting* (third edition), published by Edward Jeffrey and Son, London, 1820, contains three plates engraved from his pictures by Beckwith:—(1) Broke Cover—(2) Treeing a Cub; and—(3) The Stable.

Billesdon Coplowl, a poem on Fox-hunting by the Rev. Robert Lowth, published by T. Griffiths, London, 1830, contains six plates engraved from works by F. C. Turner; these are hunting scenes and other designs.

A book entitled *Turner's Illustrations to "Nimrod" on the Condition of Hunters*, published at the Court Gazette Office, 343, Strand, contains twelve engravings from works by this artist; these, as the name of the book denotes, illustrate a book written by "Nimrod" (Mr. Charles James Apperley), which was published originally in 1831, by M. A. Pittman, of London, under the title "Remarks on the Condition of Hunters." The plates are as follows:—(1) Huntsman rating tail hounds—(2) The Meet—(3) Breaking Covert—(4) Nearly Done up—(5) The Standstill—(6) Hounds in Full Cry—(7) A Cold Bath—(8) The Rider Spilled—(9) Clearing the Brook—(10) The Death

of the Hunter—(11) The Awkward Predicament—(12) The Death of the Fox.

The Cracks of the Day, edited by "Wildrake" (George Tattersall), and published by Rudolph Ackerman, London, 1841, contains a plate engraved by T. E. Nicholson from Turner's portrait of "Miss Letty," winner of the Oaks of 1837. The later editions of this book were published under the title of "The Pictorial Gallery of English Racehorses."

Shooting. This is a set of six engravings by Hunt from pictures of F. C. Turner's, illustrative of the shooting months, August, September, October, November, December and January. These were published by J. W. Laird, in 1841.

The Noble Tips. A set of four plates 24½ inches by 17 inches; published by J. W. Moore, in 1853, from pictures by F. C. Turner.

Portraits of Celebrated Racehorses of the past and present centuries, by Thomas Henry Taunton, M.A., published in four volumes by Sampson Low and Co., 1887. Several of the plates in this well-known book are from F. C. Turner's pictures.

These are but a few of the engravings of works from the artist's prolific brush. The number of pictures which appeared in the *Sporting Magazine* alone would prove his industry; but when we remember that the appended list of these constituted only a portion of his output, we recognise how busy a life F. C. Turner led.

The date and circumstances of his death are equally uncertain with those of his birth; no record exists to show where and when he was born, and nothing has been published, so far as our researches have revealed, to tell where and when he died. The

last trace of his work occurs in the shape of an engraving from one of his pictures which appears in the *Sporting Magazine* for 1846, and assuming that his life terminated with his labours, we must conclude that he died when in about the fifty-first year of his age.

List of 11 pictures exhibited in the Royal Academy by F. C. Turner :—

Year.

- 1817 *Portrait of a Lady*.
 1819 *Favourite Horses Going to Cover*, the property of W. F. Stephenson, Esq.
 1820 *Portrait of a Horse*.
 1821 *Portrait of a Favourite Mare*, the property of J. Russell, Esq.
 1823 (2) *Portrait of Faun*, the property of J. Archbutt, Esq.—*Portrait of G. Colman, Esq.*, painted to embellish Part II. of the "Percy Anecdotes."
 1836 *Portrait of Master Beecher on the Celebrated Pony, Ladybird*, the property of Captain Beecher.
 1840 *A Subject from Æsop's Fables*.
 1841 *Bijou and Beauty*, the property of Lord Tenterden.
 1844 (2) *Foxhounds Going Out — Foxhounds Returning*.

List of 78 engraved plates in the *Sporting Magazine*, from paintings by F. C. Turner :—

- "Who-whoop!" 1831, vol. 79, engraved by J. Romney
 (2) "Tally-ho!" 1832, vol. 81, engraved by J. Romney—*Shaver*, a celebrated deerhound, pinning a buck in Waddesley Park, Kent. 1832, vol. 81, engraved by H. R. Cook.
 (2) *The Find*, 1833, vol. 82, engraved by H. R. Cook—*Flora*, a spaniel. 1833, vol. 82, engraved by H. R. Cook.
 (2) "Try Back!" portrait of Tom Arnold on a well-known mare, in East Kent. 1834, vol. 83, engraved by H. R. Cook—*The Earth Stopper*, a portrait of Old Will Norris, of Pelham, earth-stopper of the East Kent Foxhounds. 1834, vol. 83, engraved by H. R. Cook.
Falconer Disgorging a Heron. 1834, vol. 84, engraved by H. R. Cook.
 (5) Vignette, 1834, vol. 85, engraved by J. Engleheart—*Extraordinary Preservation of Foxes*. 1834, vol. 85, engraved by H. R. Cook—*The East Essex Foxhounds*. 1834, vol. 85, engraved by J. Engleheart—*C. Newman, Esq.* 1834, vol. 85,

engraved by R. Roffe—*Hawking Party*. 1834, vol. 85, engraved by R. Parr.

- (3) *Uncarting the Royal Buck*. 1835, vol. 86, engraved by Parr—*Hawking; The Fatal Stoop*. 1835, vol. 86, engraved by Parr—*The Rendezvous*. 1835, vol. 86, engraved by R. Parr. *Master Beecher on Ladybird*. 1836, vol. 87, engraved by J. Engleheart.

- (2) *Fan*, a celebrated bitch. 1836, vol. 88, engraved by John Scott—*Hasard*, a celebrated cab-horse, purchased by the Marquis of Abercorn for 330 gs. 1836, vol. 88, engraved by Engleheart.

Portraits of Vulcan, Bachelor and Beverley, three celebrated stallion greyhounds. 1837, vol. 89, engraved by Engleheart.

- (2) *Throwing the Lasso*. 1837, vol. 90, engraved by Engleheart—*Tantalisation*, a white terrier bitch. 1837, vol. 90, engraved by Engleheart.

- (2) "Old Pluck," *Earth-stopper to Major-General Wyndham, of Sladiland, Sussex*. 1837, vol. 91, engraved by G. Paterson—*Loyal Foxhunters*. 1837, vol. 91, engraved by Engleheart.

- (8) Vignette. 1838, vol. 92, engraved by Engleheart—*The Hippodrome*. 1838, vol. 92, engraved by Engleheart—*Amato*, a brown bay colt, bred by Sir Gilbert Heathcote. 1838, vol. 92, engraved by John Scott—*Industry*, a brown filly, bred by the Earl of Chesterfield. 1838, vol. 92, engraved by Engleheart—*The Capercalzie*. 1838, vol. 92, engraved by Engleheart—*Partridge Shooting*. 1838, vol. 92, engraved by Engleheart—*The Goodwood Plate*. 1838, vol. 92, engraved by Engleheart—*Harkaway*, a chestnut colt, bred by Mr. Ferguson. 1838, vol. 92, engraved by Engleheart.

- (5) *Don John*, a bay colt, property of the Earl of Chesterfield. 1838, vol. 93, engraved by Engleheart—*Forester*, a bloodhound. 1838, vol. 93, engraved by Engleheart—*Woodcock Shooting*. 1838, vol. 93, engraved by G. Paterson—*Wild Duck Shooting*. 1839, vol. 93, engraved by G. Paterson—*The Badger Hunt*. 1839, vol. 93, engraved by H. Beckwith.

- (2) *Valiant*, property of Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence. 1839, vol. 94, engraved by Engleheart—*Pheasant Shooting*. 1839, vol. 94, engraved by G. Paterson.

- (6) Hunting, No. 1. *The Find*. 1839, vol. 95, engraved by G. Paterson—No. 2. *Cheering in Cover*. 1839,

- vol. 95, engraved by G. Paterson—No. 3. *The View*. 1840, vol. 95, engraved by G. Paterson—No. 4. *The Death*. 1840, vol. 95, engraved by G. Paterson—*The Spicy Screw*. 1840, vol. 95, engraved by Engleheart—*Hunting the Ostrich*. 1840, vol. 95, engraved by G. Paterson.
- (3) *Poached Eggs*. 1840, vol. 96, engraved by Engleheart—*Red Deer Fighting*. 1840, vol. 96, engraved by W. R. Smith—*Instinctive Preservation of a Fox*. 1840, vol. 96, engraved by H. Beckwith.
- (4) *Callach*, a celebrated highland deerhound. 1840, vol. 97, engraved by G. Paterson—*The Snare Discovered*. 1840, vol. 97, engraved by T. Goodman—*Setting the Smeuse*. 1841, vol. 97, engraved by Engleheart—*Snipe Shooting in January*. 1841, vol. 97, engraved by John Scott.
- (4) *Black and Red Grouse Fighting*. 1841, vol. 98, engraved by H. Beckwith—*Bijou*, a bitch, property of Lord Tenterden. 1841, vol. 98, engraved by H. Beckwith—*The Stricken Mallard*. 1841, vol. 98, engraved by H. Beckwith—*A Day with the Pheasants*. 1841, vol. 98, engraved by T. Goodman.
- (3) *Hunting Extraordinary*. 1841, vol. 99, engraved by Engleheart—*The Lost Shoe*. 1842, vol. 99, engraved by E. A. Periam—*The Miller*, a celebrated 4-year-old buck. 1842, vol. 99, engraved by Engleheart.
- Modish*, a favourite bitch in the Earl of Fitzhardinge's kennel. 1842, vol. 100, engraved by H. Beckwith.
- (3) *Going to Scale*. 1843, vol. 101, engraved by S. Allen—"No Go." 1843, vol. 101, engraved by Engleheart—*Riding to Cover*. 1843, vol. 101, engraved by Engleheart.
- "By your leave, Gentlemen." 1843, vol. 102, engraved by Engleheart.
- (3) *Running Rein*, bred by Charles Cobb, Esq. 1844, vol. 103, engraved by Engleheart—*First day of the Season*. 1844, vol. 103, engraved by H. Lemon—*Chancellor running a muck*. 1844, vol. 103, engraved by Hacker.
- (2) *Jem Hastings, the running Tailor of the Berkeley Hunt*. 1844, vol. 104, engraved by H. Beckwith—*Desperate*, a celebrated stallion hound in the kennel of the Earl of Fitzhardinge. 1844, vol. 104, engraved by Engleheart.
- (3) *A Ticklish Subject*. 1845, vol. 105, engraved by H. Beckwith—*Starting for the Derby*. 1845, vol. 105, engraved by J. Engleheart—*The Stewards' Stand after the Derby*. 1845, vol. 105, engraved by Engleheart.
- (6) *The Belvidere Rounding the Flag Buoy*. 1846, vol. 106, engraved by H. Beckwith—*Merry Monarch*, a bright bay by Slane out of *The Margravine*. 1846, vol. 106, engraved by Engleheart—*The Emperor's Cup*, run for at Ascot, 1845. 1846, vol. 106, engraved by H. Lemon—*The Trial*, young horses on the Heath at Newmarket. 1846, vol. 106, engraved by Hacker—*The Canter before the Race*. 1846, vol. 106, engraved by Engleheart—*Clipping*. 1846, vol. 106, engraved by Engleheart.
- One engraved plate in the *New Sporting Magazine*, from a painting by F. C. Turner:—
- Miss Letty*, a bay mare, bred and owned by the Hon. Thomas Orde Powlett. 1837, vol. 13, engraved by T. E. Nicholson.
- Two engraved plates in the *Sporting Review* from paintings by F. C. Turner.
- Major-General Wyndham's Foxhounds Breaking Cover*. 1840, vol. 3, engraved by T. A. Prior—*Favourite Hounds in the Cheltenham Pack*. 1843, vol. 10, engraved by J. Wesley.

G. A. TURNER.—From the fact that the address of this artist in the Royal Academy Catalogue for 1836 is given as 66, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, which also is the address of F. C. Turner in the same year, it must be concluded that the two were closely connected. Possibly they were brothers, but in the total absence of records, which would throw light on the parentage of either, nothing beyond conjecture is open to us. G. A. Turner's works, so far as they can be traced, were very few; he exhibited three pictures in the Royal Academy in the years 1836, 1838 and 1841 respectively; and in the volumes of the *Sporting Magazine* for 1837 and 1839 we find four plates engraved

from his paintings. The brief list of his works is appended.

List of 3 pictures exhibited in the Royal Academy by G. A. Turner :—

Year.

1836 *Lance and His Dog Crab—Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

1838 *Bevis Finding Tomkins's Glove, conveys it to Woodstock, and, howling, gains admittance. — Vide Sir W. Scott's "Woodstock."*

1841 *The Clipper.*

List of 4 engraved plates in the *Sporting Magazine*, from paintings by G. A. Turner :—

Bellman, a highland deerhound, the property of the Duchess of Gordon. 1837, vol. 91, engraved by Engleheart.

(2) *Theron*, Her Majesty's Charger. 1838, vol. 92, engraved by Engleheart — *The Sportsman's Present*. 1838, vol. 92, engraved by J. H. Engleheart.

Rabbit Shooting. 1838, vol. 93, engraved by T. S. Engleheart.

My Grandfather's Journals.*

1795-1820.

[Being episodes in the military career of Colonel Theophilus St. Clair, K.H., formerly of the 145th Foot, and some time Assistant in the department of the Quarter-Master-General.]

EXTRACTED BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

III.

WE got the route in the early autumn of 1797, and the regiment was embarked in three different transports. My company and two others, 237 men with eight officers, went on board the *Osceola*, a four-masted teak-built ship of some 400 tons, very clumsy in a sea way and slow on a wind, so that our voyage to Madras occupied nearly five months. A wearisome time enough, although enlivened by some stormy incidents, heavy weather aloft, feuds and fallings-out in the cuddy below. It was to me a memorable voyage, for I was all but ruined and utterly lost by it. My honour was saved and my life, but I landed penniless, weighted too with a heavy obligation, a load of debt I saw no near prospect of paying off.

Life on board ship is generally monotonous. We had little or no

duty to do; only we were practised daily at our stations (mine was the mizzen-top with a squad of chosen marksmen), for it was a time of war, French frigates and French privateers infested the high seas, and we might be called upon at any time to fight to save the ship and escape a French war prison. But the time hung heavily on our hands. There were few books amongst us; our games were deck quoits and long bullets; for sport we struck dolphins, fished with pork for a following shark or shot at an albatross. Ours were the idle hands and empty minds that the devil soon finds work for. Someone produced cards and a dice box; our commanding officer, the senior captain, Horsburgh by name, a weak creature, was not above throwing a main himself, and play was going on continually.

I stood aloof for a long time,

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but was drawn into it at last, more by the jeers of my brother subs, especially of Vicars (with whom I had fought the sham duel) than any inclination for play. I was but a poor gambler, timid when winning, quite upset by bad luck, and one night I had lost a very large sum—for me, whose whole worldly wealth at that time amounted to just £3. I owed close on £70 in chits and I.O.U.'s. Where was I to get such a sum? I might draw upon my father, but that I was determined I would not do, for I knew that he could not meet it without being put to terrible straits. He had sent me a little money to help me with my Indian outfit, and had then plainly told me I must expect no more for some time to come.

Yet I must pay up or be disgraced. It was a debt of honour. Nothing could cancel it but cash, or the loss of my good name. The more I brooded that night in the silent solitude of my berth, the more hopelessly was I at fault, the more despairing I became, till at last in a fit of frenzy I rushed on deck meaning to throw myself overboard. Now I felt a firm hand was placed upon my shoulder, and I was checked by the solemn words,

"Hech laddie! would you commit sic an awfu' sin—tak' your ain life. Come awa' mon, and tell me what a' this may mean."

It was the voice of our Scotch skipper and sailing master, Captain McPhail. I followed him into his own cabin at the stern, where he talked to me like a father, and still more like a father counted out a roll of golden guineas sufficient to liquidate my debt.

"Don't fash yersel about repayment, laddie, I can trust to your honour, but not to your

sense. And I'll just swear you on the Book that ye'll never touch a caird again so long as ye live. That's the best repayment ye can mak' me, that and the kno—ledge I've saved ye frae hell fire."

I took the oath gladly and gratefully, but I swore also that this true Samaritan should not lose by his kindness. And he did not, as I am proud to be able to tell.

I played no more that voyage, despite the jeering appeals of my comrades, who at last gave me the cold shoulder and let me go my own way. My way was towards study. The good skipper had lent me an old Hindustani grammar, over which I pored to such good purpose that when we arrived at Madras I already possessed some smattering of the language.

It was my firm and fixed intention to repay Captain McPhail at the very first opportunity; I was resolved to save every farthing for that purpose, and yet during the first few months after landing at Madras I found that it was out of the question. So far from saving I was drifting into further indebtedness slowly and surely, and beyond all power to check myself. It was utterly impossible to balance income with expenditure. Month after month I was faced with an increasing deficit, and I could only meet it by borrowing from the *shroffs*, the native bankers and money-lenders, who claimed exorbitant terms, but who were certainly most accommodating, lending readily and never appearing anxious to have their money back.

I had always heard and read of India as the land of promise, a place where gold was to be picked up from the ground and pagodas shaken from the trees. Never was a poor lad more bitterly dis-

appointed. There was wealth enough for some, princely allowances leading to quick fortunes, but only for staff and commanding officers and civil servants, not for British subalterns struggling on half batta, and hard put to it to live. In those days (it is all changed now, and for the better I believe) an ensign's pay was no more than 31 pagodas, all told, a little more than £12, taking the pagoda at eight shillings, its full value. With this I had to meet all outlay. I could not do it; it was out of the question, nor yet could I reduce my expenses.

Here are some of the items, which may be interesting to those who come after me, and care to know how officers lived in the East in my time. My messing, dinner only, and an occasional tiffin (but that was not a regular meal) came to 9 pagodas a month, or £3 12s.; my wine, and I was obliged by health and custom to drink a pint of Madeira daily, cost me nearly twice as much; it was the cheapest wine to be had, being the nearest, but its price was 6 or 7 pagodas per dozen, and I drank two and a half dozen in the month, or £6 worth. I ate my breakfast, tea and bread and fruit, in my bungalow, at a cost of 3 pagodas; I had to keep several servants—two bearers, a washerman and barber, coolies and tent lascars if on guard or under canvas, and a tailor to my own cheek, for I must appear decent and well-dressed on parade and every public occasion. I calculated that to keep up my uniform, jacket waistcoat, hat, feathers, one epaulette, with small-clothes, buckles, gorget, ribbons and bows, my underlinen, boots, socks, and so forth, I must spend on an average 10 pagodas or £4 per month, with an additional 4 pagodas (£1 12s.) for hair powder,

blackball and soap. Sometimes I must write a letter, and stationery costs money; I could not sit always in the dark at night, and candles were expensive. These luxuries cost me £1 and more per month.

All this amounted to about 42 pagodas, 11 or 12 more than I received as pay, and the items were all, so to speak, bare necessities of life. I might perhaps have economised on the wine, but it would have gained me much ill-will where I was already rather unpopular as a mean, close-fisted fellow; besides, the doctors warned me that some stimulant was indispensable in that climate. Of course I could indulge in no extravagance, great or small; I could not afford to invite a friend to mess; I could never drink beer (a more expensive luxury than Madeira) nor spirits and water; I could not keep a pony, nor could I make any expeditions into the jungle to shoot or fish, or get a change from the dull round of the cantonments.

I did not starve of course, not then, and I made a good appearance outside my tent, which consisted of one room and a sort of entrance-hall. Inside, my poverty was but too manifest. I could buy no furniture, but I had one chair, and sat for choice on a bullock-trunk. I had knocked up a table out of a wine-chest, and my bed was a common charpoy, a piece of canvas stretched on four cross sticks; I had no bedding but a Spanish rug I had brought from Gibraltar, no pillow but a bundle of old clothes; my bath was a ship's bucket; I had one tea-spoon, a small silver christening mug, a knife and a couple of tin plates, but if anyone joined me at my frugal breakfast they brought their own utensils.

I thought I saw better fortune

ahead when the Colonel asked me one day if I knew anything of surveying or of Hindustani. I did, of both; the first thanks to my dear father, the second to my own application, and it gained me an appointment in the Revenue Department in the newly-acquired district of Baramahul, where they were fixing rents and collecting taxes. A vast amount of speculation had been going on, both the natives and the Government having been defrauded by the civil employés, but now things were put on a new and more wholesome footing. I now obtained an increase of pay, 20 pagodas more per mensem, enough I hoped to leave me a little surplus. But still I could not save. My station up country, Sholagoord, was so distant that all supplies and necessities were much more costly, and indeed I was often half starved for want of food. Sheep and fowls were to be had, at great prices, but they were skinny and tasteless; game was scarce, and the river fish uneatable. My meals consisted mainly of coarse flour made into porridge, and plantain fritters.

Still I thrived, and being forced to walk much and work hard, constantly in the open air, I was always in fine health and high spirits. I gained the good will of my superiors and had I chosen to adopt that line of life I might perhaps have risen to the most lucrative and responsible posts in Indian administration.

But I could not forsake my own profession. I was born within sound of trumpet and drum, my first breath had been drawn within a barrack, and I must live as I hope to die—a soldier. When the new war broke out against Tippoo, we in the Barramahul territory were brought within touch of it, for my chief was ordered to prepare

a commissariat train, carts and animals to convey supplies and provisions to General Harris on his march into Mysore. I accompanied the first detachment and met the army at a place called Rayahcotta, not far from the frontier.

There could be no question of my vocation after that. Never before had I witnessed the full pomp and circumstance of war, and to the unpractised eye no finer example of it can be presented than an Indian army on the move. It is the most imposing and inspiring sight, with its magnificent array of fighting men and their myriads of attendants. Soldiers of all arms in the van; cavalry in bright uniforms and gaily caparisoned, mounted on the most perfect Arab steeds, guns drawn by bullocks in nine rows formed abreast, with four pairs of leaders, and stately elephants to assist at bad places; engineers and artillery parks, ammunition trains, store carts, provision carts, squadrons of irregular horse, bands of martial music, the whole constituting a splendid pageant, the like of which in many years of subsequent campaigning I never saw again.

No sooner had I handed over my charge than I claimed the right to rejoin my regiment. It was sacrificing all my prospects of civil advancement, but what was that when war was afoot? I knew I was right, but how much so, I hardly realised till I once more saw the colours, and met the approving looks of my comrades.

"I knew you'd show up," said old Aylward, now my captain.

"There's good stuff in the lad," the Major admitted.

"You were an ass," laughed Vicars. "We're on outlying

picquet three nights a week, and quarter-guard or fatigue another two."

But the Colonel shook hands and told me he liked my spirit, and would not forget me if the occasion again arose.

Our regiment was brigaded with the 33rd and the Nizam's force, and we were under the orders of Colonel Wellesley, both in the combat of Malavelley, where we drove the enemy before us like sheep, and in the unsuccessful attack on the Sultaunpettah Tope. The latter was happily retrieved on the following night, but it was an unfortunate affair for me. We advanced about midnight into the tope, or thicket, and I was with the leading line of skirmishers; it was a nasty bit of country, intersected with wet ditches five or six feet deep, which were used to water the betel plants, and the enemy was thought to be in position some way beyond. But all at once they opened a heavy fire upon us; several of our men fell, the rest gave way and ran back in great disorder. I and Aylward turned too, calling to them and trying to rally them, when just at that moment I tumbled head over heels and went "souse" into a ditch.

When I came to myself, I was a prisoner in the hands of Tip-poo's pikemen, or *polygars*, as they are called, fierce-looking ruffians, with enormous blue turbans, distended over iron hoops, and coats of old-fashioned mail over their white garments.

I was already bound, with my arms behind my back, and so tightly that my skin was like a drum and the veins stood out like whipcord. In spite of the agony I endured, I was driven forward at a run, the pikestaff applied to the small of my back if I flagged.

The road they led us, for I soon saw there a dozen or more prisoners, was between mud walls, then through extensive gardens till we came into a wide open square laid out with trees, at one end of which, shining in the strong white moonlight, was a long low palace with a portico borne on great stone pillars. A crowd of natives, soldiers, attendants, slaves hung about the entrance, who hooted at us as we passed, cursing us and calling us foul names. We were dragged through several courts and open quadrangles into an inner chamber lighted by solid silver lamps, and found ourselves in the presence of a terrible personage whom I felt sure must be the Sultaun Tippoo himself.

As we were ranged before him, awaiting our fate, and he sat eyeing us with sullen silent hate, I had ample time to observe him, this cruel tyrant, the measure of whose wickedness was full, but had still room perchance to include our death by some refined and exquisite torture.

He was seated cross-legged, but seemingly a tall and majestic personage, on a rich Persian carpet, each corner of which was kept down by silver weights in the shape of sugar loaves. His complexion was very nearly black; he had large prominent eyes, a full beard, an aquiline nose—a big, powerful broad-shouldered overbearing sort of man. I could notice his dress too; a light-coloured jacket, loose trowsers of bright-flowered chintz, a dark red silk sash and a red turban, in the folds of which a great diamond shone like a star. Indeed, his whole person glittered with jewels; around his neck was a rosary of monstrous pearls, on his forefinger a big ruby ring. No doubt he wore the talisman which was afterwards found hanging to his

elbow, but I did not see it. By his side lay a richly inlaid match-lock, a sword in a gold belt and an embroidered cartouche box.

"What curs are these?" he said at length in Hindustani, abstractedly, as though his thoughts were far away. "Prisoners. Caffres? A Caffre, a dog and a hog, all three are brothers. Remove them. Their presence defiles me. Give them to the executioners to twist their heads off."

We were hurried out and were almost thankful it was to end so soon, when his voice again arose clear and imperious.

"Stay. That is a *sahib*; an officer," he said, pointing to me. "Call the Feringee to interpret." And a man, magnificently dressed, with a large red turban, appeared, who spoke broken English with a strong French accent. I understood Hindustani, but I thought it wiser to say nothing about it.

"Jooboo" (the real name was Dubois), "ask him how many great cannon these Caffres bring against me," was Tippoo's first question, and of course I shook my head and stood mute.

"Ask him who commands? Is Baird Sahib there? Why did I not give him to the tigers when he was here caged and in my power? Is Baird there?"

Still I stood silent. I was bound in honour to betray nothing, and this barbarian was equally bound, had he known it, not to press me. But he grew very wroth at my contumacy.

"I will make you speak, accursed young pig," he cried. "I will have you flogged with tamarind twigs, I will have you pricked with needles salted in brine; you shall sit on the spikes of my iron horse. I will have your nose, your ears and lips cut off, and sear you with hot irons.

I will smear you with honey and give you to be eaten by ants and flies, or I will tie you to the heels of my black elephants and have you torn limb from limb. Tell him, Jooboo. Will not that loosen his tongue?"

I was horribly frightened by these awful threats, but I was a soldier. I knew my duty. I could only die once, and still I refused to speak.

"Take him away, Jooboo. Let all this be done to him, and worse. Kill him by inches and in torments. Go."

"Quick, *mon enfant*," whispered the Frenchman. "Come, before he changes. He has given you to me, and I will save you if I can."

He led me out through several courts to the head of a flight of stone steps, down which we went far underground, into a series of dark gloomy chambers, till we came to one deeper and darker than the rest.

"*Bon*. This will do for the present," said my conductor. "Keep close; they will not look for you here. The place is very secret, and if the Sultaun asks for you I will say you are dead. By-and-bye I will bring you some food. Courage, *mon gars*, I am a Christian, if I can save you I will."

He was as good as his word, and presently returned with some nice cakes, a handful of chillis and a great *lota* full of water.

"I'll come every day, while I can. But I may be prevented. The Sultaun is capricious. You will soon attack, *vous autres*; knife or bullet, who knows, when the end may come? But Etienne Dubois will do his best for you while he can; on the faith of a Frenchman and a man of honour."

I met with many Frenchmen in

the years that were coming and many were chivalrous, honourable soldiers, but I shall remember with especial gratitude my good and kindly friend Dubois.

I shall never forget that first night of my captivity in that loathsome dungeon. The smell of food brought out the rats in dozens. They were ravenous and big as puppies; they fought with me for every mouthful; when at last I beat them off and threw myself exhausted on the ground, my first sleep was broken by the touch of something cold and slimy, and I found to my intense horror that a big snake had crawled over me. I slept no more that night, but ranged up and down, wondering if I could bear it till dawn.

The light that tricked down at last through a narrow grating above was pale and sickly, but it sufficed to show me that I was in a disused Hindoo temple, at one end of which was a huge stone idol, the statue of a bull—a great ugly and forbidding object, but I was tempted to examine it more closely, and found on clambering up its back that it was hollow within. I felt that I should be safe there, possibly, from Tippoo's people, certainly from the rats and snakes, and for the three weary weeks that I remained a prisoner I slept safely, even comfortably, inside the bull.

It was a long ordeal, and very trying, full of deep anxieties and alarms, as when Dubois did not come for two days, and again when a mob of pikemen rushed down to hunt for some fugitive, but missed me securely ensconced in the stone bull. The hours were horribly long too, but I filled them in by carefully scrutinising every nook and corner of my prison chamber, and to some purpose as it proved.

At last Dubois warned me that

the assault was imminent, that if the prolonged sounds of musketry reached me down in my dungeon I might conclude that the fighting was nearly over, and that my friends had won within the place. It was just as he had told me, one afternoon I heard the distant thunder of the guns, then dropping shots, and shouts and British cheers ringing out louder and louder, and nearer and nearer. I lay breathlessly expectant, and half beside myself for joy, yet hardly daring to venture out of my concealment.

When at length I reached the upper parts of the palace I found them filled with our men, and at the first sight of the blessed red uniform I gave a faint hurra, and fell fainting into the arms of a sergeant of my own corps.

It was not till a day or two later, when I was nearly restored to strength, that I sought out the General in command to make over to him a secret that had come into my possession while imprisoned. The city had been sacked, the plunder and loot were enormous, and yet it was generally believed that only a portion of Tippoo's vast treasures had been secured. I knew where more, much more, was artfully concealed. I had found when in the Hindoo temple underground, that at each side there were bays, or strong rooms, like cells, one and all of them containing coffers in which were stored all kinds of valuables. I had managed to look into some of them and had found heaps of jewels, rings, bracelets, necklets, aigrettes, much gold and silver plate, solid and in filagree, the richest stuffs, splendid arms magnificently mounted with diamonds and other precious stones. There were numbers of old manuscripts, too, richly bound and illuminated, china, glass, mirrors, telescopes,

pictures, carpets and much fine furniture.

"A very valuable contribution to the prize, young sir," said the General, newly appointed Governor of Mysore, no other than the Honourable Arthur Wellesley, whom I had seen in Dublin three years before. "The whole army is indebted to you, and you shall have a substantial reward. I will appoint you an assistant to the prize agents."

By this fortunate stroke I came in for a percentage upon the captured treasure, over and above

my own comparatively small share as a subaltern, and when the account was settled I received a sum close upon £5,000. My first use of this most unexpected wealth was to pay my ever good friend Captain McPhail. The rest I decided to invest in the 3 per cent. Public Stocks then standing at 53, which gave me a private income of nearly £300 a year. I knew now that my father was assured a comfortable old age, and that I need no more fear extreme penury on my own account.

Polo and Ponies at Dublin.

THE number of polo ponies at Dublin was somewhat small, relatively both to the importance of the show and to the position of polo in Ireland. But the scanty exhibition of ponies may be accounted for by the fact that at the same time the great tournaments of the Dublin season were going on, and thus there was an informal show of Ireland's best polo ponies to be seen on the Nine Acres in the Phoenix Park. And indeed one of the most prominent features of the polo tournament was the good ponies on which the Irish county teams were mounted. The ponies used by Westmeath (this year's winners) and Sligo (former holders) were undoubtedly of a very high class indeed, and show that Ireland has a supply—how large my want of local knowledge will not enable me to state—of ponies suitable for polo. It is a question which is one of the side issues of the Committee on Horse Breeding in Ireland as to the effect in

the future of hackney sires on Irish polo ponies.

That any great admixture of hackney blood is not good for polo ponies our English experience shows, but this is rather a question for breeders and dealers to decide from a commercial point of view. Sharp, quick-stepping ponies with action are no doubt much used in England, and as there is a demand for such animals for harness purposes, there is no reason why Ireland should not share in the benefit. If, on the other hand, such ponies are not profitable, no one can doubt that in breeding polo ponies a strain of hackney blood is not likely to lead to satisfactory results.

The whole series of tournaments played this year in the Phoenix Park have been most successful. In the first place, the County Cup with which the polo week opened, was the best contest of the kind which has ever taken place, and the final match between Sligo and Westmeath was eagerly looked

forward to as likely to produce a close game. There was no disappointment in store, for while Westmeath won by two goals, the struggle was so close, so well-sustained, and the pace so good that the interest never flagged, and the excitement was kept up to the last.

Practically, there was very little to choose between the two teams. Westmeath were probably slightly the stronger, and also seemed to have better ponies. The form shown by both teams was confirmed, and our estimate of it heightened by the very fine opening match of the All Ireland Cup, in which Westmeath ran the 13th Hussars team very close indeed, as will be seen from the notes below. There were five entries for the County Cup, of which Westmeath B team scratched, having been drawn against their own A team. In the first round Carlow beat King's County, Westmeath and Sligo drawing byes. Sligo then beat Carlow by eleven goals to three, showing that there is a long gap between the second and third teams.

The two teams left in the final were:

WESTMEATH.	SLIGO.
Mr. T. H. Locke	Mr. P. Conolly
Mr. R. Hudson	Capt. Bidgood, R.A.
Major Lewis	Mr. L'Estrange
Mr. P. O'Reilly (back)	Mr. J. Fitzgerald
Umpires—Major Remington and Mr. Flanagan.	

The game divided itself in accordance with the regulation "three twenties" into three periods. During the first and third Westmeath had the advantage of attacking, and made two goals in each case.

In the second period Sligo was the attacking side, and here the clear superiority of Westmeath in defence showed itself, for while the Sligo team made desperate

and successful efforts, and indeed at half-time the amount of goals stood at two all, yet the play of the last period showed that they had exhausted their strength against the defence of the holders of the cup, and all efforts to add to their score came to nought. Of the many good strokes made during the game, the fine back-hander hit of Mr. O'Reilly, the Westmeath back, by which he obtained the third goal for his side, was one of the most remarkable. The play throughout was fast, with plenty of give and take, and for the most part well in the centre of the ground.

That Westmeath should have been drawn against the 13th Hussars for the opening match of the All Ireland Cup was perhaps somewhat unfortunate for them, but from the spectator's point of view it was a very good arrangement. Everyone was anxious to see how the 13th Hussars would get on without Major MacIaren, and it may be said at once that while for a short time the team missed the famous back, their sound training and perfect discipline told in the long run. We could realise, as perhaps it was difficult to do when they were over-shadowed by their back, how good Mr. Wise and Captain Pedder are, and the latter player as number two was always effective and often brilliant.

Writing these lines before the final, and while the struggle between Rugby and the Inniskillings is still fresh in my mind, I am wondering what sort of fight the 13th Hussars will make against Rugby. That they should beat that fine team, which somewhat outclassed the rest both in play and ponies, is unlikely. That the 13th Hussars will make a good struggle is certain.

The Hussars beat Westmeath by one goal only, the game being in the balance till the very close of time and then the Hussars obtained their opportunity, Mr. O'Reilly having fallen, but not in such a way as to lead the umpire (Mr. J. Watson) to stop the game. Yet I must not be misunderstood to attribute the Hussars' victory to chance. They were the better team, but were slow at first in getting together, and certainly lost one goal needlessly in the first period. The 14th Hussars were so outclassed by the Inniskillings—who played Captain Paynter at number one instead of Mr. Fryer—that the next match needs no description. Yet the result showed that the Inniskillings, good players as they are, must be always hampered by the difficulty of getting mounts for so heavy a team. These fine players seemed, however, to have recovered their form; and the match between this team and Rugby was looked forward to with keen expectation, for it was felt that the result would in fact decide the Irish Polo Championship. There was, moreover, a peculiar interest in this match, for it was a struggle between the civil and military polo champions. Rugby already held the Hunting Team Champion Cup and had won the Open Tournament at Ranelagh, while, as all readers of BAILY will remember, the Inniskillings carried off the much envied Regimental Cup at Hurlingham. The result was exactly what any close observer would have predicted. So long as the Inniskillings' ponies served them they had a slight advantage, given by their weight, strength and hitting power; but as the game went on the absolute coherence of the Rugby team and their first-rate ponies told in favour of the civilian players, and they

won, as I think most people thought they would do.

RUGBY.

Mr. C. D. Miller
Mr. G. A. Miller
Mr. E. D. Miller
Mr. W. T. Drybrough
Umpires—Mr. T. Watson and Major Henderson

INNISKILLINGS.

Captain Paynter
Mr. Ansell
Mr. Neil Haig
Major Remington

Since the days when the three Peats and Mr. St. John Mildmay carried all before them for the Sussex County Team, there has been no similar combination to that of the Messrs. Miller and Mr. Drybrough. Constant practice together, and intimate knowledge of, and confidence in, each others' play gives to the present Rugby team an immense advantage of the most legitimate kind. Since the Peat era no players have expended so much thought and pains of the choice and education of their ponies as have Mr. Miller and his brothers. Mr. Drybrough, too, does not readily part with a good pony that suits him, with the result that in spite of his height and weight he is satisfactorily mounted. The hero of the first period was Mr. Ansell, whose two goals were both pieces of well-judged and successful play. Rugby at first had the best of it, but three times the Inniskillings cleared a way for Mr. Ansell and three times they scored in consequence. Mr. Ansell's second goal (the third the Dragoons scored) of the ground, which went through at the third stroke, was magnificent.

Thus the Dragoons began the second period with an advantage of one goal, but Rugby took the lead, faster ponies and better combination enabling them to press hard upon their adversaries. Yet Rugby had many vain shots at goal—not, I think, as was suggested, because they are bad goal hitters, but because Major Remington's defence was so steady

and strong. However, by the time the last period was begun Rugby had scored two more goals and had practically won the match. In the last twenty Rugby had matters all their own way, and the score went up with the rapidity which is ever the case when once the ponies of one side are done. Eight goals the Rugby men had scored, while the soldiers had but three. With great determination, however, the latter made a last effort and Captain Paynter scored a fourth goal and the match was won, Rugby winning by eight to four. All that remained was for Rugby to beat the 13th Hussars, evidently no very difficult task, for the Inniskillings were plainly a better team than the Hussars, who had the double disadvantage of playing with a new back, and who have not played together very long in their present places. The result was never in doubt, and the defeat would have been more overwhelming had not Mr. E. D.

Miller met with an accident; for, although Mr. Norman Nickalls (17th Lancers) was an efficient substitute, yet a change in the middle of a match always must be a serious disadvantage to a team.

Yet it must not be forgotten that the 13th Hussars made their two goals before the accident. Rugby thus won the third of the three great Tournaments of the year, and have proved themselves in every respect a champion team, in play equal to any of their predecessors, and in combination superior. So, with the close of the Irish Tournament we leave Polo for a season; other sports more engrossing lie before us. But next to hunting and shooting, those who have played the game will acknowledge there is no one pastime which calls forth so many and various qualities of body and mind as the game of Polo in its modern development as a game of science, courage and skill.

T. F. D.

The late Mr. E. R. Balfour.

IT was with no ordinary shock of sorrow that his many friends, and even those who knew him only by his achievements, heard of the death of Mr. Ernest Roxburgh Balfour. He was not yet 23 years old; the world was before him, while strength of body and a finely tempered disposition were his. Nature, indeed, had showered gifts upon him, but all the hopes that they inspired in those who knew him were brought to naught by the short illness which carried him off on August 27th last.

Mr. Balfour was educated at the Edinburgh Academy, and thence, in October 1893, he went to University College, Oxford. His size, strength and activity soon made him prominent in Rugby Union Football, and in 1894 he was selected as one of the forwards in the Oxford Fifteen. Oxford won the match against Cambridge, and Mr. Balfour was elected Captain of the team for the ensuing year. In the meantime he had rowed in his College Eight, and in the October term of 1895 he made his appearance in the Oxford Trial Eights during practice, though his football engagements prevented him from rowing in the actual race. In December, 1895, he captained the Rugby football team against Cambridge, who won by a narrow margin. Thenceforward Mr. Balfour devoted himself to rowing. Mr. W. Burton Stewart had left Oxford, and a powerful heavy-weight was required to fill his place as No. 5 in the University eight. Mr. Balfour was tried in the earliest days of practice last year, and so well did he acquit himself, and so steadily did he improve that he retained his seat throughout and was one of the brilliant crew who rowed

down and defeated Cambridge almost on the post, after having been led by nearly a length through Barnes bridge. In the following summer Mr. Balfour rowed in his College Eight at Oxford, but took no part in the Henley Regatta. Last November he rowed in his College Four, and in December he raced in the University Trial Eights at Moulshford. This year he again rowed as No. 5 in the winning Oxford crew, one of the strongest by common consent that the University has ever sent to Putney. In the summer he was chosen as No. 5 of the Leander crew in the place of the late Mr. T. H. E. Stretch, another splendid young oarsmen, whose untimely death from appendicitis in May last had saddened the rowing world. By his rowing at Henley Mr. Balfour gained additional credit. His eight, it is true, was defeated in the final heat of the Grand Challenge Cup by New College, but only by two feet after a most desperate and exciting race. However, in the pair-oared race for the Nickalls Challenge Cup, Mr. Balfour and Mr. Guy Nickalls defeated all their opponents in a very summary fashion, and gave a fine display of a difficult form of oarsmanship.

Mr. Balfour was taken ill on August 13th, the cause being either a sharp attack of influenza or a chill caught whilst fishing. The symptoms almost immediately became very grave, and had it not been for his magnificent condition and the strength of his vitality he must have succumbed within a very few days. He did, however, rally in an extraordinary way, and for a short time hopes of his recovery were entertained. Then he had a relapse, rendered addi-



THE LATE MR. E. R. BALFOUR.

tionally serious by blood-poisoning, and on August 27th he died.

Mr. Balfour was a noble example of the best type of athlete. He was of great stature, finely framed, large limbed and beautifully proportioned. To these physical qualities was added a natural amiability, a bright and sunny kindness of temper that endeared

him to all who were brought into touch with him. He was warm and sincere in his friendships, upright and staunch and straightforward in all his dealings. Nor did the simple courage that had carried him through many a stern struggle on the field or the river fail him when he knew that his end was near.

War Correspondents.

THE presence of newspaper correspondents with armies in the field is one of the most remarkable conditions in which modern war differs from the struggles of old times. The public has a thirst for the latest information on every possible subject and, when armies are fighting, there is a demand from all quarters that the chances of the campaign shall be fully reported from day to day. The countrymen of the combatants are interested to know how fare the national interests, what are the fortunes of individuals, and neutrals watch lest the flames should spread to their own borders, and read with avidity picturesque accounts of deeds which will have an influence on future history, perhaps alter in the immediate present the status of nations. Since the "Soldier's Pocket-Book" was published, the position of war correspondents has been everywhere assured. No longer are they looked upon as the "Curse of Armies," but, even if sometimes they are not welcome, at any rate their presence is now looked upon as inevitable; special provisions are made for their reception, and special rules are framed to curb their occasionally somewhat exuberant energy and enterprise.

As soon as war breaks out, all the great journals of Europe and America send representatives to the headquarters of one or both armies which take the field, and these gentlemen share in some degree in the toils, the dangers and the hardships of the campaign. Wars and grand peace manoeuvres, the mimic wars for instruction, are so frequent in our days that the reporting of military occurrences has become almost a profession by itself. Certain gentlemen have adopted it altogether and hold themselves ready to start for the uttermost parts of the earth at the bidding of their employers whenever it is expected that shots will be fired in anger or when some great country's legions are going to be exercised in working out military problems and putting the highest polish on their military efficiency. These gentlemen may in few and rare instances employ their nimble and vigorous pens in describing some great peaceful events, but they remain war correspondents by profession and are always listening for the clash of arms. And war correspondents are not graphic writers alone. Artists of the highest merit are retained by the great illustrated papers and their admirably reproduced sketches

make a stay at home public familiar with something of the horrors and much of the picturesqueness of war.

But besides those men who are professional journalists and indeed in preference to them, some of the great papers have upon occasion secured the services of correspondents who have received military training and are even upon the active list of their country's armies. In addition to the names of men like Russell, Forbes, McGahan, Cameron, Williams, Melton Prior, England has seen her journals employ Brackenbury, Hozier, Pemberton, Bigham. And most unquestionably the despatches sent by these gentlemen have had a peculiar flavour and value. They have naturally appreciated the professional aspects of events much more clearly than men who have only a superficial smattering of military knowledge and they have been able to write accounts of what has occurred in a manner so clear that people who read for information rather than emotion can form a more satisfactory idea of the subject in all its details from a close study of their words than they can from the writings of a less specially trained observer.

Sir William Howard Russell is the *doyen* of war correspondents. To him principally belongs the credit of inaugurating a new calling, of introducing a new and powerful element into the conduct of war. Nobody can forget the invaluable service that he did to his country by exposing the shortcomings of our military administration in the Crimea, and stirring up the national feeling to remedy them. No one has ever more powerfully portrayed the gallant qualities of British officers and rank and file. In the most strik-

ing and sonorous language he told the tale of every feat of arms and thrilled the hearts of the army's countrymen by the appreciative way in which he told how our soldiers, hungry, sick and naked, stemmed every wave of the enemy's attack and grasped the laurels of victory even in their dying hands.

Of all the many records which tell the proud tales of British warrior's deeds, none have ever exceeded in brilliant and sympathetic description, in spirit-stirring vigour and lucidity the *Times* correspondent's account of the heroic constancy of our infantry in the Crimea, the dash, mettle and self-abnegation of our cavalry. No correspondent has ever more nearly approached the ideal which Sir W. H. Russell set before himself: "My sincere desire is to tell the truth, as far as I know it, respecting all I have witnessed. I had no alternative but to write fully, freely, fearlessly, for that was my *duty*, and, to the best of my knowledge and ability, it was fulfilled."

It cannot be said that the unsparing critic of maladministration and official blunders was a *persona grata* to the authorities, and many bitter things were thought and said of him, but his unswerving rectitude of purpose was evident and it was soon recognised that, so much did the British people hang upon his words, his influence was to be courted and his power was to be acknowledged in righting what was wrong and extolling what was well done. He nobly vindicated his position and struck a note of warning that soldiers must in the future be prepared to meet other than mere official criticism.

We have said that soldiers on the active list of the army have sometimes taken service for a time

as war correspondents and none have ever been more valuable in such employment than Captain Hozier and Captain Brackenbury, who were attached, the first to the Prussians, the second to the Austrians in the war of 1866. Both were men of the highest military attainments, both had seen service in the English army, both had studied closely the systems of war and sources of strength of continental nations and both were familiar with literature. As might have been expected therefore, their descriptive letters had as much value for military students of all ranks as for the reading public at large. Even now the reproduction of Captain Hozier's letters in one volume "The Seven Weeks' War" remains the fullest and most trustworthy account in English of Austria's military collapse, and Prussia's first step towards the Empire of Germany.

Hozier and Brackenbury, with soldierly pride, rode everywhere, accompanying the staffs of the armies, to which they were attached, wherever fighting was thickest and they were, we believe, the first correspondents who deliberately took their notes under fire and accepted all the risks of battle. Known as English officers and really received by the combatants as such rather than as journalists, they could not show backwardness in facing danger and it may be that their example, correct certainly in itself considering their peculiar position, has been in some quarters unduly received as one that must be followed by all who aspire to be typical war correspondents.

Sir W. H. Russell never hesitated to accept grave danger, if it was necessary to encounter it in the performance of his duty, but we believe he did not unne-

cessarily thrust himself into it; but Hozier and Brackenbury never remained in the background, though if they had done so, their immediate duty would not have been less completely carried out. So far did Brackenbury carry his carelessness of exposing himself that, even among Austrians, the bravest and most chivalrous of men, his conduct and his coolness in taking notes under a heavy fire were remarked and, after the terrible day of Sadowa, aroused the deep anxiety of General von Benedek, who called out in the midst of all his own troubles and mortifications "Where is then my Englishman, where is my brave Englishman?"

Mr. Archibald Forbes may be said to have been the first to combine the civil and military types of correspondents and to have laid it down as a rule of conduct that exposure to danger is the normal condition of him who would chronicle accurately the deeds of soldiers and he invented new risks for his chosen profession in undertaking the most fatiguing and hazardous journeys, generally on horseback and without companion or escort, in order to supply intelligence with the greatest rapidity to the great organ that he represented. But Mr. Forbes had been a soldier himself for some years. He had all the hardy coolheaded daring and spirit of adventure which is claimed by Scotsmen as part of the national character, but what he did, he did without bravado, as a necessity in order to secure for his letters that perfection of military thought and feeling, that accuracy and that rapidity of despatch at which he aimed.

Probably no man has ever toiled more strenuously than he, no man has had more thrilling

adventures, and no man has ever more clearly shown what can be done by iron nerves, iron strength and a clear head. It is a matter of history that he was the first to tell the Emperor of Russia the results of Gourko's fighting in the Balkan passes; he, a mere independent individual, outstripping by twenty-four hours official couriers and aides-de-camp. He was the first to bring the intelligence of the victory at Ulundi to Pietermaritzburg, and on each occasion he dared and endured more than it is given to most men to be able to dare and endure. We have said that Mr. Forbes deliberately encountered the chances of a battle-field in a more systematic way than any of his predecessors, but he did much more than that to secure pre-eminence as a war correspondent.

It was a matter of remark and astonishment during the early part of the war of 1870-71, that the *Daily News* was able to publish a full and sparkling account of each great military event almost immediately after its occurrence and long before any other journal had received despatches from its agents in the field. The man who had discovered how this was to be done was Mr. Forbes, and he has put his system in practice in all the many wars whose course he has chronicled. Instead of trusting his communications to slower and more uncertain means of carriage, after seeing and noting all the events of a great crisis, he at once started for the nearest telegraph station on neutral ground or outside the immediate influences of war time and, establishing himself in the office, wrote his account and passed sheet by sheet as it was finished to the operator for transmission along the wires. It was in order to reach the nearest telegraph sta-

tion that he made the marvellous journeys to which we have referred above, passing through countries bristling with dangers and encountering the extremes of fatigue, exposure and want of food. Few people can appreciate thoroughly the splendid mental and physical powers displayed by a man who could follow closely the fortunes of a long and hotly-contested engagement or series of engagements, then ride, on such rough animals as he might procure, perhaps fifty to a hundred miles, and, still unreposed, provide a minutely detailed page of history to be read at London breakfast-tables on the following morning. Of course the use of the telegraph in the fashion begun by Mr. Forbes is now the commonplace of war correspondence, but no one has ever yet excelled the services which he did for the *Daily News* and few, very few men have gone nigh to equal them.

It has been noted that the representatives of newspapers share in the toils, dangers and hardships of the campaigns which they attend and this is particularly the case in English frontier wars when small columns have to fight their way through desert wilds with the certainty of almost irretrievable disaster in case of defeat. Wherever a war correspondent goes, however, when armies are in the field, he carries his life in his hand and the pressmen have paid a heavy toll in death from shot and steel, from hardship and sickness, while at the post of duty. Pemberton was killed in France, McGahan while he was accompanying the Russian armies, Cameron and Herbert at Abu Kru, and Garrett died in the Soudan. The world was the poorer by the loss of gallant and capable men. But when one falls or is disabled there are numbers

of adventurous spirits ready and eager to take the vacant place and it may safely be said that there is no department of journalism so popular as that which takes men to a campaign and places them where their pens may be employed in recording the exciting events of the battle-field.

We have mentioned casually the names of many distinguished and able men, but the name occurs to us of one who united in himself so many qualifications that he probably was the most brilliant war correspondent who ever undertook the métier. The few letters that he wrote did not attract all the attention they deserved, for, at the time he wrote them, the daily papers were so flooded with accounts of battles, marches, sieges and camps, that perforce, only a very cursory glance was given to each. Lawrence Oliphant was employed for a time by a great journal, during the Franco-Prussian War, and his work was more or less swamped in the tide of correspondence that poured in from every scattered contingent of the vast armies which were in the field. No man, however, who ever undertook to record passing events, was more thoroughly equipped for the work than he. One of the most powerful writers who ever used the English language, a profound thinker, a traveller who knew men and cities probably more and better than any contemporary, possessing a peculiar knack of inspiring confidence in everyone whom he encountered, from monarchs to crossing-sweepers, known by everyone, liked by everyone, a courtier, a diplomat, a man of action, he lacked nothing but professional training in military matters and even that want was supplied by the extraordinarily receptive faculty of his

mind, which seemed ever to adapt itself intuitively to the particular subject on which it was at any time bent. An adventurous wanderer, he was at home in all surroundings and he yielded to nobody in his ability to arrive at the inwardness of things, whatever their nature, how unusual so ever they might be. What he did and his method of doing it is best told by himself in his delightful account of the "Experiences of a War Correspondent," which was, we think, first published in *Blackwood's Magazine* and has since been included in "Traits and Travesties," one of the most amusing and withal philosophic books in the English language. If Lawrence Oliphant had remained in the field during the whole of the war and had gathered together afterwards his notes and letters, we should have been in possession of a work that would have held more of deep thought, more accurate reasoning, historical accuracy and lucid description than any that has been published on the subject.

People who read newspaper accounts of the progress of campaigns should not allow themselves to have entire confidence in the accuracy of every statement which they there find with regard to purely military matters. The correspondents who have written these accounts, however capable and experienced, may be and indeed generally are quite correct as to broad facts, such as dates, localities and the general result of operations. But even they must inevitably be ignorant of many details and any surmises in which they indulge are to be received with very little reliance. It is almost impossible that they can have any trustworthy data on which to found their guesses at truth. The reasons for particular

movements of troops, for particular accumulations of stores are of necessity unknown to them. Even in describing a battle they can only sketch in its broad features and they very much exceed their rôle, if they indulge in much criticism upon occurrences and actions until a considerable time after the event. A criticism expressed immediately after any military operation has been carried out may very probably be, and almost certainly is, unjustified. It is to be remembered that even a general in command cannot frame a complete account of any great event, such as a battle, immediately after its occurrence, but has in almost all cases to send one or more supplementary despatches, adding to or altering in some degree his first narrative, and yet he possesses the fullest information possible, he is writing about what has been done by his own orders. How can a newspaper correspondent, to whom all official documents are not open, who certainly cannot have intimate knowledge of the plans and problems with which each general's mind is full, venture to speak authoritatively on any point which has not passed into the category of proved facts, and, if he does so speak, how can he be believed?

Although there are many correspondents who are singularly capable and highly qualified men, there are many who are woefully ignorant of the business of war. They may have acquired some very superficial knowledge, but they little know what small value their work has in the eyes of soldiers. It will never make military history and the authors are much mistaken if they think that the glib use of the few technical expressions that they have acquired redeems it from often

being parlously akin to nonsense. The professional verdict, on the best account given by any correspondent of a recent battle, that "from a journalistic point of view it was fairly accurate" probably represents the value of the most satisfactory work contributed from a seat of war to the daily press. How low, then, must be the scale of merit attained by the writing of the less capable men?

In the early days of the employment of war correspondents there was no restriction as to the matter which was sent to be printed in a newspaper, but this latitude can no longer be conceded. In war time the belligerents have agents who carefully search each newspaper that publishes despatches from the theatre of operations, and every item of information which is of military value is passed by telegraph to the person who would derive any advantage from knowing it. Often it has been found that generals have had their plans frustrated by some indiscreet communication to newspapers from journalists or others accompanying their armies. A curb is generally therefore put upon war correspondents by not allowing them to send through the telegraph any message which has not been visé by a special officer entrusted with the duties of censorship. The days of voluminous letters sent by post are practically past, and communications to be of any value at all must be telegraphed. The censor's business, therefore, only relates to telegraphic messages and the publication of anything that is told by other means is left to the discretion of the correspondent and the editor of the journal he represents. If it is found that a journalist has given any information prejudicial to the interests of the army that he accompanies he

will quickly find himself removed from that army's limits and the facilities which have been given to him will be withdrawn.

So many correspondents accompany modern armies that they are now generally expected to live together, and a certain amount of official information is placed at the disposal of all indiscriminately. No one of them can now hope to be in the same position as Sir W. H. Russell in the Crimea, who, though not the only journalist with the army, had practically a monopoly of the best information, procured through private friendship and acute personal observation. His letters, though written under the most trying circumstances, were composed in a more or less leisurely manner and sent home by post.

Now, practically, the most efficient correspondent is the man who makes the best arrangements for quickly conveying his communications to the nearest available telegraph station. His message must be written as concisely as possible, for, when each word costs a large sum in transmission, there is no room for unnecessary verbiage, and it is worked up into readable, literary form when it arrives at the headquarters of the newspaper. As a matter of fact, a great portion of the news about modern campaigns is provided by the telegraphic agencies, which supply it to the journals at a fixed contract price. The name of Mr. Gwynne, representing Reuter's is well known as one of the most forcible and picturesque writers and one of the most energetic and capable providers of intelligence who serves the press and through it the public. We believe that to Mr. W. K. Rose, another representative of Reuter's, is to be given the credit of writing the account of the panic-struck

flight of the Greeks, in their late war with Turkey, which no one could fail to appreciate as a most masterly piece of description.

There is one very important function which war correspondents fulfil: they represent the public opinion of the civilised world and so act as a very effectual check on the spoliation, outrage and barbarity that in old times have so often added to the inevitable horrors of war. We believe that everywhere the tone of discipline and forbearance is much higher than it used to be in the armies of bygone days and that it would now be almost impossible that such scenes as history records to have disgraced our own and other armies on well-known occasions could again occur. It is certain that no nation would permit its soldiers to behave so that they exposed themselves to being held up to obloquy by the press, and undoubtedly the eye of the journalist is in this respect most useful. So also war correspondents have proved their value by testifying to the good conduct and self-restraint of victorious soldiers which would certainly have been impeached if it were not for the evidence of impartial witnesses. If there had been no correspondents to speak to the good conduct of the Prussians in France, what extraordinary stories might not have been told of the victors' excesses? In the temper of many people in the present day what might not have been said, what believed of the Turks in the late struggle with Greece, if there had been no onlookers to speak to their excellent conduct and consideration for the vanquished?

It becomes necessary to say a word as to certain developments towards which the rôle of war correspondent has lately shown

a tendency. They have been brought very forcibly to the attention of the public by a trial for libel which in July engaged the time of the Queen's Bench Division for three days. A gentleman, a well-known *litterateur*, who acted as correspondent for a leading journal with the Dongola expedition, wrote a letter criticising the character and conduct of another journal's representative in very unmeasured terms. As the letter was proved to be unjustified, and was avowedly written to damage the professional position of the gentleman criticised, the full damages claimed, £1,000, were without hesitation awarded by the jury in compensation for the libel. With the rights or wrongs of either of the parties in the case we are not concerned, but, in the course of the evidence which was given very extraordinary theories as to the conduct proper to gentlemen, who are present during a campaign simply for the purpose of reporting its occurrences to the press, were put forward in all good faith. They may probably best be summarised in the words of the counsel for the defendant in his opening speech.

"There was a strong *esprit de corps* amongst war correspondents, and it was of paramount importance that a Briton should, in a country like the Soudan, where it was most necessary to keep up the prestige of the English before the natives, always be in the front and shirk no danger whether of battle or disease."

This statement, which apparently represents the general feeling among some of the gentlemen who are what we may call war correspondents by profession, would seem to imply that the representatives of the press on the field of battle arrogate to themselves a

quasi-military status, and propose to demean themselves as soldiers. Nothing can be more absurd. Do they really imagine that the example of a few unknown civilians will induce any troops to face the enemy with greater hardihood than they will exhibit under the influence of their officers alone. If these unknown civilians, who are present only for a particular purpose as spectators of operations take up a safe position in rear of a fighting line, from which they can best see what is going on, do they imagine that that fighting line will at once feel inclined to fall back?

It is of course perfectly obvious that representatives of the press must inevitably incur some danger and even be sometimes under heavy fire if they wish to observe to good effect; but we should imagine that their duty to their employers who pay them makes it clear that they should run no unnecessary risk of a chance bullet destroying an expensive servant, and neutralising the result of his work. Exceptional occasions may, and do, arise in which war correspondents may most properly take part in the labours and even the fighting of the soldiers whom they accompany. Everybody knows the good service done by Mr. Knight in the Hunza Nagar campaign, and the gallant conduct of Mr. Burleigh at Abu Kru, for which he was mentioned in despatches, will not soon be forgotten.

It cannot be too clearly understood however, that, as a rule, war correspondents have no military character. They are mere hangers-on of the army, whose presence is permitted in deference to their connection with a powerful press and the very valuable services that they render to society at large, but they have nothing

whatever to do with the conduct or duties of that army. If they interfere, unless by request or permission, in the functions of combatants directly or indirectly they go beyond their position and are gravely in the wrong. We remember a picture which was published in one of the illustrated papers last summer, purporting to represent "Mr. —, — correspondent, giving the range from the first trench." What sort of right had Mr. — to assist in any way the soldiers of the army which he accompanied, with whom he was in no way connected by nationality and by whose Government he had not been enlisted. We wonder whether he was aware that, by the laws of war, he might with perfect justice have been hanged by the other belligerents if he had fallen into their hands.

The fact is that many correspondents have, perhaps naturally, fallen into the belief that they are as much soldiers as the men in whose company they pass so much time and, having been entrusted with the duty, for which a facile pen and good powers of observation are the best qualification, of describing and remarking on military events, they adopt the conviction that they have had something to do with the evolution of the events themselves. War correspondents have their own well-defined and honourable position. In it they will always have ample opportunity of showing the high spirit and courage that they possess, but they must not be led away into assuming a false character and setting up for themselves false rules of behaviour.

C. STEIN.

The Conventional Bore.

THE conventional bore comes round as regularly as the seasons in all phases of life. There is not a calling or profession with which he does not meddle, and his qualification for always shoving in his oar, appears—to people with common sense—to be that he knows rather less about matters in which he meddles than most of the world.

The subject in which the bore is most prominent just now is cricket. The noble game this year was practically drowned out at the time when all the principal matches were over, and we hoped that a truce might be relied on, and that the "babel" of slang about averages, championships, and records—about which real

lovers of the sport do not care a straw—was at an end till next summer.

There is no need to repeat the oft-told story of how the efforts of loyal and true patrons of cricket to bring prominently before the public counties whose play was almost unknown, were frustrated by a school who constituted themselves self-appointed judges and assessors, and who did all in their power to cheapen the rise of counties by stigmatising them as "second" class or "third class," or "minor counties"; and some of the papers lent their columns to the nonsense which was written. The Marylebone Club ignored all classes whatever, and received at Lord's, any County strong enough

to send up a good eleven, or sent M.C.C. elevens into all parts of England to play against counties whose doings were little known, and who did not deem themselves good enough to appear at Lords; and moreover they admitted on their staff professionals of real promise, no matter where they hailed from, or who they were.

It must be remembered also how the "Solons" (?) of the press, without any authority, decreed that drawn games should count as "half a win"; and made out a system of championships and averages which at last became such a nuisance—and, in a pecuniary point of view, so damaging to rising counties, that captains of the nine leading counties in England thought it wrong to sit quietly by and do nothing; and of their own accord, without any pressure from without, met and unanimously suggested to the M.C.C. that of the two evils it was better to recognise a cham-

pionship and a settled code for averages than to stand by and allow to pass for currency a spurious coin which had no authorised image or superscription on it.

This was all done in eight-and-forty hours, and the orders of the M.C.C. were published forthwith, and have been most readily accepted by all the good cricketers in England who look on cricket as a "manly sport" and not as a business and vainglory. The suggestions of the M.C.C. created a good "rule of thumb" law unfettered by abstruse arithmetical reckoning. Probably a large majority of the leading cricketers and *bona fide* supporters of cricket in England, would be well pleased if the word "championship" and all its surroundings were abolished; firmly believing that the halo of its own glory is quite sufficient for the dignity and honour of the game.

F. G.

"Training in Theory and Practice."

THE title which stands at the head of this article is, as many of our athletic readers are aware, the title of a book published by the late Mr. Archibald Maclaren, some time proprietor of the Oxford Gymnasium. That work, though written by one who was a fencer rather than an athlete, is singularly free from any exaggerations, or what are now called "fads," and might be read at the present time with advantage, though in some respects it may be regarded as out of date. As most of the readers of BAILY'S MAGAZINE are aware, a controversy has for some time been raging in the columns of the *St. James's Gazette* on the

question whether athletes are healthy men or not, and it is not too much to say that the wordy warfare which has been for some time in progress is very much above the ordinary discussions which find their way into print during the dull season.

There has been such a strange mixture of truth and falsehood, commonsense and ignorance, that it is difficult for people who have ever been in training to really make out what is the gist of the argument. It will be observed that no athlete, no man who has gone through a training, has, so far as we remember, come forward to say that training is a bad thing,

whereas all the diatribes against athleticism have come from people who, by their own confession, are non-athletes, and whose opinions therefore must be accepted with reserve. People are often found to inveigh heavily against the use of the Turkish Bath, yet when closely questioned it is discovered that they have not only never taken one, but are entirely unacquainted with the process. A by no means uncommon notion is that the Turkish Bath is something like a prison van, and into one of the cells the luckless bather is thrust, there to remain baking like a loaf until an attendant thinks fit to come and take him away. If he has sometimes a bad fainting fit, no matter. He may gasp for breath or feel ill, but he must nevertheless wait until the towelled attendants come to take him out to the region of cold slabs and tepid water. Could anything be further from the truth. And yet this is hardly a more far-fetched story than some of those which have been told about athletes and athleticism.

Even now, when training is almost universal, and rowing clubs, harrier clubs, bicycle clubs, swimming clubs, and what not are found everywhere, and upon a more or less enlightened principle the bulk of our youth train for something or other, the principles of training are but imperfectly understood by those who have never undergone it. Since the *St. James's Gazette* discussion has been in progress one writer has mentioned the question of the training for the University Boat-race, and it must surely be injurious for any man about to row in an important boat-race, to starve himself and work himself to death, in order to get fit. Good heavens! Fancy the member of a University Eight (or for

that matter of any other eight-oared crew) starving himself! Would that those who hold these opinions could see the breakfasts which are consumed by crews in training, or the dinners either.

Before it became the fashion for the Oxford and Cambridge crews to follow the Apostolic fashion, and live in their own hired houses while at Putney, they used to stay at one or other of the hotels, and in one year the Oxford crew, being desirous of getting away from the racket and inquisitiveness, incidental to a waterside house, decided to move up the street, and sent to the landlord of the required place for an estimate of the housekeeping expenses. These worked out on such moderate lines that the offer was closed with at once, and in due time the crew appeared. At breakfast on the following morning, a chop (and not a very large one either), was put before each man, and when that was consumed, the order was given to bring in the others. "What others?" inquired mine host, and when he found what a training breakfast really meant, he is reported to have gone with tears in his eyes to the President of the Boat Club, to say that he had but an imperfect acquaintance with the appetites of men in training, and he hoped that the contract would either be cancelled, or that some further remuneration would be paid. So much for the starvation of boats' crews.

On the wider question of whether an athlete is a healthy man or not in after life, there is necessarily a good deal to be said on both sides. An athlete's pluck may be greater than his powers. He may be physically a weak man, in which case no amount of chops and steaks, or other training diet, would render him fit to

withstand too violent exercise, though at the same time careful living might improve his health. There are, as everybody knows, a certain number of people in the world who have no particular tastes, or, if they have, lack the opportunity of gratifying them; who are from early life compelled to attend to business, and who go from the cradle to the grave, without ever having once experienced real hunger, thirst, or fatigue. If they have to wait half an hour for a meal, they may say they are hungry or thirsty; if they walk a mile further than usual they may say they are tired, but as for ever having mortified the flesh in any shape or form, they have never done so.

Now, starting with the theory that training is but imperfectly understood, we would ask anybody what objection there is to wholesome living. The man who, in the slang of the day, "does himself well," can hardly be said to live wholesomely, whereas training, or at least training diet, which is "unlimited in quantity" (as the £20 a year school advertisements say), is comparatively plain in its nature, while the nature, and up to a certain extent the amount, of drinkables, are also regular. Now, a wholesome diet and regular hours are surely the first steps towards good health (we will not call it training for the present), and if to these we add a certain amount of exercise, a man is in a fair way to get fit.

Let us put the question in another way. A young man, earning, say twenty-five shillings a week, is unable to indulge in the luxury of a five-course dinner, so he perhaps lives on chops, steaks, or a cut off the joint, which he washes down with either water or a glass of beer. Rather than spend some of his money on

riding he perhaps walks the three, four, or five miles which separates his home from his place of business. Motives of economy again may induce him to leave off smoking, and here we have, for all practical purposes, a man in training. The objectors will say, no, you have not, because the exercise he takes is really nothing more than gentle exercise, just enough to prevent the limbs from stiffening, and so forth, and this is the line taken up by more than one contributor to the *St. James's Gazette* discussion. But then, if a wholesome diet be eaten and regular hours kept, and even moderate exercise indulged in, a man speedily gets into such good health, that what would be moderate exercise to one who fed less carefully, and lived less regularly, would be absolutely no exercise at all to him. He would probably walk twenty miles with far less fatigue to himself, than a *bon vivant* would walk five at a slow pace.

One of the most dangerous things a man can do is to undertake hard exercise with no preliminary training. The plethoric gentlemen who sometimes cut their trains rather fine, and who have to run the last 200 or 300 yards, on seeing the train approaching, have been known to end their lives in the railway carriage, or on the station platform, for no other reason than that they have undertaken a task which is beyond their powers. And here it may be mentioned that if instead of sitting down they had walked about for a minute or two, they might have warded off the evil moment—but that by the way.

Just, therefore, as pace is a relative term so is exercise. What would kill one man is simple child's play to another. Who is

there, who has ever been grouse-shooting or deer-stalking, who has not envied the walking powers of the attendant gillie? Those who have happened to have experience of the Coniston Hounds and their wild country, must have envied the facility with which the natives of the place walk along the sides of the steep hills. The ankles of the stranger bend and seem like breaking after a comparatively short distance, but the native trudges along as though he were passing down Bond Street—he has been used to it, and finds no difficulty in it. Take a rural postman again—watch him on a hot July day—with his letter bags and his proportion of parcels. While the holiday maker is mopping himself after a short walk of half a mile, the postman is trudging along without having turned a hair.

But here again the objector will say that although it's hard and continuous, the postman's work is not of a forced nature. True, but then the reply is again that when a man is fit, forced work has no particular effect upon him, while if it be so forced as to cause utter exhaustion he comes round in a comparatively short space of time, instead of having to take to his bed and remain there for a day or two, as an untrained man would, if he were overtired. Within the recollection of most of us there have been a good many hardly contested University Boat-races, yet at the dinner which takes place in the evening nobody seems much the worse for their "grueling." To point to the deaths of one or two prominent athletes, and claim that their premature decease shows that athletes are unhealthy is to claim for athleticism what no athlete does claim for it. Nobody pretends that training for a running, rowing, or bicycle race is

the elixir of life, but a good many do contend that a trained man is a healthy man, provided of course he be not delicate, in which case he ought never to have rowed or ran at all.

In the absence of any carefully compiled statistics or accounts of the after career of the hundreds of men who take part in athletic competitions, one can do nothing else than review the ranks of the men one has known. In Mr. Macmichael's work, and in the book of the "Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race," published a few years ago by Messrs. Goldie and Treherne, there are short biographies, so far as particulars can be obtained, of those who have taken part in the contest, and it certainly does seem as though the rate of mortality among the rowing men in Oxford and Cambridge was very slight. On the occasion of the Jubilee Dinner not a few oldsters were present, while most of the members of the famous seven oar crew survived to a certainly respectable old age. The present Lord Escher was a rowing man, so was Mr. Justice Chitty, and so, too, were Lord Justice A. L. Smith and Mr. Justice Denman, and these have all stood the test of time. Sir R. E. Webster was a hurdle racer of repute, and a good many other instances might be cited, while those who have taken part in contests which do not receive quite as much public attention as those competed for by members of the two Universities, will be found to have equally arrived at a green old age, in spite of their violent exercise and early training.

A third point, I presume, in the controversy is whether the exertion involved in competing for a race of any kind is in itself hurtful, but that can only be decided by looking at a man's

natural capabilities, and his physical condition at the time when he competes, while his after life may probably show whether a series of tight finishes has or has not injured his constitution. Exceptions there are, of course, to every rule, but what training does do is to teach men moderation in living, and that is of no small service in after life. It is of itself one of the stepping-stones to health, and it is comparatively seldom that one sees a man who has been accustomed to regular diet, for the sake of indulging in athleticism, launch out afterwards into any excess in eating or drinking. The greatest sinners in this respect are those who have never known what it is to have the muzzle on.

Mr. Eugene Sandow, the professional strong man, introduced a somewhat new element into the controversy when he offered to train the next Cambridge crew, almost promising that they should prove successful in their contest against Oxford. It is doubtless one of the faults of our athletic training that we rather pay too much attention to one set of muscles. A rowing man, for example, regards biceps as so much useless lumber, the true theory of rowing being that the arms are more or less strings for the purpose of connecting the oars with the body, and that any arm work is altogether superfluous. A running man, again, seldom, if ever, thinks it worth while to use his arms, nor does the boxer, except in an indirect manner, exercise the muscles of his legs. There is not, however, the least chance of Mr. Sandow's challenge being accepted, so what he could do must for ever remain uncertain.

One gentleman in combating the idea that dumb bells are of any advantage, has gone the

length of saying that if Nature intended us to use them we should have been born with a weight in each hand—a somewhat far-fetched assertion, surely. Nevertheless, the fact remains that if any undeveloped person goes in for a judicious course of gymnastic exercise he increases in chest measurement and in muscular development generally, and it has yet to be shown that this development is unhealthy. Putting aside those who represent the two Universities, the class lists at any University in the world show that those men who have not reached the highest pinnacle of perfection, but who have yet indulged largely in athletics, are not invariably dunces, and if a man has run, or rowed, or bicycled, or played cricket for his college, and still takes a good degree, it is surely a proof that his exercise, which might have been quite as violent in itself as that undergone by the Inter-University competitors, has not injured his mental power.

As in most other discussions, there has been in that in the columns of the *St. James's Gazette* a good deal of wandering away from the point. The writer who first questioned the healthiness of the athlete, evidently had in his mind's eye the man who had taken or is taking exercise more or less violent, while other correspondents have argued the point whether training is or is not harmful. Between the two there is obviously a wide difference. No one could reasonably contend that there is anything harmful in observing training rules, or indulging in such exercise as training may involve, for although in doing trials either against the watch or a pace-maker, the man in training does not run, row, or cycle himself out to the same

extent as when he fights out a close finish. The original question was, I take it, whether the man who had competed in those exercises for which training is supposed to fit him is a healthy man.

Then again, the word athlete is in itself more or less misleading. The man who throws the hammer, tosses the caber, puts the weight, or jumps, is just as much an athlete as he who runs long or short distance races, rows at regattas, or takes part in cycling contests; but no one will contend that putting the weight makes the same demand on a man's stamina as a race of any kind. Consequently if it be granted that the taking part in a long series of closely contested races be injurious, it by no means follows that such feats as jumping or throwing the hammer, which are athletic feats, are productive of any harm. It is a fact that the hardest things said against the healthiness of athletes have been written by people who are by their own confession non-athletes, and so not very much weight need be attached to their opinions.

Several of those who have taken part in the discussion have been at some pains to draw a distinction between the active man and the athlete; but under what category would they rank the sportsman of old, who, certainly without any particular training, performed many wondrous feats. When Mr. Osbaldeston hunted both the Pytchley and Thurlow counties, and used to hack backwards and forwards, he was undergoing an amount of exertion which to the "active" man of the controversy must seem immense; yet "the Squire" did not die a young man, nor, to take an instance at random, did Dick Christian, whose mode of life did not certainly square with those who regard constitutionals as forming the ideal of existence. Many of us can remember Mr. Skey and his diatribes, and we can also call to mind Dr. J. H. Morgan's writings on the same subject, and the conclusion to which one is driven is that people who have never trained or competed in athletic contests are scarcely qualified to express any opinion.

W. C. A. B.

Deer-Stalking.

FROM the beginning of August to the 10th of October is the proper duration of the deer-stalking season. There is, however, no legalised close time for deer, during which stags may not be stalked and shot, the period mentioned having been fixed not by Statute but by use and wont. Stalkers accordingly may be found bringing down stags in the end of July, if a fine spring and summer have brought deer early into condition and cleared their horns of velvet. Some proprietors again permit their shooting tenants to go on deer-stalking until the 15th, and in exceptional cases, even until the 20th of October, while the tenants of grouse shooting on which stags "are often to be shot" are seldom tied down in their agreements by any restrictions as to when deer are and are not to be killed. The result of this want of uniformity in leases is that some of the finest antlers are obtained out of season, stags after the middle of October being much more easily approached and shot. They may then have left their own ground, travelling in search of hinds, and are less on their guard against the wiles of their pursuers. This state of things operates rather hardly upon those tenants of deer forests who are precluded by their leases from stalking after the 10th of October. They may find some of their best deer wandering away from their ground and falling to the rifles of the occupiers of sheep-ground, or of the tenants of a neighbouring forest permitted to stalk for a week or ten days beyond the usual date. Though such cases are not numerous they are provoking to deer-stalkers, and might very easily be provided

against by an arrangement among owners of both deer and grouse grounds that all leases should contain a clause prohibiting the killing of stags after a certain fixed day. Though stalking on the great majority of forests therefore terminates before the end of the second week in October, many a good stag is shot thereafter while visiting uncleared ground on a love-making expedition. October probably sees more beautifully antlered stags annually brought down than are shot during the two previous months.

On the practice of deer-stalking a great deal has been written during the last ten years. For forty years Scrope was the leading authority; then in 1880 came the "Handbook of Deer-Stalking," by Alexander Macrae, with an Introduction by Horatio Ross, the latter the only published contribution on the subject in existence by that Prince of deer-stalkers, and as such highly valued by all true sportsmen. I have a vivid recollection of the high terms in which Horatio Ross spoke of Macrae's skill as a stalker of the school to which Horatio Ross himself belonged, on the latter's presenting me with a copy of the Handbook of which he expressed his thorough approval. Some years later (in 1886) the late Lord Lovat, one of the best stalkers of his day, gave us the benefit of his experience in his contribution to the Badminton Library; and last year Mr. Cameron of Lochiel in the "Red Deer" gave an able exposition of the secrets of stalking, of which he is now undoubtedly the greatest living master. Besides these leading treatises, the last decade has produced many instructive works by

various writers, among whom are Mr. Augustus Grimbale, Mr. Bromley Davenport and General Crealock. On all essential points in stalking these writers are very much in agreement, and sportsmen generally are now well provided with the means of obtaining a theoretical knowledge of that kingly sport.

In truth, there has been very little change in the rules of stalking since the days of Scrope, though the improvement in weapons of precision has been steadily progressive, and has made somewhat easier the task of the stalker. As to the best weapon for use nowadays, there is some difference of opinion. Experienced stalkers like Lochiel believe in Express double-barrelled rifles of .450 bore as the most useful and convenient; while writers like Mr. Grimbale proclaim the superior efficacy of the Government .303 rifles as less expensive and more accurate, with less smoke and recoil. These small-bores may be cheap and handy, but they cannot be so effective in stopping a stag as the larger bores, however certain the "mushrooming" of their bullets. Hollow bullets again splinter in the body of the stag and spoil the venison. Lochiel recommends a tapered bullet with a small cavity filled with plaster of Paris. There can be no question as to the advantage of a hammerless rifle on a stalk where the weapon may have to be taken out of its cover in a hurry. Next to a good rifle, the most important article for use in a deer forest is a telescope, and, as in rifles, there has also been great improvement in that useful aid to the stalker. Binoculars are too bulky and too liable to accident to be of much use in a deer forest.

There is a general impression that a stalker should be clad in

tweeds of a colour resembling the particular ground on which he has to stalk over. The difficulty is, however, to decide as to what that colour really should be, for all the forest is not of the same colour; rocks and heather, grass and peat alternating in many parts during the course of a long stalk. The Lovat mixture that may suit the grassy corries and grey rocks near the hill-top, does not harmonise with the dark peat moss interspersed with purple heather at the bottom. Lochiel here gives a very good hint to those particular as to the invisibility of their dress. He suggests the wearing of jacket and waistcoat of one pattern, and knickerbockers of another, on the ground that the figure of a stalker dressed in clothes all of one design is visible at twice the distance that he might be seen by deer if his coat and waistcoat differed in colour from that of his other garments. Though any neutral coloured tweeds may suffice for stalking, there is a manifest advantage in not wearing a suit of "dittos," a very common error among present-day deer-stalkers.

Very few sportsmen stalk by themselves, though several writers profess to have discovered much greater pleasure in solitary sport than in that with the assistance of the professional stalker. Experienced and skilled as Lochiel is in stalking beyond any other living authority, he nevertheless admits that in the forest he likes the presence with him of his professional stalker, if only for the sake of his company. But he has also found that in stalking for himself he loses too much time in taking his marks, and in finding them when taken, a minor drawback being a sense of discomfort caused by the strained position of the neck when one is obliged to be

constantly on the look-out as fresh ground is opened up. When Lochiel is found thus arguing in favour of the services of a stalker, it may safely be assumed that no other owner or occupier of a deer forest can afford to dispense altogether with his services. Perhaps the golden mean may be found in using the services of the professional until within a hundred yards of the spot, where it has been decided to have a shot at the quarry. There is then little fear of even a comparative novice spoiling the stalk, and, by his then being allowed to proceed alone, the sport becomes all the more exciting. Stalking is a science not to be learned in one season, and it is only by putting faith in a good stalker and consulting him in all things so as to acquire some of his knowledge and skill that good heads can be brought down.

It must be remembered that the smelling power of deer spoils many more stalks than their keenness of vision. Horatio Ross informed me that with a pretty strong wind he had started deer by smell at a distance of over three-quarters of a mile, and it is certainly unsafe to pass much within a mile on the windward side of stags. Though their sight, again, is inferior to that of man at long distances, it is equal to it up to 500 yards, and superior to it in the mist or in the gloaming. The direction of the wind, of course, is the all-important subject to the stalker, a knowledge of how to judge the effect of different winds upon the deer is half the battle in a deer forest. So far as I am aware Macrae has alone attempted to classify the rules as to wind currents on the hills and their results, which he endeavours to explain in his handbook referred to.

While Horatio Ross would never countenance shooting at a stag above a hundred and fifty yards away, Lord Lovat and other later writers allow shots to be taken up to two hundred yards, these distances being judged by the test that at a hundred yards the eye of the stag is only indistinctly seen, and that beyond a hundred and fifty yards the ears cannot be distinguished. With the improvement in rifles nowadays it is probable that most stalkers could make as accurate shooting at two hundred yards, as they were likely to achieve at half the distance thirty or forty years ago, and as the pain and misery caused to stags by reckless shooting at long distances was the great objection to shots over a hundred and fifty yards in the mind of Horatio Ross, it is possible that were that great stalker now with us he might see cause to change his decision. He often expressed to me his objection also to the employment of dogs of any kind in a deer forest, differing in this respect from the late Lord Lovat and also from Lochiel, both of whom write in favour of the use of collies as trackers. He preferred invariably to watch a wounded deer and re-stalk it for a final shot. This difference of opinion between the three best deer-stalkers this century has produced probably arose from the description of deer ground Horatio Ross was accustomed to stalk over for very many years. On Wyvis, where his unerring rifle for nearly thirty years rung out the death knell of many a fine stag, there is very little wooded ground; that forest is all hill and valley, corry and hillock, where the progress of a wounded stag would be more easily followed by the aid of the glass,

and without the aid of dogs than in the more diversified and better wooded forests at Beaufort and Achnacarry. In wooded and uneven ground half the stags shot would be lost but for the aid of the "tracker" on the leash or otherwise. Deer-hounds are now never required, and many forest leases contain a stipulation forbidding their introduction to the forest on any pretext.

The driving of deer in the Scottish Highlands is now almost abandoned, its greatest supporter having been an American sportsman, now deceased. While "moving" deer by a single gillie is accepted as a branch of deer-stalking, even by the most experienced sportsmen, they never admitted driving to be even worthy of being classed with stalking at all. Horatio Ross pilloried it as a "Cockney unsportsmanlike proceeding." Lord Lovat describes it as a method that "cannot for an instant be

compared with regular stalking," and Lochiel terms Scrope's account of a drive in the forest of Athole as treatment which "no forest could stand for long. Very interesting and very magnificent *mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*" Driving has usually resulted from the tenant of a large forest feeling compelled to afford sport to a large party of his friends who could not all be separately accommodated with stalking ground. With an army of beaters in a large well-stocked forest, of course, any number of rifles could be employed; the more the better, as in a drive of partridge, grouse, or pheasant; but though it may have its own delights and excitements while the herd of deer is approaching the ambushed rifles, it is certainly far removed from the more exciting and energising sport of stalking, the place of which it can never be expected to take.

NEVIS.

Cricket.

ANOTHER cricket season is over, and lovers of the game have now to look forward to news from Australia of the doings of Mr. Stoddart and his team, who sailed on September 17, on board the Ormuz. The final act of the season of 1897 was played at Hastings in mid-September, but it proved not very interesting, as the first match between North and South was delayed by rain and played upon a damaged wicket, while the second match, which was styled Gentlemen against Players, proved more or less a failure, on account of the unrepresentative character of the

amateur side, whose bowling especially, was of the weakest character.

By good luck the side captained by Mr. W. G. Grace got the players out for 214 runs—thanks to the success which attended the fast deliveries of Mr. Frank Milligan, who got five wickets at a cost of but 62 runs, and then the Gentlemen succeeded in equaling this score in their first innings of which total, Mr. Frank Mitchell, who has latterly been batting in quite his best form, contributed a finely hit 84.

It was in the second innings, however, that the difference be-

tween the two elevens was seen for the Professionals after scoring 242 runs, for the loss of but two wickets, of which number Albert Ward claimed 108, Abel 60 and J. T. Brown 50 not out, were able, thanks to Richardson and Attewell, to dismiss their opponents in an hour and a quarter for the beggarly total of 67.

In this match Abel brought his aggregate of runs for this season in first-class matches to over 2,000, and he is the only batsman this year who has accomplished this; Tom Richardson also availed himself of the opportunities presented to him in this match, and succeeded in bringing the total of wickets which he has taken in first-class cricket in England during the last four years, to more than 1,000. We regard this as a very wonderful performance, as it represents an average bag of 250 wickets in a season. In 1895 he took 290 wickets, and this year with 273, he is not much below his best. Although Richardson did not start the season with his usual measure of success, he proved irresistible when once in form, and finished up at Hastings with the fine record against the Gentlemen of 13 wickets at a cost of 141 runs.

A splendid merit of his bowling is, that not only does he get many more wickets than any other bowler and at a very small cost, but he gets men out in much quicker time than any of his contemporaries, and it is worthy of notice that whilst J. T. Hearne has bowled 16 overs, and 144 odd maiden overs more than Richardson has bowled, yet the Surrey bowler has taken exactly 100 wickets more than Hearne has done. We believe we are correct in stating that Richardson's figures this season, show that he bowled an average of just under

thirty balls for every wicket which he got, and the average cost of each wicket was a fraction over 14 runs. Just now the Surrey man is unquestionably the most successful bowler of the day, and upon his efforts must Mr. Stoddart depend to a great extent for success in Australia.

Tom Hayward, another of the Surrey XI., has shown such magnificent all-round form this season, that many of the critics are inclined to assign to him the honour of being the best all-round cricketer in the country, he has scored 1,368 runs with an average of 38 runs per innings, and his bowling has secured 114 wickets at an average cost of 18 runs apiece. It was until recently a most exceptional feat for a cricketer to score 1,000 runs, and take 100 wickets in the same season, and Messrs. W. G. Grace and C. T. Studd stand out alone as men who have accomplished this in consecutive seasons, but this year no fewer than four cricketers have done so, Hayward, Wainwright, Hirst and Mr. Jessop. Certainly, the enormous amount of first-class cricket played nowadays, renders this feat far less difficult of accomplishment than formerly.

It is gratifying to find three amateurs at the head of the batting averages, and Mr. Francis Ford who comes first, is to be congratulated upon his fine average of 53; the left-hander has never shown better form than he did at Lord's in the early part of the season, and his forcing play for Middlesex against the Philadelphians aroused the greatest enthusiasm amongst those who were privileged to see the innings; it was unfortunate for Middlesex that the more serious business of life kept Mr. Ford out of big cricket after the end of June.

second on the list comes another Lancastrian, Mr. Norman Druce, whose doings for his University this season constitute a record in the history of Cambridge cricket, and had Mr. Druce not played at Hastings at the end of the season, he would have stood first on the list; a mere fraction separates him from the Lancashire captain, who comes third, and it should be said on Mr. Maclaren's behalf, that he missed the first two months of the season with his poor run-getting wickets, and came in for the uncertainty of the last six weeks of the season, which makes his record of over 500 runs per innings extremely good. When it became apparent that Lancashire had a chance of securing first place in the so-called County Championship, Mr. Maclaren generously consented to alter his own plans and postpone his departure to Australia, in order that he might take part in all the remaining county fixtures; and his patriotism was well rewarded by the final state of the calculations which return Lancashire at the head of the Championship Table.

There has seldom been a more sensational finish to the County season than that provided at Taunton in the Somerset and Surrey match. Surrey, installed at the head of affairs, had only to avoid defeat in their two remaining matches and the Championship was assured to them, and considering the lowly positions occupied by their opponents Somerset and Sussex, on paper it looked good enough for Surrey. Somerset, however, has often played a prominent part in the history of Surrey, from that August afternoon in 1891, when Surrey tasted their first defeat of the year at the hands of the then junior first-class County.

Strangely enough Surrey have now lost their match at Taunton three years in succession, and, indeed, some fatality seems to dog the steps of Surrey when they visit the Far West. It was very bad luck that the best all-round Surrey player, Hayward, should have been disabled at the very start of the match, when he had just taken three wickets for eleven runs, and the substitute who took his place in the field contrived to miss a catch of the simplest description, and so enabled Mr. Vernon Hill to add some fifty runs to the Somerset second innings, and it should also be mentioned that at least two decisions of the umpire were open to criticism, each of them being adverse to Surrey, and one of them entailing the retirement of Mr. Norman Druce, when he was playing beautifully, and looked like getting the runs in the last innings. However, after fully discounting the bad luck which Surrey had to endure, there is no getting away from the fact that their team, with the exception of Lees, played a half-hearted kind of game upon a wicket which was by no means so difficult as they appeared to think, and as has so often been the case, Tyler's very slow, and occasionally over-pitched deliveries, were approached by the majority of the Surrey batsmen in a most awe-stricken way. It is interesting to note that whilst Somerset have beaten Surrey twice this season, Lancashire have beaten Somerset twice, and Surrey have twice beaten Lancashire, and yet people try to subjugate County Cricket—the great charm of which is its uncertainty—to a decimal system which shall demonstrate the exact superiority or inferiority of one team in relation to another.

A feature of the past season

has been the marked improvement shown by the young Australian, Albert Trott, as a bowler. His appearances in first-class cricket have been practically limited to the matches of the Marylebone Club, but in these rare appearances he has taken 50 wickets at a cost of a little over 13 runs apiece, and heads the first-class bowling averages.

In the minor Marylebone matches he has been at times practically unplayable, many times has he performed the "hat trick," and in August in successive matches he took at Eastbourne for M.C.C., 10 wickets out of 11 in one innings, and for M.C.C. against Oxfordshire, at Lord's, all 10 wickets in one innings. Trott will, we are told, be included next season in the Middlesex County Team, and if this is the case he should prove

of very great service to a side which generally experiences great difficulty in getting any other side out. The time for sentiment in County Cricket has long gone by, if, indeed, there ever was such a time, or one might wonder how far supporters of a County Cricket Club can gain any satisfaction or feel any genuine pride in successes gained by their team through the efforts of players openly imported from other counties or the Antipodes.

Up to the time of our going to press the team of amateurs taken by Mr. Pelham Warner to America have only played one match, in which they were easily successful against the representatives of New York. Mr. Warner has a good team, and it may be that there will be some interesting matches at the headquarters of American Cricket in Philadelphia.

A Yachting Colonial Governor.

BY THE HON. F. LAWLEY.

PUBLIC opinion all over the world has in some cases emphatically pronounced, and in others reluctantly admitted that the Diamond Jubilee, celebrated with such pomp and circumstance upon the 22nd of last June, was the most epoch-making event of Her Majesty's long and auspicious reign. If any further confirmation of this widespread belief were needed, it might be found in the enthusiastic receptions accorded to each and all of the Colonial Premiers upon their return to their respective homes after visiting England. Dr. Arnold, who died in 1842, leaving behind him the justly-earned reputation of having

been the best and greatest headmaster that ever presided over the destinies of an English public school, has bequeathed to us in one of his letters a sketch of the vastness and harmony of that Roman Empire, which, he added, was typified in the proud words of the Roman poet, who foretold,

"Super et Garamantas et Indos
Imperium proferet."

"What," he asked, writing nearly sixty years ago, "was there in an Empire with the Mediterranean for its centre and scarcely extending beyond the limits of Europe, to be compared with those far-reaching dominions

upon which the sun never sets, and over the whole of which the meteor flag of England triumphantly floats?"

Many of the wisest and most thoughtful heads that the British Empire now contains hold to the opinion that to this country, no less than to the world at large, the loss which England sustained when, rather more than a century since, her thirteen North American Colonies were torn from her grasp, has been one of the greatest blessings ever vouchsafed by Providence to mankind. Firstly, the successful revolt of some of our Transatlantic Colonies has taught our statesmen how to rule others that still remain to us in the Dominion of Canada, and also others scattered all over the globe; and to rule them in such fashion that the loyalty displayed last June to Her Majesty by the inhabitants of the United Kingdom was, if possible, exceeded by that of her other subjects who came from all parts of the earth to London to give expression to it upon that ever-memorable and unmasking day. Secondly, it is now universally conceded that no King or Queen of Great Britain could by any possibility have kept that huge portion of the North American Continent now comprised within the broad confines of the United States, permanently under their sway, unless the seat of Government had been moved from London to some American capital. Such a transference, involving consequences which would fundamentally have altered the course of History, could not sooner or later have failed to be repulsive to every liberty-loving mind.

At this moment, for instance, the question, "Which is the most liberally and best-governed nation upon earth?" has not as yet re-

ceived a final answer. While Englishmen would unhesitatingly reply, "The British Islands," Australians and Canadians would point severally to their native or adopted lands, and Americans to the Sisterhood of States and Territories over which the starry banner of the Great Republic waves. It is therefore to the advantage of mankind that the generous competition of various States and Commonwealths should continue in order to ascertain how far liberty can be extended without degenerating into license; how life and property can best be safeguarded; and how the greatest happiness of the greatest number may best be secured. Evidently, then, it is a benefit to the whole united family of man that England should not have disappeared from Europe as one of its leading Powers, and prevented the rise of an independent nation of the United States by moving across the Atlantic.

These preliminary remarks point to the imperious necessity laid upon the inhabitants of the British Islands, and especially upon those belonging to the ruling classes, "to watch over the safety of the Empire." Scores upon scores of French memoir-writers have told us how much the great Napoleon hated all Red-Republican songs like "*Ça ira*," the "*Carmagnole*" and the "*Marseillaise*," which he regarded as baneful legacies and mementoes of the French Revolution, and how he substituted for them the famous air, "*Veillons sur le salut de l'Empire*" — "Let us watch over the safety of the Empire" — which was heard all over Europe between 1805 and 1815, and to which as a boy of thirteen, Alexandre Dumas *père* listened when Napoleon's "Old Guard" chaunted it in enthusiastic tones as they

marched, 30,000 strong, through Villars-Cotteret—the little town, twenty leagues from Paris, in which the widowed mother of Alexandre Dumas lived in 1815—on their road to Waterloo. It would be well if, emulating the example of Napoleon's devoted "Old Guard," more of those Englishmen "who live at home at ease," in profound forgetfulness that they belong to the mightiest Empire that ever existed, were occasionally to sing from their hearts, "Veillons sur le salut de notre Empire," and to act accordingly. The British Empire has grown to its present dimensions, unprecedented in the previous history of the world, through the happy "accident" which long ago made England the undisputed mistress of the seas.

Before steamships, railroads, electric cables and telegraph wires existed, the British "Union Jack" contrived to sweep all other flags, and especially those of Holland, France and Spain, off the ocean with the result that unconsciously, if not automatically, British sailors, some of them being buccaneers, other explorers, and the rest admirals or captains of the Royal or Mercantile Navy, built up the stupendous Empire which it becomes us and our successors to maintain in its integrity until the crack of doom.

It is obvious then that upon the Colonial Governors sent forth from this country to represent Her Majesty in many a distant clime much will depend. My reason for selecting as a fit subject for a magazine dedicated to "sports and pastimes" the words which head this article, is that experience has shown how greatly a love of sport contributes to the success of a Colonial Governor. The same may be said of the

Pro-Consuls—to use the term applied by Lord Macaulay to Clive and Warren Hastings—who preside over the whole or over sections of our vast Indian Empire, and, like the Governors of Crown Colonies, are free from the control of legislative bodies as established in all our self-governing Colonies. Within my own recollection the Turf has supplied some of the ablest officials that have served this country in any capacity at home or abroad.

For example, the first horse-races ever inaugurated at the Cape Colony owed their origin to His Excellency Lord Charles Somerset, great uncle of the present Duke of Beaufort. Lord Charles was the first to discover that race-horses afflicted in this country with that terrible and incurable malady commonly called "roaring" regained the free use of their respiratory organs in the fine, dry atmosphere of South Africa.

Again, I have heard Lord Kimberley say that the best Governor of a Crown Colony that, in his long official experience, he could remember, was the late Sir William H. Gregory. To Sir Hercules Robinson (now Lord Rosmead) the Colony of New South Wales is indebted for the rehabilitation of horse-racing, which, by his example, he made fashionable among Australians of wealth and high position, and rescued from the hands of owners of racehorses, who conducted their Turf operations chiefly, if not solely, with an eye to profit. Never were the destinies of India committed to an abler Viceroy than the Earl of Mayo, who for years before his final departure from his native isle, did his best to improve Irish racehorses by establishing a Limited Liability Stud-farm in the hope of breeding worthy successors to Harkaway,

ir Hercules, Irish Birdcatcher, the Baron, Faugh-a-Ballagh, and Brunette, and of anticipating the production of a Galtee More.

It has been reserved, however, for Lord Brassey, the present Governor of Victoria, to turn to account his own matchless experience and abilities as a yachtsman, and to make them subservient to his exalted position as representative of Her Majesty in the wealthiest and most progressive of our Australian colonies. Few of the readers of these words can be unaware that, ever since the year 1876, when Lord Brassey, accompanied by his first wife and their children, circumnavigated the globe in the famous *Sunbeam*, he has been universally regarded as the bravest and most skilful yachtsman that ever went to sea. Fortunately for the readers of the first Lady Brassey's delightful volumes, we have most of us been able to follow and appreciate the skill with which the *Sunbeam* was handled in each of her numerous voyages, and carried successfully through storms, tornadoes and cyclones, and navigated among reefs and rocks bristling with destruction, which, but for Lady Brassey, those who know nothing of the perils of the deep would never have heard of. Who that has read with rapt attention the narrative of her "Three Voyages in the *Sunbeam*," can wonder that Prince Bismarck should have pronounced them to be the most instructive and entrancing volumes that ever came within his ken? It is of a more recent voyage, undertaken by Lord Brassey and his second wife in the *Sunbeam* at the commencement of the present year that I have now to speak; but before doing so I must claim permission to remark that, in my opinion, no subject of Her Majesty

has done more than Lord Brassey to make the name of England loved and respected all over the globe.

Long before he had himself become a Colonial Governor, he and his warm-hearted first wife had made friends of hosts of their compatriots who were serving their Queen and country in the same, or nearly the same, position that he now holds. Among them might be reckoned Sir Fenwick Williams and Lord and Lady Napier at Gibraltar; Sir Charles and Lady Lees at the Bahamas; Mr. and Mrs. Gallway at Bermuda; Sir William and Lady Jervoise at Singapore; Mr. and Mrs. Anson at Penang; and Sir Sanford Freeling and his daughter at Trinidad. As for the Admirals, Commodores, and Captains in command of H.M.'s vessels, the list of those whom Lord and Lady Brassey have entertained on board the *Sunbeam* might be indefinitely extended. Nor can any limit be set to the generous hospitality dispensed by the noble owner and master of this lovely yacht to guests of many races, many colours, and many degrees, including H.M.'s Consuls and Vice-Consuls all over the world. It was off the east coast of South America, not far from the mouth of the River Plate, that on September 28th, 1876, Lord Brassey sighted a large barque under full sail, flying a red Union Jack upside down and with signals in her rigging which read "Ship on Fire!" Presently her name, *Monkshaven*, of Whitby, was made out through a glass, and a boat's crew set out from the *Sunbeam* to go to the relief of the distressed barque. The *Monkshaven*, with a crew of fifteen on board, had sailed with a cargo of coal for smelting purposes from Swansea to Valparaiso, and as she approached

the Straits of Magellan the cargo, composed of materials more liable to spontaneous ignition even than petroleum or camphor, caught fire. The hatches were instantly battened down, and for five days the crew had lived on the deck expecting that every night would be their last. In the words of Colonel John Hay's best-known poem "Little Breeches," "all hope soured on them of their fellow-crittur's aid," until they saw, in the midst of that lonely sea, a sail to leeward, which they soon recognised as an English ship. Before night the forlorn crew of the burning vessel, upon which the fire burst out and "made a hole in the night" not long after her late occupants had quitted her, were safe on board the *Sunbeam*.

"The crew of the *Monkshaven*," writes Lady Brassey, "consisting of Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, Scotch, and Welsh, appeared to be quiet, respectable men, which was fortunate, as an incursion of fifteen rough, lawless spirits on board our little vessel would have been a serious matter. It is no joke to have to provide food for fifteen extra hungry mouths for a week or ten days, with no shops at hand from which to replenish our stores. The water supply, too, had to be taken into consideration. We were all put on half allowance, and sea water only was to be used for all washing purposes."

Fortunately, the inconvenience to which the crew of the *Sunbeam* were exposed did not last for more than a week. On October 5th the *Illimanni*, a mail-boat belonging to the Pacific S.S. Company, hove in sight and relieved the *Sunbeam* of her extra load. Nine months later Lord Brassey, on his return to England, received from Messrs. Smales, of Whitby,

owners of the *Monkshaven*, a grateful letter of thanks for the assistance he had rendered to the crew of their ill-fated vessel, whom he had undoubtedly rescued from a watery grave.

Whether any other Australian Governor ever repaired to the seat of his Governorship on board his own yacht I do not know, although I well remember that, about forty years since, the late Lord Alfred S. Churchill, uncle to Lord Randolph, sailed from London to Melbourne in his father's yacht, the *Wyvern*, with a cargo of boots and shoes on board which, much to the old Duke of Marlborough's disgust, were sold at a loss. After traversing the weary twelve thousand miles which divide England from Port Phillip in a vessel which, in the midst of the big South Australian rollers, must have seemed no bigger than a cockle-shell, Lord Brassey, accompanied by his second wife, dropped the *Sunbeam's* anchor in Melbourne Harbour. It was not, however, the same old *Sunbeam* in which her owner's three first cruises were made. In a postscript to "The Trades, the Tropics, and the Roaring Forties," written at the beginning of 1884, the late Lady Brassey used the following words:

"I have on so many previous occasions expressed regret at the termination of happy voyages in the *Sunbeam*, and thankfulness to the merciful Providence which has watched over and guided us through storms, dangers and difficulties by land and sea, that I now find difficulty in setting forth the same feelings in different words. In the present instance, however, I feel that we have special reason for gratitude. The examination which the *Sunbeam* has undergone since our return home proves beyond dispute that

we had indeed just cause for anxiety when we were hove-to in the cyclone between the Bahamas and Bermuda; as what we then feared might be the case has since proved to be a startling reality. The yacht having been placed in the dry dock, it was found that a portion of the stern-post, from which the rudder hangs, was so rotten that the wood crumbled like dust in the fingers when touched. Part of the hull also showed severe symptoms of dry rot. It is, therefore, most fortunate that no serious calamity happened to us when exposed to the strain and fury of the cyclone, nor had the weakened rudder given way we should most probably have been instantly overwhelmed."

A new *Sunbeam* was then constructed in her predecessor's place; all that now remains of the latter being her iron framework, "which, humanly speaking," adds Lady Brassey, "may reasonably be expected to last for ever."

I come now to the latest, and by no means the least interesting, of the many cruises taken by that world-wide favourite, the *Sunbeam*. From a monograph lately published in Melbourne, and kindly sent to me by His Excellency Lord Brassey, its author, I learn that on December 27th, 1896, he and Lady Brassey, accompanied by their little daughter Helen, started from Melbourne, bound for New Zealand. It must not be forgotten that Christmas Day, which in England suggests thoughts of ice and snow, typifies to Australian minds the culminating point of the hottest weather. Little surprise should therefore be felt by those who read Lord Brassey's first words in a diary (kept for the first time by himself) which records how he crossed

"In the *Sunbeam* to New Zealand," and the incidents of his voyage. The first entry runs as follows: "Dec. 27th, 1896. After several hot days a change of weather took place this afternoon, and rain fell heavily. At 10 p.m., in a drenching shower we went on board the *Sunbeam* in the Customs' launch."

Next morning at 8.30 they weighed and proceeded under steam, clearing Port Phillip Heads at 12.15. "The scene outside," writes Lord Brassey, "was delightful to lovers of sailing. A full-rigged ship was entering the South Channel, running in before a fresh breeze. Off Point Lonsdale a four-masted ship was standing in close-hauled, with every sail set. Outside the Heads my training ship, the *Hesperus*, arriving from London, was hove-to, waiting for a pilot. By signal we bade a warm welcome to Captain Barrett, whose ship was being brought into port in perfect order. The clever handling of these large vessels of the mercantile marine under a cloud of canvas swelling to the breeze, with the reduced crews of the present day, requires in a high degree that skilful seamanship for which in this era of steam propulsion there is less opportunity than of yore."

The little narrative which follows, told in modest and simple language, shows what New Zealand will be and how the charms of her almost matchless scenery will be appreciated, when the country has filled up fifty, or it may be one hundred years hence.

New Year's Day, 1897, found the *Sunbeam* about half-way between Melbourne and Bluff Harbour, and "contending with the heavy weather so frequently experienced in these seas." At Bluff, the southernmost point of

the Middle Island, Lord Brassey records, on January 4th, 1897, that "at 10 a.m. we entered Bluff Harbour, and made fast at noon to the wharf. The total distance from Melbourne was, under sail 1,200 miles, under steam 265 miles. Our passage has been rapid, but boisterous. The *Sunbeam* has behaved well, and the crew have been worthy of their ship."

Again, let the following quotation speak for itself:—"Jan. 6th. Left by special train for Lake Wakatipu. We arrived at Queenstown at 4 p.m. The railway journey from Bluff recalled the Lowlands of Scotland; the lake and the surrounding mountains the Highlands. Many excursions can be made from Queenstown. We selected the ascent of Ben Lomond, whose summit, 5,600 feet above the sea, entails a stiff climb of seven miles. The toil is amply repaid by the splendid view. In this expedition Lady Brassey did a record performance, ascending and descending Ben Lomond on foot. An excellent horse had been provided for her, but his services were disdainfully declined."

From Queenstown the *Sunbeam* carried the party, augmented by the arrival of Lord and Lady Magheramorne, the Earl of Shaftesbury and the Hon. Randolph Capel, to various points on the coast, which surpass in loveliness and majesty anything that Lord Brassey's experienced eyes have ever rested on before. That there were dangers to be encountered by land no less than by sea, goes almost without saying. Then Lord Brassey chronicles that on January 15th he and his companions struck, rather rashly, into the thick bush, and soon discovered that they had lost their way. "It was an experience not

without anxiety. To lose your way in these trackless forests is a serious situation to men devoid of knowledge. In a forest which I know well in the State of Michigan, two half-breeds, employed as care-takers, are frequently away alone for a fortnight. They always find their way out at any point previously fixed upon. We had not the instinct of these men of the woods, but fortunately hit upon a plan which brought us back to the beach from which we had started."

I dare not devote more of my waning space to following the *Sunbeam* from point to point of her latest voyage. My chief object is to show what this country gains from having for one of her Colonial Governors a sailor with the vast experience acquired during his many voyages in the *Sunbeam*, the *Livonia*, and other vessels, by the writer of this fascinating little monograph.

On Jan. 29th it will be found that he delivered at Christchurch, New Zealand, an address on "The Defence and Federation of the Empire," which was most enthusiastically received, and seems to me deserving of the highest commendation. Multitudinous as the speeches on this subject have been at home and abroad, I have read none in which the arguments have been more convincingly marshalled, the statistics more skilfully collected, and the *ensemble* more successfully built up than in Lord Brassey's Christchurch address.

He began by simply explaining that he was there at the request of the local Navy League to make a short statement on the subject of Imperial Defence. "Being out on a brief holiday," he continued, "I might perhaps have offered excuses. If I have not done so it is because I hold

strong views as to the duties of Governors. In local affairs we occupy a strictly constitutional position. In all that concerns the Imperial connection we have more active duties to discharge. We are bound to do what we can to strengthen that connection, and to re-establish in the minds of our Colonial fellow-subjects the conviction that the unity of the Empire is for their advantage no less than for that of the mother country. It will be my endeavour to-night to show that with adequate naval defence, such as the mother country has at great expense provided, New Zealand is secure from all external foes."

The Governor of Victoria then proceeded to acknowledge in becoming terms the deep obligation owed by this country to Captain Mahan, "an American writer of singular lucidity and exhaustive research," for the masterly work in which he has established beyond doubt and better than any of his English predecessors, that the British Empire has been created by the sea-power of Great Britain, and that on our Navy rests mainly the defence of our shores from hostile invasion and of our commerce from attack. Lord Brassey added that naval strategists have long been of opinion that protection to the Colonies would in most cases be afforded more effectively by operating with overwhelming force at vital points near our base of operations at home, rather than by scattering our forces over distant waters. Landings by small bodies of enemies at different points in our Colonial Empire could easily be foiled and defeated by local forces on the spot; but it is in her over-sea commerce that Great Britain perhaps lies open to the most dangerous attack. Had space permitted, Lord Brassey might

have pointed out that two or three armed cruisers carrying the Confederate flag drove the Federal flag—that "star-spangled banner" of which our American kinsmen are so proud—off the seas between 1861 and 1865. Nevertheless, the Rebellion of the Southern States was finally suppressed, and the moral taught by Lord Brassey—that an attack directed against commerce alone has never led to the defeat of a nation possessing a powerful navy—received additional confirmation from the final result of that tremendous convulsion—the American Civil War.

I come next to the most interesting and instructive passage that fell from Lord Brassey's lips. I shall give it *in extenso*, for in cogency of argument it has not been equalled in so few words by anything that I have heard or read from other speakers or writers during the last six months:

"The naval superiority acquired in recent years by the mother country has necessitated a great effort on her part. In the years 1892-3 the cost to the British tax-payer of defending the Empire amounted to £35,500,000, the appropriation for the Army being £20,500,000, and for the Navy £15,000,000. In 1895, the expenditure on the Navy was £21,800,000, and on the Army £18,000,000. It redounds to the credit of the old country, and is a telling proof of patriotic feeling and also of the possession of ample resources that so great an expenditure has been borne without a murmur and with comparative ease. The expenditure incurred by other powers is incomparably less than that of Great Britain. The naval estimates of France for 1897 are £10,637,096; those of Russia, £6,440,000. The sums

voted for ship-building are : British Navy, £7,765,646; French Navy, £3,100,000; Russian Navy, £2,033,386.

"Our advantages are not limited to ships and seamen. We have a powerful element of strength in which no foreign power can compare with us, in the possession of a continuous line of defended coal-ing stations on the ocean highways to the East, whether round the Cape or by the Suez Canal. In Australia we have ports full of

resources and strongly defended. In the West Indies we have St. Lucia, Port Royal, and Bermuda; in Canada we have Halifax and Esquimaux."

Lord Brassey then addressed himself to the question of Defence from the Colonial point of view, which he forcibly impressed upon his attentive hearers by inculcating the duties devolving upon them :

"Your main reliance for defending your cities and shores

DAILY RUNS.

DATE.	SAIL.	STEAM.	—
^{1896.}			
29th December 190 40 ...	Sailed from Melbourne.
30th " 100 — ...	—
31st " 127 — ...	—
^{1897.}			
1st January 240 — ...	—
2nd " 228 — ...	—
3rd " 158 — ...	—
4th " 170 25 ...	Arrived at Bluff.
9th " — 100 ...	To Preservation Inlet.
10th " — 50 ...	—
11th " — 20 ...	—
12th " — 45 ...	—
13th " — 40 ...	In Dusky Sound.
14th " — 130 ...	Charles and Milford Sounds.
16th " 26 15 ...	—
17th " 110 80 ...	Returned to Bluff.
19th " 120 20 ...	Left Bluff.
20th " 30 55 ...	Arrived Dunedin.
22nd " 24 20 ...	Left Dunedin.
23rd " 160 15 ...	Arrived Port Lyttelton.
30th " 12 10 ...	Left Port Lyttelton.
31st " 160 2 ...	Arrived Wellington.
4th February — 55 ...	To Picton.
5th " 19 25 ...	Sailed for Sydney.
6th " 110 15 ...	—
7th " 132 9 ...	—
8th " 18 157 ...	—
9th " 182 — ...	—
10th " 251 — ...	—
11th " 223 — ...	—
12th " 190 — ...	—
13th " 12 47 ...	Arrived Sydney.
14th " 135 — ...	Sailed for Melbourne.
15th " 135 — ...	—
16th " 256 — ...	—
17th " 12 45 ...	—
TOTAL 3520 1050 ...	—

rust," he said, "depend upon the military forces you can set in the field. Your means of recruiting those military forces are admirable. You possess vigorous populations—stalwart, sturdy and brave. You have horsemen in abundance who are nowhere surpassed. To raise your forces to the highest efficiency, a more liberal appropriation of money is requisite. More officers should be sent to Woolwich and Aldershot to receive a thorough training. Your rank and file should devote as much time to drill as is given by the fine peasant army of Switzerland."

The concluding words of this singularly able address should be stamped upon every Colonial and every British heart :

"The true rallying point for the people of the mother country as well as of the Colonies, is the Throne, which has now been filled for sixty years by a Queen who is loved by all her people as no Sovereign has ever been loved in any country or in any age."

It may perhaps be interesting to yachtsmen and to sailors all over the world to give Lord Brassey's official account of the daily runs of the *Sunbeam* during her latest cruise.

Material *versus* Pasture.

IN "Borderer's" most interesting and instructive article, he seems to have arrived at a definite conclusion on one point, *i.e.*, of "How to Make a Racehorse," without perhaps having given us his valuable ideas on the subject of not only how to make a racehorse, but how to breed one.

His only standpoint is pasture and new ground. Now, I venture to think that in this he is mistaken, though quite agreeing in the desirability of new pastures and not over-crowding I cannot help thinking that the materials must be suitable or the success must be limited.

To begin with, there are two sorts of breeders as there are two sorts of owners, the man who goes into it as a financial business, the other who breeds for honour and glory.

Let us take first the case of the breeder of yearlings for sale, his first idea is to produce an animal

that will sell. If it runs, so much the better, but it must sell, and sell well, knowing how fickle and fashion-loving the buyer is, he endeavours to breed his yearling with as much fashion as possible, *i.e.*, from the most fashionable stallion he can find irrespective of how that stallion suits his mare in shape, blood, or anything else, and as latterly it has been advocated that the breeding should be in tail female, and that all the in-breeding should be on the dam's side ; he probably follows this out and breeds in and in and in without in the least knowing how to do it, a good old axiom of the late Lord Henry Bentinck on breeding hounds was, never breed in and in on the dam's side, and I am quite of his opinion ; let the breeding be in and in on the side of the sire, the breeder who breeds for sale starts perhaps with a stallion whom he intends to make. Now, making a stallion is one of the

most difficult things to do in the world.

It is not given to every one to have the gift of breeding like the late Mr. Cookson, who seemed able to make any stallion he tried, but he showed profound knowledge of how to make racehorses and he made them; no flash in the pan was Mr. Cookson, but year after year he got good prices and sent out winners. And yet his operations were carried out on his own stud dams which had been so used for many years.

"Borderer" takes Hermit as an example of his theory, but surely he is mistaken in saying Hermit was one of the first yearlings of Middle Park! Then, Mr. Blenkiron was another breeder who had great knowledge, but he went to work on different lines quite to Mr. Cookson, but his sale, after his death, was quite sufficient proof of his excellence as a breeder.

One great disadvantage breeders for sale labour under is that their best fillies are all sold, and they lose their services to carry on their stud.

With reference to Sledmere, if my memory truly serves, at the dispersal sale, a two-year-old filly, Wensleydale, was reserved as the nucleus of a new stud, and that new stud went on from that date.

Perhaps no apter illustration of my theory that the material must be good can be given than that the grand sportsman and agriculturist, the late Sir Tatton Sykes, was essentially a faddist breeder, and would have no horse over 15'2, at the same time he had several winners, and one, Lecturer. I believe his horses had unlimited scope of pasturage and large paddocks.

It stands to reason that a public breeder must have his years of plenty and his years of famine as

well as private breeders, but he has greater disadvantages to contend with, the loss of his best fillies, the necessity of fashion breeding, and the getting up of his yearlings for sale, for though we all know that fat is not good for horses or cattle for breeding purposes, who, at a sale or a show will look at the lean ones?

One remark of "Borderer's" must be a slip of the pen, in which he says that in the last fifty years, only four winners of the Derby have been bred by breeders for sale. To the best of my belief there have been eight, *i.e.*,

Shotover, bred by W. S. Chaplin and sold to the Duke of Westminster.

Sefton was surely bred by the Glasgow Stud and sold to Mr. Crawford.

Kisber, bred by the Hungarian Government and sold to Mr. Baltazzi.

Galopin, bred at Middle Park and sold to Prince Batthyany.

Pretender, bred at Sheffield Lane and was, I believe, sold by auction.

Maccaroni, bred by the Marquis of Westminster, sold to Mr. Naylor.

Caractacus, bred at Middle Park, sold to Mr. Snewing.

Kettledrum, bred by Mr. Cookson and sold to Colonel Townley.

I believe this list is correct.

Now, "Borderer's" contention is, that new soil is essential to the making of a racehorse, but I think the first essential is material, and that given the material the land is secondary to that, not that I venture to think you could breed a racehorse in a straw-yard, still I fancy that before the end of this chapter I shall be able to convince my readers that first and foremost is the material.

Take for instance the breeder of Stockwell, he had material of the best, but not those broad Prairies so essential to "Borderer's" theory; yet Stockwell was no doubt a rare good race-horse, and the best sire we ever had.

"Borderer" quotes Lord Falmouth, as a point in favour of the Prairie and Virgin soil system. Now, Lord Falmouth had very nice, but certainly limited paddocks, and when his Stud overgrew those paddocks he hurdled off bits of the Park in Mereworth, but certainly his animals had no unlimited range, and Lord Falmouth bred horses for some years before he got a good one; then, indeed, his luck changed, and his many continued winners pointed to his skill as a breeder more than anything else; and here, again, surely material holds good, for the very best material was used, and no doubt when Flax was sent to Kingston Lord Falmouth laid the foundation of his wonderful Stud, kept up for many years by a most judicious way of mating the mares, weeding out and replenishing from the best sources. And how was this mating carried out. Did Lord Falmouth ever try to make one of his stallions? Certainly not, during the earlier years of his successes, he picked stallions which had got good winners before he used them, notably Trumpeter for Queen Bertha, the produce being Queen's Messenger, one of the best horses Lord Falmouth ever had. It is seldom a mare breeds successfully to one horse year after year, and this was thoroughly entertained by Lord Falmouth, who seldom put his mares to the same horse the following year, with, I think, the exception of Beautiful Silver-

hair, who was mated with Blair Athol for several seasons, and produced Silvio, Garterly Bell, and Silver Ring to that horse.

Towards the close of Lord Falmouth's career he used his own horses more, and probably this had a bad effect on the produce after being sold, besides which some of the mares were getting ancient—one cross I always regretted not having been tried was Queen Bertha with Blair Athol, the answer always was the produce would come too big, but when Busybody, her grand-daughter, was put to St. Gatien, Medler was the result. Page upon page could be, and has been, written about Lord Falmouth and his system, for a system, and a very excellent one, he had, one of his best maxims was to send his mares to the stud at four years of age, and weed them out if they did not breed winners.

Sir Joseph Hawley was another instance of good material *versus* extensive paddocks, his paddocks were all walled round, and most of them small, and yet he had a number of excellent horses, using as well his own sires. In fact, I believe no one would use Beadsman until The Palmer, Blue Gown, Rosicrucian and Green-sleeves, appeared in two seasons.

Mr. Bowes was wonderfully successful for many years, until his material wore out, and the present Duke of Portland will again have success, as his younger mares come into full profit.

Space will not allow any more to be written, but I trust that enough has been said to show that land is not so necessary as good material.

VADE MECUM.

"Our Van."

Autumn Racing — Derby. — What, seeking a term, one might call the Autumn Campaign of racing, commenced at Derby, and it could scarcely commence at a better place. I am aware that the Summer Meeting is the adopted designation of this particular one, but there is often much more autumn than summer about the first days of September; and on this particular occasion we took leave of a very bright period of summer weather and entered prematurely upon another which, instead of giving us those glories that are theoretically associated with autumn, appears more in the guise of a preparatory school for winter. With a precipitancy that was absolutely indecent, the equinox burst upon us and the maximum of discomfort was experienced upon two out of three days. In connection with some race meetings, which regard for the feelings of others forbids my mentioning, bad weather would be gladly seized upon as an excuse for non-attendance; but at a meeting like Derby we resent bad weather strongly. Except that on the straight mile we see nothing of the horses until they have topped the hill, the course is such an excellent one for seeing the racing, whilst the general arrangements provide a happy blending of pleasure and business. Whether anyone ever can tell what horses, starting a mile away, are doing in the first two furlongs, is a very doubtful question; and I am not sure that we are not spared a good deal of agony, when horses start out of sight—as they do at other places than Derby—Epsom, to wit—for we do not see the animal that is entrusted with our fortunes of the moment perform-

ing antics that would make us miserable with apprehension. Still, it is not to be denied that, on the whole, we prefer such courses as Newmarket and Lingfield, where it is a question of power of binocular and education of eye only.

Derby, apart from the bad weather and the indifference to it of the occupants of the County Stand, was memorable for the first defeat sustained by Champ de Mars, in the Fourth Champion Breeders' Biennial Foal Stakes. Every year the lesson is brought home, generally at considerable cost, that too much faith should not be placed in the two-year-olds who, in spring and early summer, have shown good form, when opposed to youngsters that have been kept for late first appearances. But backers are the slowest people to learn; and the majority of them seem incapable of judging of a horse's chances from what they see of it in the paddock. Besides Champ de Mars there was a colt named Disraeli, who pleased judges very much in the paddock and still more in the canter up the course. But that much worshipped oracle, "the money," said Champ de Mars. With Disraeli an unknown quantity, the race certainly did seem a gift for Mr. Douglas Baird's colt; but no horse exhibiting the style that Disraeli did can be reckoned as an unknown quantity, with 11 lb. the best of the weights; and the 2 to 1 on that was asked for, was no doubt very much due to the predetermination of backers all over the kingdom to be on the certainty, long before the race came on for decision. It was run and won on its merits, Disraeli holding Champ

le Mars all the way and winning in a style that made it very difficult to say whether he had much or little in hand. Disraeli has plenty of good engagements, "classic" races included, so he and Champ de Mars can scarcely avoid meeting some day or other on equal terms, and when they do, may I be there to see.

The third Champion Breeders' Biennial Foal Stakes, for three-year-olds, supplied another justification for the idiomatic saying, "Horses for Courses." The third of Merle's successes, out of twelve starts in 1896, was over the seven furlong course at Derby, in November. This year she ran seven times unsuccessfully, but on the eighth occasion the race was over the straight mile at Derby, and then she won with what looked like great comfort, leaving behind her the much fancied Butter. September is certainly the mare's month, but to emphasise the fact on the very first day, as Merle did, is to exhibit extraordinary precision which one can scarcely hope to see maintained by successors of her sex. On the concluding day we were treated to the rare episode of a triple dead heat, but such curiosities of racing are sufficiently dealt with by the bare mention of their occurrence.

Doncaster. — The racing at Sandown Park, which intervened between Derby and Doncaster, produced nothing out of the ordinary. Bad weather and the holiday season contributed towards a thin attendance; and no one could regret seeing a consolation prize presented to Silver Fox. Then the racing tide turned northward, and south country folk who have never attended race meetings out of their own district can have no idea of the way they race up north. The keenness and enthu-

siasm, allied to orderliness, that is associated with the great northern meetings belikes us much, and the gathering of tattered and bedizened rascallions that form the major portion of what is ridiculously termed the Epsom Carnival, bears no relation whatever to the assemblage seen each September on the Doncaster Town Moor. Small blame to Yorkshire if they consider the St. Leger the race of the year. They have at least the justification that it is the longest of the "classics"; and in a true-run race—which the St. Leger seldom is, by the way—a mile and a half of ground is no poor test of a horse's excellence. With the chief race of the meeting a conclusion so foregone that the starting price of the winner was the unprecedented one of 10 to 1 on, it is not surprising that one was able to say that the attendance on the Wednesday was below that of 1896; what was surprising was that the crowd was as large as it was. The thousands upon thousands streamed along the road to the course in the old sweet way, and the winner was greeted in the way a good horse always will be greeted in Yorkshire so long as the county contains the men it now does. It was not Galtee More's fault that there was nothing to stretch him; for stretched he certainly was not, despite the three quarters of a length victory. When a horse wins by a little there are plenty of people who see all sorts of wonderful things, which they would not see if they knew a little more than they do—that is to say, anything at all—about riding. Lord Rosebery and his party were more interested than anyone else in Galtee More's ability, and if they had thought him only a length or so in front of Chelandry, Velasquez would not have been kept in his stable. But with

Velasquez in the race Chelandry would not have taken second money, for she would have been third, some lengths behind Velasquez.

If the St. Leger was uninteresting, there was plenty of racing at Doncaster that made ample amends. I looked forward to the Champagne Stakes to bring out something we had not seen before, and in this I was not disappointed. Anyone who has watched Platt's string at exercise at Newmarket, must have noticed Dunlop and Royal Sport. Dunlop is the colt for which, when a yearling, Mr. M. D. Rucker gave the Prince of Wales 5,000 guineas, with a brood mare thrown in. People, by the way, jumped to the conclusion that Mr. Rucker named the horse himself, because of his fortunate connection with Dunlop tyres. The colt is by Ayrshire out of Fortuna, and the connection was plain enough, a fortune having been made out of air (Ayr). Alas! for this ingenious surmise, it was His Royal Highness who named the colt after the Ayrshire town of Dunlop, noted for its nice cheese, and not Mr. Rucker. Dunlop is easily recognised by the pronounced way he "marches" with the fore legs. Behind him usually comes Royal Sport, who being by Royal Hampton out of Polka, is own brother to Court Ball. He was bought at the Doncaster sales out of the Rabley Stud for 1,600 guineas, and his first appearance was in the Champagne Stakes, for which he was well backed, as he deserved to be, being a beautiful animal, though Florio Rubattino and Mauchline not unnaturally had the call of him. The race was a surprise, for Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Ayah, who was allowed to start at 20 to 1, swooped down upon Florio Rubattino directly after the

latter had settled Royal Sport, and won by half a length.

In the Great Yorkshire Handicap recent winning form was borne out, Carlton Grange repeating his Derby victory at two miles, by staying well over the Old St. Leger Course. In the Cleveland Handicap, Prince Barchaldine earned his first winning bracket of the year, and in the next race, the Tattersall Sale Stakes, Wood just got home on another of Mr. Rucker's novices, this being Cupboard Love, whose success was not the less sweet because the filly had cost but 250 guineas at Doncaster. Wood was on the backs of six other winners besides Galtee More at Doncaster.

The Sales at Doncaster.—The Sales at Doncaster are quite as important to a large section as the racing. The Bruntwood Stud again provided plenty of material for competition, and the twelve lots produced an average price of 887½ guineas. Last year the eleven lots from this stud produced an average of 1,520 guineas, three being St. Simon's, three St. Serf's, and four Kendals, nine being by Kendal this year, and this sire fetched the top price of 3,000 guineas. Sir Tatton Sykes' lot of fourteen, however, realised an average of over 986 guineas, a colt by St. Simon out of Plaisanterie, fetching the top price of the sale, 3,400 guineas. The prices that ruled certainly were not suggestive of recklessness, and it was noticeable that but little of the buying was to be traced to the new element in racing ownership that set in with the realisation of profits on South African mining speculations. A doleful note was struck when a filly out of the once peerless Signorina was sold for a miserable 25 guineas.

Kempton.—The Saturday's racing at Kempton, with which

the week was ushered in, I refer to because it provided a strong argument in favour of the starting machine, now used universally in Australia, and largely in the United States and India, by our own people. The delays at the post were tedious in the extreme, and racing was extended an hour beyond the scheduled time. This caused great distress amongst spectators, who hoped to catch trains into the country from Clapnam and elsewhere.

The Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire.—Of neither Cesarewitch nor Cambridgeshire can I speak with confidence or satisfaction. The only advice one can give as to the longer race is to make sure of getting all the certain stayers on one's side, and horses that are good through mud are to be preferred, for there is every indication of the going at Newmarket being of the heavy order on October 13th. Into the secrets of the several stables I do not profess to be able to penetrate; and I cannot forget that on previous occasions the betting has not done much to point out the probable winner of either race long before the day, and it has generally been on the day itself that the real move has been made.

The Berks and Bucks Farmers' Harriers.—Captain Cotton has assigned the mastership of the pack, and it has been taken by Mr. G. P. Barthropp, Master of the Suffolk. That energetic gentleman, however—whose portrait has appeared in BAILY—will not give up his foxhounds, but will hunt the two countries *à la* Osbaldeston, who for a year or two had the Pytchley and Thurlow countries. Mr. Barthropp has already been master of two packs of harriers and two packs of foxhounds, while he was for a time hon. sec. of the Waveney Stag-

hounds, so he is certainly not short of experience. It is to be hoped that he will not soon tire of his latest adoption, for the Berks and Bucks Farmers' pack is not one which can easily stand a frequent change of masters. It will be remembered that these harriers were once a Royal pack, then they became the Prince Consort's, and after his death the Prince of Wales's; but H.R.H., though a good all-round sportsman, never "enthused" very much over hunting, so in 1869 he relinquished the mastership, and presented the hounds to the country, which was hunted for some time by the late Sir Robert Bateson Harvey, and afterwards by Mr. W. H. Grenfell, of Taplow Court, both these masters being very popular, as they deserved to be.

The West Somerset.—All dwellers in the West will regret to hear that Mr. Wilfred Marshall, the respected master of this pack, has been suffering from blood-poisoning, and it is doubtful whether he will be able to hunt this season. During his absence from the field, Sir Acland Hood will act as field master.

Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds.—"E" writes as follows: "On Saturday, September 11th, a unique scene was enacted on the shores of the Bristol Channel, near Glenthorne. The Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds met at Alderman's Barrow at eleven o'clock. The tufters drew Mr. Snow's deer park. Fifty-six deer were said to be on foot at once, so it was not surprising that the pack were not laid on until rather late in the afternoon. After a sharp gallop up and down coombes fit to make the coat of an up-country horse stand on end, we found that the stag was at bay

half-way down the cliff to the west of Glenthorne. Putting up our horses at the Glenthorne stables we ran round the beach till we saw the stag forty feet above us, with the pack baying round him. To call the hounds off and out of danger from the crumbling cliffs, was the first endeavour of the huntsman. This was no easy task with such keen hounds, obedient as they are, and must be, to hunt the wild stag with success. After half an hour, and thanks to the gallant efforts of a stranger, whom we all took to be a sailor, most of the pack were on the shore. The stag then moved eastward, and took up a position on a point of rock above a precipice. It was a most splendid sight to see him clean cut against the sky, defying the hounds, which had broken away again. A cliffsman clambered up trying to rope him. Suddenly again the stag shifted, he slipped, jumped, and fell sheer down on to the shore, 30 feet below. The knife soon put an end to this noble beast, and none too soon, as two hounds had fallen over the cliff; one (a second season hunter) killed, and the other, a promising great puppy, badly hurt. Another quarter of an hour would have saved the stag, or else have put us in a tight place. The tide was coming in, and, when regaining the path up the cliff, we found that the water was knee-deep, and waist-deep in the case of Anthony Huxtable, the huntsman, who gracefully, and without swearing, took an involuntary hip-bath. The stag had two on top each side. I hear that the puppy has no bones broken, and is recovering."

The Dublin Horse Show.—Whether the Dublin Horse Show be looked upon as a gigantic exhibition of the equine race or as

an immense fair there is no doubt but that it has been a great success this year. The patronage bestowed upon it by their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York, it may be claimed had something to do with the increased attendance, but the presence of Royalty cannot be put forward as the reason for the number of horses being considerably in advance of the largest record that has ever been established at Dublin, and it may be concluded that the increase in this respect is a further proof of the general popularity of this annual fixture under the auspices of the Royal Dublin Society.

Dublin has probably never been so full of visitors as it was in the week ending August 28th, every room in the hotels and lodging houses was occupied, and what is more, every available space on the immense stands in the judging enclosure at the Show was filled, whilst at the ring sides crowds of persons were congregated. On the most important day upwards of 5,000 more persons passed through the turnstiles than on any previous occasion, the total for that day being 26,000. We have often before referred to the adaptability of the grounds and buildings at Balls Bridge for the Horse Show, and will only now say that they extend over 60 acres of land and are capable of accommodating 1,600 horses without crowding, but as year follows year further improvements have been made. This time, in addition to extra stands capable of seating 2,400 persons having been put up in the jumping enclosure, the old wooden buildings in the front of the great hall have been pulled down, and in their place have been erected substantial brick structures much more picturesque in appearance,

in this connection it having been estimated that the Royal Dublin Society has altogether spent at Balls Bridge something like £56,000.

In no other show-ground are the judging arrangements so admirable; indeed, it is well that it is so, or otherwise the immense classes of hunters could not be judged. As it is, the services of twelve judges are required in placing the awards in seven rings, and even then the judging is not completed until well into the second day. It was generally allowed that the quality of the hunters this year was superior to that of previous shows, not so much perhaps as regards individual horses, but that there were more really good specimens in the several classes. The institution of a class for hackney stallions was also most popular, and the judging of it was watched with great interest. Of these there were 19 entries, and three excellent animals took the prizes in Sir Walter Gilbey's Hedon Squire, Mr. H. Johnson's Lord Melton, and Mr. F. Wrench's Clovelly, whilst the Prince of Wales sent Field Marshal for exhibition only. Hedon Squire won the Hackney Stallion Challenge Cup, value 80 guineas, a condition of the award being that the holder of the Cup is to serve in Ireland during next season. The thoroughbred stallions were disappointing, very few, with the exception of Mr. W. T. Trench's Studley, who won the Croker Challenge Cup, having the bone and substance that are desirable in a stallion to produce hunters.

As a set-off, however, against the superiority of this section, both the thoroughbred and the hunter brood-mares were of great merit. And there have never been seen at Dublin larger filled nor better classes of thoroughbred

yearlings, of which there were forty colts and forty fillies, the winner in the former being Messrs. Harris Brothers' Monmouth, a son of the recently defunct Jacobite and Rose Macdonald, and a combination of power and quality; and in the latter Mr. D. R. O'Callaghan's Miss Unicorn, by Ballinaford, out of Lady Ribblesdale, also a well-grown filly, these two yearlings being a further proof that no country is so suitable as Ireland for rearing young horses.

Passing on to the weight-carrying hunters, an uncommonly good-looking horse was the winner, Mr. Patrick Byrne's Coolaltin, to whom the Champion Prize for the best hunter in the Show was given. This was the first time for several years that the Champion Prize at Dublin has been given to a weight-carrier. He had, however, a most dangerous opponent in Mr. Lindsay Fitzpatrick's Bawncool, who won in the medium class and who had many admirers, and perhaps the disappointment was the greater to his owner, as Bawncool won the Champion Prize last year when only four years old. Some amends was, however, made to Mr. Fitzpatrick, when in the next class for lighter weight hunters, he defeated 240 competitors with his chestnut gelding Rhodes. Another well-proportioned horse was Mr. D. N. Trotter's bay gelding by Dragon, who succeeded in obtaining first prize in a class of light weights, and taken all round was perhaps the most workmanlike hunter in the Show.

Amongst the young stock, including the four-year-old hunters, some promising young horses were to be seen, notably Captain the Hon. E. Stopford's Favour, a

fine upstanding bay, who was first in the heavy weights; Mr. James O'Connell's The Count, a bay gelding by Perfection; Mr. Thomas J. Studdart's grey mare by Tattler; and Mr. H. Tunstall Moore's Peter, all of whom won in their respective classes. Of the last-named an excellent likeness was given in a recent number of the *Live Stock Journal*, he being a three-year-old to whom the Cup presented by Lord Pembroke for the best young horse suitable for a hunter was given, and to whom was also awarded the Jubilee Champion Cup, of which the donors were the traders of Dublin.

The quality of the Hacks is never of a very high order at Dublin, taking the Hackney as the standard, but there is nowhere where a nicer collection of riding horses is to be seen, and the same may be said of the harness horses, when their usefulness is taken into consideration. The turn out of fours-in-hand and the jumping competitions are always attractive features at Dublin, the former more particularly so this year, when each of the thirteen drivers of the coaches was presented with a whip by the Duke of York on the part of the Royal Dublin Society.

Bath Horse Show.—The weather was rather miserable on the first day, and the ground was decidedly bad going on the second, owing to the heavy rain which fell on the night of the first day. It was, however, as usual, a very capital and well organised show, and a great number of good horses were exhibited.

Minor Horse Shows.—Not the least interesting of the season's shows are those smaller affairs which are held during the autumn. The Bicester, Brackley, Bucking-

ham, Teckford Park, and Caistor may be taken as very good examples. Here one sees not the fashionable show horse of the hour, but a number of *bond fide* steeds which did their work last season, and like the "Marine," are ready to do it again. They also answer another useful purpose—they enable a farmer to pick up a trifle with any decent young stock he may happen to possess, and this is the very best kind of encouragement to induce farmers to breed horses. If they can net a little with their foals, yearlings and two-year-olds, it renders them all the more ready to take a share in the great breeding lottery, whereas if they have to wait till a horse is four or five years old before he brings in a penny-piece, they soon grow sick of breeding, unless they be horse-dealers first and farmers afterwards.

Coaching.—Unless it were the summer of 1887, a worse coaching season than that which is now practically over cannot be called to mind. One coachman told us that he carried one passenger in a week. Subscribers have taken down some of their friends, but the general public have let the coaches severely alone. It used to be a saying that the Brighton coach "loaded itself," but it has not done so this season; at any rate, not to the usual extent, nor has the Windsor carried so many passengers as in former years. Jubilee years are certainly not favourable for coaching. Nevertheless, the coaching fraternity are not cast down, and will work the winter through, some of them at least. The Old Times will run to Oatlands Park; the Vivid will go to Hampton Court. There will in all likelihood be a winter coach to Brighton, and possibly when the Excelsior has finished

running between Herne Bay and Margate, she may run from Brighton to some place not too far distant. If the weather be not too keen, there are worse ways of spending a winter's day than on a coach. There is no crowd, people are more sociable than in the summer, and it is a fine recipe for an appetite, while the journeys are not too long.

Motor Cars.—The motor cars are in our midst; and anything more silly than the resolution against them passed at a meeting of the Cabman's Union or some such body cannot be imagined. One would have thought that even a professional agitator would not be such an idiot as to kick against the pricks to the extent of seeking to put a stop to new inventions. When we read of what was written in the interests of stage coaching in the "thirties" or early "forties," we are rather inclined to laugh, and now that machinery is so general, it does seem rather behind the times to seek to boycott the new invention. That the motor car will ever become a pleasure carriage is not likely; and already one or two have broken down; one has caught fire, and several other mishaps have occurred; so perhaps there will, after all, be no great rush on the new vehicles. As the old stage coachman said of the trains, "When you get into new where are you?"

Yachting.—Of the very few pleasure craft at present fitting out may be noted, the King of Siam's fine state ship, which ever since the monarch from the land of the white elephant arrived in this country has been undergoing very considerable alterations and improvements, mostly inside, at Lay & Summer's yard, at Southampton.

There could hardly be a greater

contrast amongst a complement of hands upon shipboard, as that which is to be found on the Siamese craft, for whilst her officers are, with a very few exceptions, British born, the great majority of the others are Celestials, the firemen being absolutely all Chinese. To the great credit of the Siamese ship be it said that for good conduct it is quite a model craft, and during the several months which the big boat from Bangkok has been lying at Southampton, not a single complaint has been made in respect to any of the men, and many of the latter who claim kinship to nobles in their own country, have spent very freely of their oriental coinage during their stay at the big southern yachting centre.

Though the days—even for the late cruisers—of hibernation are at hand, very many of the vessels during the close time of the sport, will not altogether be idle through their being hauled up, and of the number the *Aurora* is likely to receive yet a further reshaping as regards her general trim. The shifting of her mast back, certainly appeared to improve her, though the big stick was only moved four inches, and not a few skippers appear to think that a little more towards the stern would be a yet further advantage. Mr. C. Day Rose's boat has been a somewhat ill-fated craft from the first, though in a long reach with a stiff breeze she probably has no equal.

The recently issued table of money won by the owners of racing vessels, pretty plainly points to the fact that there is but little encouragement given for entering the lists of yachting-sport, particularly in a national sense, for whilst Queens' plates are annually voted for the turf, not a penny in the way of the country's money has been expended as a prize for

promoting what should certainly be considered as forming the most appropriate of pastimes to a maritime nation. In the coming Session of Parliament, however, some legislator may arise and propose something in the form of an annual prize for the encouragement of a great branch of our national recreation which has become the sport of emperors and of kings, and may well be said to foster a love for the old sea spirit of our people, to in a measure maintain that almost otherwise defunct British industry, ship-building; further, to be the means of finding employment for a very considerable number of our countrymen, in the form of captains and crews, whilst yachting in a very material degree supplies many most smart and active seamen to the Royal Naval Reserve.

But though the Legislature may have been lacking in recognition of the great and thoroughly English pastime of yachting, it can safely be said that the royalties have right royally supported yachting both in a racing and cruising sense; in fact, were it not for the handsome cups annually given by the Queen, the list of yachting prize trophies would, indeed, be a poor one, whilst the Prince of Wales' practical support of marine sport has been the leading feature for long in the past, and, the hope is, to be continued for long in the unknown future.

Though the rumour is that before next season a big racer will be built to the lines of a well known southern designer, the probabilities are that when the good ship goes down the ways as her bow is kissed by the sparkling wine which sprinkles on her naming, she will not, at the most, exceed the measurement of the *Aurora*, even if her linear rating

be not found to be less than that of the *Bona*. So uncertain are the ways of the Yacht Racing Association, that owners fear to invest in new big ventures from the fact of the up-to-date boat of one season being, by some not generally anticipated alteration of "rating," an outclassed craft the next year.

That, as in other matters mundane, there must be a change in the laws governing yachting is one of the facts from which there is no escape, but that there ought to be a definite time within which there should be no change or alterableness, is an equally sober truth, whilst the contention that such practical men in yachting matters as builders, designers and captains, should have a seat at the council board, is an equally patent truth, though not the most confirmed questioner of the existing order of things could well, if so desired, deny that the members of the Yacht Racing Association, have the best interests of both racing and cruising thoroughly at heart, though their laws are so very liable to alteration.

Football. — The Association game commenced on September 1st, with a flourish of trumpets in the North and Midlands, where it seems impossible for the enthusiastic followers of the game to have too much of a good thing. Only four months have elapsed since last season closed, but the opening day found players and spectators eager for the fray, and the Football League contests were inaugurated before large crowds. From a spectacular point of view, the game again promises to be exceedingly popular. The second Saturday in September was a fine day, almost too fine for a winter pastime, and the attendance at the eight matches in the First Division of the Football League,

averaged 13,000 per match! Until the cup competitions commence the League will be the centre of attraction. Each division again consists of sixteen clubs. The changes in the clubs forming the League are very few. In the First Division, Notts County take the place of Burnley, who suffered defeat in the Test games between the leading clubs in Division II. and the lowest clubs in Division I. Notts County were formerly in the premier division. In Division I., Burnley and Luton replace Notts County and Burton Wanderers.

The opening matches in the League have furnished plenty of excitement, and some of the results have worked out quite contrary to last year's form. Aston Villa, the present champions, have started with a quartette of victories over Sheffield, Wednesday, West Bromwich Albion and Notts County. The Villa have lost three good men in Welford, Reynolds, and John Campbell, but they have a very fine team nevertheless, and Fisher (late of Edinburgh, St. Bernard's), promises to make a worthy successor to Campbell in the centre. Sheffield United, finished second to the Villa last season, and a trio of victories to open the campaign this season must be accounted satisfactory. The defence is practically the same as last season, but some changes have been made in the forward line, and these are for the better. Derby County have lost Robinson (goal), and Kinsey (half-back), but their forwards are as skilful as ever, if one may judge from the match with Everton, in which five goals were scored by Derby. Milward, Menham, and Arridge, all of whom played for their club in the English Cup Final last April, have left Everton, and J.

Bell, the brilliant Scotch international, is not a certain starter. Two or three good Scotchmen have been secured; but, on the whole, the Everton prospects are not so rosy as might be expected, when the great financial resources of the club are taken into consideration. Sunderland have made a good start with a team vastly different to that of last season, many of the old hands having been replaced by young players who have yet to make a name for themselves. Wolverhampton Wanderers appear to be on the up grade, but both Preston North End and Blackburn Rovers are in difficulties for colleagues, the teams at present doing duty being decidedly weak. Both clubs have lost some good players. Both the Notts clubs have practically the same elevens as last season, and a like remark applies to Liverpool. It is expected that Bassett will again turn out for West Bromwich Albion, who have again signed on their famous back, W. Williams.

Professionalism is gradually spreading in the South of England, Bristol being the latest centre to succumb to the prevailing craze. The Association game has made great progress in the Western city, and four clubs—Bristol City (late Bristol South End), Warmley, Eastville Rovers and Bristol St. Paul's have adopted professionalism and become Limited Liability Companies. Players have been signed on from all quarters. Probably there will not be a local player in the four teams by next season. Bristol City have an especially strong combination, and the Club has been admitted to membership of the Southern League (Division I.). Woolwich Arsenal have Mr. T. B. Mitchell as manager of the team, so the confusion caused by divided

counsels in past seasons should be obviated. Luton now share with the Arsenal the honour of representing the South in the Football League, and the Bedfordshire Club should do quite as well as the Arsenal in the competition. Tottenham Hotspur and Reading have a number of new players, and should run Southampton and Millwall very closely in the Southern League.

An important change has been made in the laws of the Association game to come into force this season. A free-kick is no longer given for "hands" unless in the opinion of the referee the handling is intentional. The new rule has increased the duties of the referee, but it is likely to work well, and will obviate the frequent stoppages of the game for breaches of the old rule.

There appears to be some chance of a settlement of the dispute between the Welsh Union and the other International Unions over the Gould case. At the Annual General Meeting of the Rugby Union, Mr. Rowland Hill, the hon. sec. of the Union, moved: "That Mr. A. J. Gould having accepted a testimonial in a form that the committee of the Rugby Union has decided to be an act of professionalism, nevertheless, under the exceptional circumstances of the case, this meeting recommends the committee to allow him to play against clubs under their management." Mr. F. H. Fox seconded the resolution, which was carried by a large majority. This resolution in no way interferes with the powers of the International Board, but it is a step in the direction of a peaceful settlement, and will be welcomed as such by the majority of the followers of the Rugby game. It is practically certain now that there will be no cancel-

ling of fixtures between English and Welsh Clubs, and it is quite possible that in the near future the way may be opened for a renewal of the international matches between Wales and the other countries.

Golf.—The Irish Championship Meeting was much greater in the promise than in the performance. The former gave us the prospect of seeing Mr. Allan, the Amateur Champion, once more in the field fighting his way not only against Mr. Hilton, the Open Champion, but also against Mr. John Ball, Jun., the holder of the record at Dollymount. But neither Mr. Allan nor Mr. Ball played, family reasons keeping both at home, and Mr. Hilton, freed thus of two formidable opponents, carried all before him, and, in fact, dominated the whole affair. To use a familiar expression, Mr. Hilton is playing just now at the very top of his game. He gets as long a ball as ever he did, and does so without any loss of accuracy or precision. It used to be said of the best of the professionals that they could always get 10 or 15 yards more out of a ball than the best amateur; but this no longer holds good, for neither Herd nor Andrew Kirkcaldy, nor any other professional can drive further than Mr. Hilton, nor is any one of them steadier in his play.

The Irish Championship is played in turn on three greens—Newcastle, where it was played last year, Portrush and Dollymount. All three are a trifle on the short side. Dollymount is 5,400 yards long, or something over 300 yards shorter than Prestwick, which is the shortest of the five English and Scotch greens over which the Open Championship is played. Not only so, but it is almost flat and is deficient in

azards — especially hazards guarding the greens. Its strong point, however, is the excellence of its turf, which is seen not merely on the putting greens but throughout the course. It is consequently a splendid place for men who can play a good second shot whether with brassie cleek or clay club. Up to the time of the Championship Meeting, the record was 75, made by Mr. John Ball, junr., in 1894; but in the course of the mixed amateur and professional competition with which the meeting was brought to a close on the Saturday, Ben Sayers, of North Berwick, went round in 74 and so displaced Mr. Ball. In the preliminary stroke competition, an amateur, with a handicap of 4, Mr. James Stevenson, of the Dublin University, excited some surprise by doing the round in 78, going out in 36 and returning in 42.

After Mr. Hilton, the best play in the Championship Tournament was shown by Mr. L. Stuart Anderson and Mr. H. E. Reade. The former entered as a representative of the Falmouth Club, but of course he is an old North Berwick player, and is known throughout the golfing world in association with that famous nursery of the game. The latter is a Belfast player who early in the season won the Championship confined to natives of Ireland. In point of style he leaves something to be desired,—as, also for instance, does Mr. Allan, the present Amateur Champion; but he is a very strong player through the green, puts well, and shows splendid nerve at critical moments. Mr. Reade's best performance was in the second round, when he met Mr. W. B. Taylor, the young player from Edinburgh, who won the Championship last year and in 1895. Their match

was played in a dreadful storm of wind and rain. There were pools of water on several of the putting greens, and in one instance the hole was on this account utterly unplayable. All the same the two had a very close match, for they are both men of grit not easily put off their game. Time after time Mr. Taylor tried to shake off his opponent by a bold bit of play, but Mr. Reade had a good answer on each occasion, and at the seventeenth hole was one up. A four-yard putt at the last hole would have given Mr. Taylor the half of the match, but he failed with it, and thus disappeared from the Tournament. In the third round, Mr. Reade met another young player from Edinburgh, Mr. Josiah Livingstone, who gave him a very fine match. Mr. Stuart Anderson played in the Final with Mr. Hilton, but before he got there he had a long career of effort. In the second round he beat Captain Nugent, the famous Seaford player; in the third Mr. Angus Macdonald, who has a great reputation on the Braid Hills at Edinburgh; in the fourth the redoubtable Mr. Reade; and in the Semi-Final Mr. F. Harman Orr, one of the best of the local players at Dollymount. The match with Mr. Hilton consisted of two rounds. Mr. Anderson is not so strong a driver as Mr. Hilton, and at first it appeared as though he pressed a little to get on terms with him. At any rate, he frequently left the best line to the hole, but so often as he did so, he made a good recovery, and it was really on the putting green that his opponent prevailed against him and won the Championship. Mr. Hilton enjoys the distinction now of being Open Champion and Irish Champion, and the only honour that has eluded him is

that of Amateur Champion, which he has sought often but always in vain.

The Welsh Championship Meeting took place during the month at Penarth. Last year there were 13 entries; this year 70, which says something for the spread of golf in the Principality. The links at Penarth resemble those at Dollymount in this respect that they are almost flat, and in this too, that they are deficient in hazards; but all the same they afford an excellent test of golf, and during the Tournament the play was of a high order, and many of the matches were very exciting. The winner of the two previous years—Mr. John Hunter, Glamorganshire—got into the Final with Mr. D. Woodhead, of Rhyl, and during the early part of the play looked like scoring a third victory. Towards the end, however, he went quite off his game, allowing Mr. Woodhead to beat him very easily. Mr. Woodhead is the Champion of Yorkshire, and is a player of the strong and sturdy order.

The competition for the Jubilee Vase prevented the St. Andrews players from going to Ireland. Since it was instituted 10 years ago, this competition has always been popular, especially with those members who get to St. Andrews early in the season. It is played under handicap, but unlike the case of the Calcutta Cup, the allowance is given in the form of strokes. It appeals quite as strongly to first-class players as to players who cannot thus be described. This year 50 men entered, 10 of whom were placed at or below scratch. The Final Round brought together Mr. J. L. Low, who owed one stroke, and Mr. G. Leslie Smith who was in receipt of four strokes. The former did not play up to his usual form, and, indeed,

seemed doomed to defeat. Towards the finish, however, his play improved, while Mr. Leslie Smith went slightly off colour, with the result that Mr. Low won the cup by a single hole. It will be remembered that at the Spring Meeting in May, Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville and Mr. F. G. Tait, both ex-amateur champions, tied for the medal. They tied twice, in fact, the first time with 84 and the second with 88. On account of his military duties, Mr. Tait could not get back to St. Andrews until the autumn, and it was only recently that the two met again and fought out their battle. This time Mr. Tait came away with a very strong game, and won with 84 as against Mr. Balfour-Melville's 89. The loser putted badly, though in other departments of the game he played with his usual skill.

The spirit of the age has at last touched the Prestwick Club, which hitherto has been distinguished by a contempt for all things modern. To celebrate the completion of the sixtieth year of her Majesty's reign, this exclusive and conservative old club, with its magnificent private course, established a Victoria Vase Competition, on the familiar tournament principle, and no fewer than 59 players were bold enough to enter—most of them of course, being gentlemen of the younger generation. In the Final Round Mr. G. H. Grant, with an allowance of 3 strokes, played Mr. Alexander Neilson with an allowance of 2, and after a halved match, Mr. Neilson won by 4 up and 3 to play. The winner receives a gold medal to keep, as well as the honour of holding the vase during the next twelve months.

North Berwick never was more crowded with golfers than it is this autumn. Although the course is now greatly extended,

it is almost as difficult to get a game at the hour one wishes it, as it is at St. Andrews, and, unfortunately, at North Berwick there is no alternative round. In the matter of apartments, they are even more costly and difficult to procure at this comparatively new golf centre than at the ancient home of the game. For the benefit of the visitors there were several exhibition matches by professionals during the month, in most of which Ben Sayers figured. Andrew Kirkcaldy played the little man on one occasion and on two rounds beat him by 2 up and 1 to play. The North Berwick Old Club held a very successful two days' meeting. Among those who attended the luncheon on the ground were the Duke of Teck, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Prince Herman of Saxe-Weimar, the Marquis and Marchioness of Tweeddale, the Earl of Wemyss, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Sir Walter Hamilton Dalrymple and Lady Hamilton Dalrymple, and Sir Alexander Kinloch. On the first day of the meeting there was, as usual, a stroke competition, which Mr. John E. Laidlay won after a tie with Mr. W. M. de Zoete, his score being 84.

Mr. W. H. Turner, Animal Painter.—The name of the Animal Painter about whom information was asked on page 239 of last month's magazine, is W. H. Turner. His chief known work is entitled "Lincoln Horse Fair," 1858.

"The Encyclopædia of Sport."
—We have received Part VII. of "The Encyclopædia of Sport," and must once more congratulate the publishers, Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen upon the quality of their work. The number for September takes us on from Fencing to Gamekeepers, and included within this somewhat narrow limit are some most seasonable articles, the one upon Football is especially *a propos* the season, and the subject of the great winter game is exhaustively dealt with by practical men. Mr. C. B. Fry of International fame writes upon the Association game, and gives some pages of most valuable advice upon how best to play the game. To Mr. A. Budd is entrusted the article upon the Rugby Union game, and the old Cliftonian gives us an article upon the game right up to date. There in an interesting article upon the curious form of football that is played in America. Ferrets receive attention in this number, and also our old friend Reynard than whom we are told "there is perhaps no better abused animal living"; a most excellent full page reproduction of an old dog-fox hearing "the first far-away echo," reflects the greatest credit upon the Swan Electric Engraving Co., who are responsible for the larger illustrations in this work. The Encyclopædia of Sport will, we venture to predict, rank as one of the standard works in the Sportsman's Library.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During August — September, 1897.]

THE death of Mr. Lionel E. Rickards, of Kemprow, Watford, at the early age of forty-three, on August 13th, caused great regret to all interested in Harriers and Beagles. He attended the opening meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds on August 10th, when he caught a chill, which brought on pneumonia and he died, somewhat suddenly at the end. The son of Mr. Edward James Rickards, of Elm Bank, Leatherhead, he was born in 1854, and leaving Eton in 1871, he joined his father in business as a solicitor in 1876. He was Master of the Aldenham Harriers, which he took over from Mr. Gibbs, and hunted six or seven seasons till he was succeeded by Mr. Bamfylde, still retaining the keenest interest in the pack. In 1891, when the Association of Masters of Harriers and Beagles was formed, he undertook and carried out to his death the duties of honorary secretary, and in this capacity, and especially by the care and trouble he took in compiling the Harrier and Beagle Stud Book, he rendered incalculable services to the Association, of which the members not long ago showed their appreciation by a present of a silver model of a hound to him, and a diamond crescent to his wife, who shared in all her husband's keenness for sport. He was buried at Aldenham on August 17th, next to his old friend, Richard Christian (of Harrow and B.N.C., Oxford), who acted as his whipper-in during his Mastership of the Aldenham Harriers.

The death of the Rev. George Scott, for fifty-four years Vicar of Coxwold, took place on August 21st. The rev. gentleman had attained the ripe age of 83 years, was appointed to the livings of Coxwold with Yearsley, and Hushwaite with Carlton and Birdforth, so long ago as the year 1843. A writer, speaking of the rev. gentleman's work in his younger days, says he was "the very best vicar in England," and was very highly respected by his then parishioners. Deceased was one of the old school of clergymen now fast becoming extinct. He was particularly fond of all outdoor sports, and in his younger days a capital shot over dogs, he having, on the Thorp Farm within his own glebe, one of the best bits of partridge land in Yorkshire. He had been in Holy Orders about sixty years, and was the oldest beneficed clergyman in the diocese of York. Deceased was a J.P. for the North Riding, and was Chairman of the Thirk bench for fifteen years.

Mr. Thomas Prosser Hale expired at his residence, Somerton Hall, near Clare, Suffolk, on August 22nd. Mr. Hale was a keen follower of coursing, and few meetings took place in the Eastern Counties without his genial presence. He had some good greyhounds in his day, and Gallant, the winner of the last Waterloo Cup, ran for his nomination. The deceased gentleman was one of the principal landowners in the scattered village of Somerton, and a J.P. for Suffolk. As a large farmer he mostly attended Bury Market. Mr. Hale was only forty-nine years of age.

The death of the stallion Salisbury, the property of Mr. R. Botterill, is announced (August 25th). He was by Camballo out of True Blue, by Oxford, and at the stud sired Matabele, Ella Tweed, the Galop filly, Emsworth, Norah Sandys, Queen of the Plains, and other winners. He was foaled in 1884, and as a two-year-old, won the Breeders' Plate at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting and the Zetland Plate at Leicester. As a three-year-old he walked over for a Private Post Sweepstakes, won the North Derby at Gosforth Park, and finished third to Eiridsford and Chippeway for the Epsom Grand Prize.

We have to record the death of Mr. E. R. Balfour, the famous Dark Blue oarsman and football player. While shooting in Scotland he contracted a chill, which proved fatal on August 27th.

On August 27th an attempt was made by a four-oared crew of old Etonians to row across the Channel from Dover to Calais. The crew consisted of C. L. Pemberton, J. Philips, L. L. Pemberton, C. K. Philips (st.) H. Snagge (cox.), the stroke oarsman being the president of the O.U.B.C. Fortunately they were accompanied by a tug, or the row might have had a tragic ending, as the boat shipped so much water that it sank under them, and they were with difficulty rescued. Before this occurred one of the four had to be taken on board the tug, as he was suffering from seasickness, his place being taken by a member of its crew. Even if the Etonians had crossed the Channel it would not have been a new performance, as four boys from a school at Folkestone rowed from there to Boulogne on June 20th, 1881. On July 25th, 1885, an eight-oared boat, stroked by Mr. W. H. Grenfell, succeeded in rowing across the English Channel.

The World's Pacing Record held by John R. Gentry for a mile of 2 min. 0½ sec. has been beaten by Star Pointer, a bay out of Brown Hal by Sweepstakes, who covered the distance, in a match against time for a purse of 2,000 dols. at Readville, Massachusetts, on August 28th, in the phenomenal time of 1 min. 59½ sec. The result was enthusiastically received by the spectators, about 8,000 in number, and the horse and his owner, Mr. J. A. Murphy, were greeted with much cheering.

The death is reported, August 28th, of Andred, in Italy, where for many years he has been a valuable and successful sire. By Blair Athol out of Woodcraft, by Voltigeur, Andred was bred in 1870 by the late Lord Falmouth, for whom he won several good races, among others the Great Tom Stakes at Lincoln, Doncaster Stakes, and the Great Cheshire Stakes. At the close of his racing career, when a four-year-old, he was purchased by the Italian Government, and turned out a capital investment, for his stock in that country have been successful in a very marked degree.

Lord Inverurie, eldest son of the Earl of Kintore, died at his London residence after a short illness, on August 30th. The deceased, who was only in his twenty-first year, was educated at Eton, where he was a great favourite among his school-fellows. From his boyhood he was particularly fond of angling. He was an expert at salmon and trout fishing, but was never happier than when trying his hand with the coarse fish on the Thames. Shortly before his death, it is stated, over a hundredweight of jack fell to Lord Inverurie's rod on one day. His lordship was President of the Kingston Piscatorial Society, and the New Thames Re-stocking Association, formed for the purpose of keeping up the stock of fish in the river, had no more ardent supporter than the late nobleman.

Referring to the dead heat of three in the Hartington Handicap at Derby on September 2nd, the *Sportsman* says:—"The judge could not separate the first three past the post, and the fourth horse finished only a head away from the dead heaters. It was a most exciting race between Luscius, Cunctator, Olivewood, and Remember Me from the distance, at which point the verdict seemed likely to go to the last named, who has before now showed a liking for the course, but the other three just got past her and ran home locked together. The respective owners agreed to submit the matter to a second trial, and the decider was run off before the last race. Olivewood was the favourite, but backers were out of their reckoning, and Luscius ran home the easiest of winners by four lengths."

Dead-heats between three are not of frequent occurrence, and one has not occurred since the York August Meeting last year, when Casse Cou, Messala, and Bajardo finished together for the Badminton Plate, and on that occasion the stakes were divided. Another memorable instance was supplied at the Lewes Summer Meeting so long ago as 1880, when Scobell, Wandering Nun, and Mazurka made a dead-heat of it for the Astley Stakes, with Cumberland and Thora finishing together for second place. On that occasion the stakes were divided. The dead-heat between Prioress, El Hakim, and Queen Bess for the Cesarewitch of 1857 may be noticed. In the run-off the verdict went to the American mare Prioress (belonging to Mr. Ten Broeck), who in the dead heat was ridden by Tankesley, but George Fordham rode her in the decider. A change was also made in El Hakim's jockey, as Little rode on the first occasion, while in the decider he was the mount of Bray. Queen Bess was ridden by Grimshaw in both the race and run-off.

On September 4th, Mr. Henry Smith, solicitor, Thirsk, a gentleman greatly respected in that town, and well known by reason of his long official connection with Thirsk Races, having been formerly for a considerable period a member of the race committee, and of late years acting in the capacity of Clerk of the Course, died somewhat suddenly. The deceased suffered from an affection of the heart, and had not been in robust health for the past two or three years. He was admitted as a solicitor in 1875, and has held several important public offices in Thirsk. The deceased was forty-seven years of age, and leaves a widow and a son and daughter.

On September 5th it was found necessary to destroy the stallion Quæsitus, who stood at the Heath Farm Stud, Newmarket, during the past season, as he had injured himself seriously during an attack of staggers. Quæsitus (foaled in 1890), was by Hagioscope out of Strange Lady, won the Chester Cup in 1894 for Lord Penrhyn, and the same season he secured the Gold Vase at Ascot. As a three-year-old he won the Westmoreland Plate at Doncaster, the Wiverton Stakes at Nottingham, and the Lincoln Autumn Handicap, while as a youngster he credited Lord Penrhyn with the Houghton Stakes at Newmarket.

The field for the St. Leger, 1897, was the smallest for over a hundred years, for to find only five runners we have to go back to 1795, when the race fell to Sir C. Turner's Hambletonian. Since then the competitors have fallen as low as six, while on several occasions there have been but

seven, and this was the case when Ormonde won in 1886, Isinglass in 1893, and again when Persimmon carried the royal colours to victory last year.

The record as the hottest favourite for the St. Leger is now held by Galtee More, no such odds as 10 to 1 having ever been previously betted on a competitor for the great race at Doncaster. The nearest approach to it was in 1886, when Ormonde's starting price was 7 to 1 on.

Galtee More won the St. Leger, September 8th (run over one mile six furlongs and 132 yards) in 3 min. 31 1-5 sec., and his victory credited Mr. Gubbins with £5,425. Last year H. R. H. the Prince of Wales's Persimmon covered the course in 3 min. 20 sec., and the value of the stakes was £5,050, while the previous season Lord Rosebery's Sir Visto won in 3 min. 18 2-5 sec., and the stakes amounted to £4,575. In 1894, Lord Alington's Throstle occupied 3 min. 12 1-5 sec., and the stakes were worth £4,705. In 1893, the time of Mr. H. McCalmont's Isinglass was 3 min. 13 3-5 sec., and the value of the race, £5,300. In 1892, Baron de Hirsch's La Fleche took 3 min. 14 3-5 sec., and the stakes reached £5,400. In 1891, Sir F. Johnstone's Common won in 3 min. 14 2-5 sec., and the value of the race was £4,300.

In 1890, the time of the Duke of Portland's Memoir was 3 min. 13 3-5 sec., and the value £5,125, and in 1889, Donovan, also the property of the Duke of Portland, was successful in 3 min. 13 sec., the value of the race on that occasion being £4,800. In 1888, when the record of Lord Calthorpe's Seabreeze was 3 min. 11 4-5 sec., the stakes were worth £4,350. In 1887, when Lord Rodney's Kilwarlin won, the time was 3 min. 26 sec., and the value £4,050. In 1886, the time of the Duke of Westminster's Ormonde was 3 min. 21 2-5 sec., the stakes being represented by £4,450, and in 1885, Lord Hastings' Melton won in 3 min. 15 3-5 sec., the stakes amounting to £4,800. Other previous records are: 1884, Mr. R. C. Vyner's The Lambkin, time, 3 min. 15 sec., value, £4,300; 1883, Duke of Hamilton's Ossian, time, 3 min. 19 sec., value, £4,700; 1882, Lord Falmouth's Dutch Oven, time, 3 min. 16 sec., value, £4,500.

Galtee More, during his two and three-year-old career, has won £24,977, and with the exception of the case of Donovan, this is the largest amount standing to the credit of any previous St. Leger winner at the time of his success.

The death is announced (September 9th) of the Rev. John Wyndham, Rector of Sutton Mandeville, in his eighty-sixth year,

one of the oldest clergymen in the diocese of Salisbury. Mr. Wyndham had held the living of Sutton Mandeville ever since 1840. He was of the old school, being as much country gentleman as clergyman, and was a first-rate shot and rider to hounds.

Sir Everett Millais died somewhat suddenly on September 10th, from pneumonia, the result of a chill. He had written a number of pamphlets and small works on scientific dog breeding and owned the finest basset hounds in the country.

The death is announced in the *Mail Gazette*, September 14th, of Thomas Rook, described as the Nestor of Italian trainers, at Barbaricina, near Pisa, from paralysis. Rook, who was an Englishman, went to Italy in the service of King Victor Emanuel as trainer and breeder. Italy greatly needing at that time to improve the breed of her horses, which the King did everything to encourage. In 1866, when racing in the Peninsula was in embryo, Rook was already to the fore, winning with Sans Souci at Florence. Later on he was in the service of Count Gastone de Larderel and of Prince of Ottaviano. He never abandoned the turf, and as public and private trainer, and subsequently as proprietor of the most renowned racing stables in Italy, he contributed immensely to the development of racing in that country. In 1884 Rook had the satisfaction of winning, with Andreina, bred in his own stables, the first Royal Derby, and six other of his horses won the Derby in 1885, 1886, 1888, 1891, 1892, and 1896, which makes seven out of thirteen runs.

At the cricket festival at Hastings on September 15th, Richardson, the Surrey fast bowler, brought his aggregate number of wickets during the past four seasons to 1,005, a feat unprecedented in the annals of cricket. His figures are: 1894, 196 wickets; 1895, 290; 1896, 246; 1897, 273.

The Hon. Barry Maxwell, heir to Lord Farnham, died on September 20th, from the effects of a cycle accident, which took place about a week previously, at Castle Sanderson, Ireland. He was twenty-one years old.

One of the last of the trencher fed packs of fox hounds—The Bilsdale—undergoes a change this season. Until this year the hounds have been kept by farmers in the dales between Stokesley in Cleveland and Helmsley. Now they have been gathered together at Carlton-in-Cleveland, where the new Master, Mr. Selby-Lowndes, resides. Chop Gate has heretofore been the headquarters of the hunt, but the picturesque village of Carlton will now be

the centre, and a new residence for the Master is fast approaching completion. Kennels have already been erected in the village.

From the inaugural race for the St. Leger, in 1776, two years before it gained its name, which was won by Lord Rockingham's brown filly Allabaculia, down to the present day, it has fallen to fillies on twenty-seven occasions, the last five winners being Dutch Oven (1882), Seabreeze (1888), Memoir (1890), La Fleche (1892), and Throstle (1894). In the Derby, on the other hand, only three fillies have hitherto succeeded in catching the eye of the judge, viz., Eleanor (1801), Blink Bonny (1857), and Shotover (1882), while the other classic event open to animals irrespective of sex, the Two Thousand Guineas, has fallen four times to fillies, Pastille (1822), Crucifix (1840), Pilgrimage, (1878), and Shotover (1882).

One of the most interesting creatures presented to the Zoological Society for a long time past, is a beautiful and strangely-coloured blackbird, just given by Mr. A. J. Lawford-Jones, of the Post Office Savings Bank. "The bird," says Mr. Jones, "is, of course, the ordinary English blackbird (*Turdus merula*), but is an exceedingly rare variation in colour. It is of the albino type, and has the pink eye of the albino, but is much rarer than the white blackbird of which we hear so much." The colour is practically self-cinnamon, the breast being cream spotted with brown. The bird was taken not long after it had left the nest, on the Wigmore Estate, Holmwood, Dorking, having been entangled in the nets put to protect the cherry trees. Kept in Mr. Jones's aviary it has moulted its body feathers, and has reproduced them in identical colours. The little creature, which is a cock, is now in the large western aviary at the Zoological Gardens, the giver believing that with birds of its own or cognate family it would be better off than in his smaller indoor aviaries. Bird lovers will be very grateful to Mr. Jones for the

opportunity of observing this rare specimen, which, as he remarks, he has "by caging saved from the trap or gun of that class of lunatic that makes a practice of potting everything which is rare, or which its limited experience has failed to notice." It is hoped that a hen of a similar character may be found, in order to preserve the variety.

At a special meeting of the West Carbery (Co. Cork) Hunt Club it was decided to destroy their pack of foxhounds, fifteen couples, in consequence of rabies having made its appearance in the kennels. Mr. Somerville, M.F.H., said that under the circumstances the pack ought to be destroyed immediately. The O'Donovan, D.L., said that as Honorary Secretary of the Hunt Club, he would not for one moment have anything to do with the pack if there was the slightest suspicion of rabies amongst the hounds. The meeting adopted the resolution, ordering the pack to be destroyed forthwith.

The famous steeplechase sire Ascetic, the property of Mr. John M. Purdon, of Cloneymore, Athboy, died suddenly. He was returning to stable after his usual two hours' exercise, apparently in the best of health, when he dropped down dead. The name of Ascetic has for years been familiar to breeders both in Ireland and in England. He was probably the best steeplechase sire of Ireland for some years past. Bred in England by Mr. King in 1871, the horse was over twenty-six years of age. He was by Hermit (by Newminster), his dam being Lady Alicia, by Melbourne from Testy, by Venison, and was a splendid specimen of the thoroughbred. Ascetic won the Croker Challenge Cup at the Balls Bridge Show, having been awarded the first place amongst sires exhibited for three years in succession. On the last occasion that Ascetic was exhibited he was fully twenty-one years old. He sired a great number of steeplechasers and high-class hunters, foremost amongst them being Cloister, Royal Meath, and Roman Oak, three champions.

TURF.

NOTTINGHAM. — SUMMER MEETING.

August 21. — The Nottinghamshire Handicap of 705 sovs. ; the Straight Mile.
 Mr. F. Luscombe's ch. h. Marco,
 by Barcardine—Novitiate, 5 yrs.,
 9st. Allsopp 1
 Mr. R. Lebaudy's ch. c. Kopely,
 4 yrs., 7st. 8lb. S. Loates 2
 Mr. J. Hope's b. c. Lammernuir,
 4 yrs., 7st. S. Chandley 3
 5 to 2 agst. Marco.

YORK. — AUGUST MEETING.

August 24th. — The Zetland Stakes of 265 sovs. ; New T.Y.C. (five furlongs, straight).
 Mr. W. Taylor Sharpe's b. c. Red Nob, by Bonnet Rouge—Ellen Douglas, 3 yrs., 8st. 4lb. Weldon 1
 Mr. George Widdup's ch. f. Charisia, 2 yrs., 6st. 11lb. J. Hunt 2
 Mr. P. S. Cadman's br. f. Chapel Town, 4 yrs., 9st. 6lb. F. Finlay 3
 10 to 1 agst. Red Nob.

The Middlethorpe Stakes (Handicap) of 280 sovs. ; one mile.
 Lord Stanley's b. c. Chiselhampton, by Hampton—Merry Miser, 4 yrs., 9st. 4lb. Rickaby 1
 Mr. H. F. Clayton's b. m. Kendal Queen, 5 yrs., 7st. 9lb. Maguire 2
 Mr. J. Lowther's b. c. Langmoor, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb. N. Robinson 3
 6 to 1 agst. Chiselhampton.

The Prince of Wales' Plate of 885 sovs., for two-year-olds ; New T.Y.C. (five furlongs, straight).
 Mr. Douglas Baird's br. f. Simylla, by St. Symon—Palmflower, 8st. 3lb. Rickaby 1
 Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. f. Airoza, 8st. 4lb. Allsopp 2
 Mr. J. W. Churton's b. Colt, by Chelsea—Lady Hetty, 6st. 7lb. White 3
 11 to 8 agst. Simylla.

The Yorkshire Oaks of 555 sovs., for three-year-old fillies ; one mile and a quarter.
 Lord Ellesmere's b. f. Fortalice, by Fitz-Simon—Zariba, 8st. 10lb. M. Cannon 1
 Mr. P. Buchanan's b. or b. f. Unseen, 8st. 3lb. Lane 2
 Mr. John Osborne's ch. f. Laughing Girl, 8st. 10lb. F. Osborne 3
 7 to 2 agst. Fortalice .
 The Lonsdale Stakes (Welter) of 325 sovs. ; one mile and a quarter.

Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Lysander, by Sheen—Love in Idleness, 3 yrs., 8st. 6lb. M. Cannon 1
 Mr. W. G. Marshall's b. f. Royat, 3 yrs., 8st. 5lb. C. Wood 1
 Mr. E. E. Wilde's Colt by Royal Hampton—Adventure, 3 yrs., 8st. Loftthouse 3
 11 to 4 agst. Royat.

The stakes were divided.

August 25th. — The Londesborough Handicap Stakes of 210 sovs. ; one mile
 Mr. Bibby's ch. m. Chin Chin, by Philammon—Bye and Bye, 6 yrs., 9st. 6lb. F. Finlay 1
 Mr. R. Lebaudy's b. c. Nid D'Amour, 3 yrs., 7st. 8lb. S. Loates 2
 Lord Carnarvon's b. c. Cyrenian, 3 yrs., 8st. 9lb. M. Cannon 3
 7 to 1 agst. Chin Chin.

The Welter Handicap of 255 sovs. : six furlongs, straight.
 Mr. H. F. Clayton's b. f. Kendal Queen, by Kendal—Tournure, 5 yrs., 8st. 11lb. Black 1
 Mr. R. Sherwood's b. c. Holy Pilgrim, 3 yrs., 8st. 8lb. Rumbold 2
 Major Lambton's b. f. Weeping Willow, 4 yrs., 9st. 2lb. M. Cannon 3
 4 to 1 agst. Kendal Queen.

The Great Ebor Handicap Plate of 925 sovs. ; one mile and three-quarters.
 Mr. E. J. Percy's b. c. Harvest Money, by Doubloon—Corn Rose, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb. O. Madden 1
 Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. f. Asterie, 3 yrs., 6st. 9lb. Maxey 2
 Mr. R. Lebaudy's b. h. Bach, aged, 7st. 9lb. S. Loates 3
 4 to 1 agst. Harvest Money.

The Convivial Produce Stakes of 570 sovs., for two-year-olds ; T.Y.C.
 Mr. Jas. Joicey's gr. Filly by Pepper and Salt—Queen of the Isles, 8st. 7lb. S. Loates 1
 Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. f. Pie Powder, 8st. 4lb. K. Cannon 2
 Mr. F. Alexander's ch. f. Dirce, 8st. 9lb. M. Cannon 3
 5 to 2 agst. Queen of the Isles filly.

The Duke of York Stakes of 445 sovs., for three-year-olds ; one mile and a half, over the Old Course.
 Mr. J. G. Joicey's ch. c. Silver Fox, by Satiety—Silver Sea, 9st. 3lb. S. Loates 1
 Mr. E. C. Clayton's b. c. All Moonshine, 9st. 3lb. R. Colling 2

Lord Zetland's ch. f. Thyra, 8st.
2lb. O. Madden 3
11 to 8 on Silver Fox.

August 26th.—The Gimcrack Stakes of
495 sovs., for two-year-olds; six
furlongs, straight.

Lord Rosebery's b. f. Mauchline,
by Ayrshire—Corstophine, 8st.
4lb. Fagan 1
Duke of Westminster's br. f. Lo-
wood, 8s., 4lb. M. Cannon 2
Sir J. Blundell Maple's ch. f.
Royal Footstep, 9st. 2lb.
Calder 3
7 to 1 agst. Mauchine.

The Great Yorkshire Stakes of 885
sovs., for three-year-olds; one mile
and three-quarters, over the Old
Course.

Sir S. Scott's b. or br. c. History,
by Hampton—Isabelle, 9st. 4lb.
M. Cannon 1
Mr. T. Wadlow's br. c. Prime
Minister, 9st. 4lb. Allsopp 2
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. or br.
f. Merle, 9st. 4lb. Rumbold 3
6 to 4 agst. History.

The Harewood Handicap Stakes of
570 sovs.; six furlongs, straight.

Mr. E. Melly's br. f. Bewitchment,
by Juggler—Stolen Kisses, 3
yrs., 7st. Toon 1
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. f. The
Dowager, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.
Rumbold 2
Mr. G. F. Fawcett's b. f. Tintagel,
4 yrs., 7st. 11lb. Allsopp 3
10 to 1 agst. Bewitchment.

DERBY.—SEPTEMBER MEETING.

August 31st.—The Peveril of the Peak
Stakes, a Handicap of 925 sovs.;
the Straight Mile.

Lord W. Beresford's b. c. Diakka,
by The Sailor Prince—Rizpah, 4
yrs., 8st. 13lb. C. Wood 1
Mr. J. Tyler's b. c. Saint Noel, 4
yrs., 7st. 2lb. Allsopp 2
Mr. R. A. Harper's b. c. Mack, 3
yrs., 6st. 8lb. Hearne 3
100 to 12 agst. Diakka.

The Champion Breeders' Biennial
Foal Stakes of 1,005 sovs., for two-
year-olds; five furlongs, straight.

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. c. Dis-
raeli, by Galopin—Lady Yardley,
8st. 5lb. Allsopp 1
Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Champ
De Mars, 9st. 2lb. Rickaby 2
Mr. C. J. Blake's ch. c. Dunamase,
Bradford 3
100 to 8 agst. Disraeli.

September 1st.—The Harrington Stakes,
a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, with
300 sovs. added, for two-year-olds;
about five furlongs and 100 yards.

Lord Ellesmere's bl. f. Lissa, by
Lowland Chief—Clarissa, 8st.
13lb. M. Cannon 1
Mr. J. Lowther's b. c. Royal
Warden, 8st. 5lb. S. Loates 2
Lord William Beresford's ch. f.
Bloozen, 8st. 2lb. C. Wood 3
6 to 1 agst. Lissa.

The Devonshire Nursery Handicap
Stakes of 460 sovs., for two-year-
olds; five furlongs, straight.

Mr. W. R. Reid's b. f. Royette,
by Grafton—Harton Rose, 7st.
1lb. S. Chandley 1
Mr. C. D. Rose's ch. c. The Con-
vict, 7st. 9lb. S. Loates 2
Mr. L. de Rothschild's br. c. Allegro,
8st. 1lb. T. Loates 3
8 to 1 agst. Royette.

The Third Champion Breeders' Bien-
nial Foal Stakes of 975 sovs., for
three-year-olds; the Straight Mile.

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. or br. f.
Merle, by St. Serf—Thistlefield,
8st. 4lb. Rumbold 1
Mr. Reid Walker's b. f. Galatia,
8st. 9lb. F. Finlay 2
Lord Allington's b. c. Butter, 9st.
1lb. M. Cannon 3
3 to 1 agst. Merle.

The Chatsworth Stakes, a High-weight
Handicap of 265 sovs.; one mile
and a half.

Mr. J. L. Dugdale's ch. h. Carlton
Grange, by Carlton—Mystery,
5 yrs., 9st. 5lb. F. Finlay 1
Mr. W. Blake's ch. c. Tyro, 3 yrs.,
7st. 9lb. O. Madden 2
Mr. B. S. Cooper's b. f. Cloon, 4
yrs., 8st. 7lb. Wingfield 3
5 to 1 agst. Carlton Grange.

September 2nd.—The Hartington Handi-
cap Stakes of 220 sovs.; five fur-
longs, straight.

Mr. R. M'Creery's b. f. Luscius,
by Harpenden or Royal Hamp-
ton—Alveole, 3 yrs., 6st. 2lb.
Dalton 1
Mr. Vyner's br. h. Cunctator, 6
yrs., 7st. 9lb. F. Finlay 2
Mr. C. Morley's b. f. Olivewood,
4 yrs., 8st. 10lb. M. Cannon 3
100 to 15 agst. Luscius.

The Friary Nursery Stakes (Handicap)
of 225 sovs., for two-year-olds;
seven furlongs, straight.

Mr. R. C. Garton's b. f. St. Lucia,
by St. Angelo—Little Emily,
7st. 2lb. Toon 1

Mr. Buchanan's ch. f. Claudine,
7st. 2lb.K. Cannon 2
Mr. J. MacLachlan's ch. c. Leon-
todon, 6st. 10lb.F. Leader 3
5 to 1 agst. St. Lucia.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.—SEPTEMBER MEETING.

September 3rd.—The September Stakes of 459 sovs., for three-year-olds; one mile.

Mr. J. G. Joicey's ch. c. Silver Fox, by Satiety—Silver Sea, 9st. 7lb.S. Loates 1
Mr. Wallace Johnstone's ch. c. Stewarton, 9st.Allsopp 2
Lord Radnor's b. c. Lord Foppington, 8st. 11lb.Bushell 3
100 to 30 on Silver Fox.

The Michaelmas Stakes of 444 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. R. Lebaudy's b. c. Sweet Adare, by Sweetheart—Goldsmith Maid, 9st. 7lb.S. Loates 1
Capt. C. Howard's ch. c. Sheet Anchor, 8st. 10lb.Allsopp 2
Mr. Arthur James' b. c. Dielytra, 9st. 4lb.J. Watts 3
5 to 2 agst. Sweet Adare.

September 4th.—The Home Counties' Plate of 415 sovs., for three-year-olds; one mile.

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Royal Footman, by Royal Hampton—Lightfoot, 9st. 3lb.Calder 1
Mr. R. H. Combe's br. c. Kilgrian, 9st. 3lb.Rickaby 2
Mr. J. Lowther's b. c. Langmoor, 9st.J. Watts 3
4 to 1 agst. Royal Footman.

The Abbey Stakes of 484 sovs., five furlongs.

Mr. J. Porter's ch. f. Celada, by Morion—Heartless, 8st. 6lb.S. Loates 1
Mr. T. Cannon's ch. g. Hands Off, 8st. 11lb.K. Cannon 2
Mr. A. Day's ch. c. The Shearer, 8st. 9lb.Robinson 3
5 to 2 agst. Celada.

DONCASTER.—SEPTEMBER MEETING.

September 7th.—The Fitzwilliam Stakes of 365 sovs.; three-quarters of a mile.

Baron de Rothschild's bl. h. Amandier, by Laveret—Aveline, aged, 9st. 5lb.T. Loates 1
Mr. J. Hammond's ch. h. McNeil, 5 yrs., 8st. 10lb.O. Madden 2
Mr. Jersey's ch. h. Milford, aged, 9st. 2lb.M. Cannon 3
7 to 4 on Amandier.

The Doncaster Welter Plate (Handicap) of 245 sovs.; the Sandall Mile.

Mr. W. Chatterton's b. h. Anklerbiter, by Highland Chief—Gladia, 5 yrs., 8st. 9lb.T. Weldon 1

Mr. W. M. Clarke's b. c. Pedant, 4 yrs., 8st. 7lb.Rickaby 2
Lord Ellesmere's b. f. Miss Fraser, 4 yrs., 8st. 4lb.M. Cannon 3
6 to 1 agst. Anklerbiter.

The Champagne Stakes of 1,300 sovs., for two-year-olds; Red House in.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. f. Ayah, by Ayrshire—Biserta, 8st. 11lb.T. Loates 1
Mr. H. McCalmont's ch. c. Florio Rubattino, 9st.M. Cannon 2
Mr. Martin D. Rucker's b. c. Royal Sport, 9st.F. Finlay 3
20 to 1 agst. Ayah.

The Great Yorkshire Handicap Plate of 975 sovs.; Old St. Leger Course.

Mr. J. L. Dugdale's ch. h. Carlton Grange, by Carlton—Mystery, 5 yrs., 7st. 12lb.S. Loates 1
Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. c. Jacquemart, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb.T. Loates 2
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. f. Asterie, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lb. H. Jones 3
5 to 1 agst. Carlton Grange.

September 8.—The Rufford Abbey Plate (Handicap), of 245 sovs.; about two miles, over the Old Course.

Lord Derby's br. f. Carton Pierre, by Chippendale—Carlotta, 4 yrs., 7st. 5lb.T. Loates 1
M. W. Blake's ch. c. Tyro, 3 yrs., 7st. 7lb.O. Madden 2
Mr. W. M. Clarke's ch. c. Field Day, 3 yrs. 7st.N. Robinson 3
11 to 2 agst. Carton Pierre.

The St. Leger Stakes of 5,425 sovs. for three-year-olds; Old St. Leger Course (about one mile, six furlongs, and 132 yards).

Mr. J. Gubbins's b. c. Galtee More, by Kendal—MorganetteC. Wood 1
Lord Rosebery's b. f. Chelandry, by Goldfinch—IlluminataM. Cannon 2

Mr. J. R. Keene's b. c. St. Cloud II., by Candlemas—Belle of Maywood,W. Bradford 3
10 to 1 on Galtee More.

The Cleveland Handicap Plate of 440 sovs.; the Sandall Mile.

Mr. W. M. Clarke's ch. c. Prince Barcaldine, by Barcaldine—St. Olive, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb.N. Robinson 1
Captain Bewicke's br. c. General Peace, 3 yrs., 6st. 11lb.Toon 2

- Mr. A. J. Schwabe's b. c. Marton,
4 yrs. 7st. 6lb. T. Loates 3
5 to 1 agst. Prince Barcardine.
The Tattersall Sale Stakes of 815 sovs.
for two-year-olds.
Mr. Martin D. Rucker's ch. f. Cup-
board Love, by Saraband—
Honey Cup, 8st. 6lb. ... C. Wood 1
Lord Penrhyn's ch. c. Palinurus,
8st. 9lb. M. Cannon 2
Mr. Prentice's ch. Filly by Swill-
ington—Samarra, 9st. 2lb.
O. Madden 3
5 to 1 agst. Cupboard Love.
- September 9.—The Rous Plate of 445
sovs., for two-year-olds; three-quarters
of a mile.
Captain Greer's br. c. Wildfowler,
by Gallinule—Tragedy, 8st. 7lb.
C. Wood 1
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's br. f. St.
Ia, 9st. 2lb. Rumbold 2
Mr. J. M. Hanbury's b. f. Tears
of Joy, 9st. T. Weldon 3
5 to 4 agst. Wildfowler.
The Alexandra Plate (Handicap), of
435 sovs.; last mile and a quarter,
over the Old Course.
Mr. Theobald's b. c. Phœbus
Apollo, by St. Simon—Poly-
nesia, 4 yrs., 7st. 6lb. ... Allsopp 1
Mr. Reid Walker's br. b. Dinna
Forget, 5 yrs., 8st. 8lb. C. Wood 2
Mr. W. M. Clarke's ch. c. Prince
Barcardine, 4 yrs., 8st. 6lb. (7
lb. ex.) N. Robinson 3
100 to 30 agst. Phœbus Apollo.
The Portland Plate of 710 sovs.; Red
House in.
Lord C. Montagu's br. c. Kilker-
ran, by Ayrshire—Maid of Lorn,
3 yrs., 7st. 1lb. N. Robinson 1
Lord Wolverton's b. h. Ugly, 5
yrs., 8st. 10lb. O. Madden 2
Captain Greer's br. h. Kilcock, 5
yrs., 9st. 13lb. J. Watts 3
10 to 1 agst. Kilkeran.
The Scarborough Stakes of 435 sovs.
for three-year-olds; the Sandall
Mile.
Mr. P. Lorillard's br. g. Sandia,
by The Sailor Prince—Saluda,
9st. 5lb. Wood 1
Mr. H. J. Higham's ch. c. Foston,
8st. 12lb. M. Cannon 2
Mr. E. Cassel's br. f. Duamia, 9st.
2lb. Bradford 3
5 to 2 agst. Sandia.
- September 10th.—The Doncaster Stakes
of 450 sovs. for three-year-olds;
one mile and a half, over the Old
Course.
Lord Alington's b. c. Butter, by
Springfield—Margarine, 8st. 12lb.
M. Cannon 1
- Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. or br. f.
Merle, 8st. 9lb. Rumbold 2
11 to 10 on Merle.
The Prince of Wales' Nursery Plate
(Handicap) of 885 sovs. for two-year-
olds; the Sandall Mile.
Mr. T. W. Ravis's ch. c. The Baker,
by Bread Knife—Crusado, 8st.
7lb. Lane 1
Sir J. Thursby's b. or br. f. Fox-
stones, 7st. 8lb. S. Chandley 2
Lord Durham's b. c. Lupin, 6st.
9lb. H. Jones 3
100 to 8 agst. The Baker.
- The Park Hill Stakes of 1,085 sovs.
for three-year-old fillies; Old St.
Leger Course (one mile six furlongs
132 yards).
Mr. Reid Walker's b. f. Galatia, by
Galopin—Pamela, 8st. 13lb.
C. Wood 1
Mr. John Osborne's ch. f. Laugh-
ing Girl, 8st. 10lb. ... F. Osborne 2
Mr. P. Buchanan's b. or br. f. un-
seen, 8st. 6lb. Lane 3
6 to 1 agst. Galatia.
- The Doncaster Cup of 590 sovs.;
about two miles, over the Old
Course.
Mr. J. C. Sullivan's ch. c. Wink-
field's Pride, by Winkfield—
Alimony, 4 yrs., 9st. 4lb.
M. Cannon 1
Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. c. Jaque-
mart, 3 yrs., 8st. 4lb. ... T. Loates 2
4 to 1 on Winkfield's Pride.
- The Westmoreland Plate (Handicap)
of 240 sovs.; the Sandall Mile.
Mr. J. Bibby's ch. m. Chin Chin,
by Philammon—Bye and Bye, 6
yrs., 8st. 13lb. F. Finlay 1
Lord Stanley's b. c. The Guide, 3
yrs., 7st. 6lb. N. Robinson 2
H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's
Safety Pin, 4 yrs., 9st. 3lb.
J. Watts 3
7 to 1 agst. Chin Chin.
- KEMPTON PARK.—SEPTEMBER
MEETING.
- September 11th.—The Kempton Park
September Nursery Handicap of
274 sovs.; five furlongs, on the
Straight Course.
Mr. C. D. Rose's ch. c. The Con-
vict, by Van Dieman's Land—
For Ever, 8st. 3lb. S. Loates 1
Mr. W. B. Purefoy's b. g. Prosser,
8st. Toon 2
Mr. T. Sherwood's b. f. Stream of
Gold, 7st. 11lb. Rumbold 3
100 to 9 agst. The Convict.

The Great Sale Plate (Handicap) of 985 sovs. ; "Jubilee" Course, one mile.

Mr. Jersey's br. g. Amberite, by Ayrshire—Cartridge, 4 yrs., 8st. 11lb. Sharples 1

Prince Soltyskoff's b. h. The Nipper, by Sheen—Nina, 5 yrs., 8st. 8lb. M. Cannon 2

Mr. W. Chatterton's b. m. Grasp, by Herald—Guarantee, aged, 8st. 6lb. Weldon 3
100 to 6 agst. Amberite.

The Danebury Handicap Plate of 272 sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. Jersey's ch. f. Dancing Wave, by Ocean Wave—Dance, 3 yrs., 6st. 3lb. H. Jones 1

Lord Derby's br. f. Carton Pierre, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb. (in. 10lb. ex.) T. Loates 2

Mr. D. Seymour's ch. f. Orange Lily, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb. ... S. Loates 3
10 to 1 agst. Dancing Wave.

WESTERN MEETING.—AYR.

September 16th.—The Juvenile Handicap of 5 sovs. each, with 200 sovs. added, for two-year-olds ; five furlongs.

Mr. W. R. Reid's b. or br. f. Record Reign, by Endurance—Volscian Queen, 7st. 9lb. S. Chandley 1

Mr. J. Wallace's br. c. Galileo, 7st. 6lb. Fiely 2

Mr. E. J. Percy's b. Gelding, by Brayton—Aston, 6st. 11lb. H. Jones 3

5 to 1 agst. Record Reign.

The Ayrshire Handicap Diamond Jubilee Plate of 1,000 sovs. ; about one mile and three furlongs.

Mr. R. Craig's b. c. Northern Farmer, by Laureate II.—Smock Frock, 3 yrs., 7st. 12lb. N. Robinson 1

Mr. A. Cohen's br. h. Green Lawn, 6 yrs., 9st. 7lb. J. Watts 2

Mr. S. M. Nolan's br. c. Drinnakever, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb. O. Madden 3
8 to 1 agst. Northern Farmer.

GREAT YARMOUTH MEETING.

September 15th.—The Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap of 415 sovs. ; one mile.

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's br. g. Kyoto, by Miguel—Lena, 4 yrs., 7st. 11lb. (car. 7st. 3lb.) ... Allsopp 1

Mr. C. Morbey's b. c. His Reverence, 4 yrs., 8st. 8lb. C. Wood 2

Mr. E. Foster's ch. c. Tambour, 4 yrs., 7st. Lounie 3
6 to 1 agst. Kyoto.

September 17th.—The Ayr Gold Cup of 270 sovs., about one mile 200 yds.
Mr. R. Ross's br. g. Athel by Adalring—Ada, aged, 7st. 9lb. Finlay
Mr. G. M. Inglis's b. h. Falsestep, 5 yrs., 7st. 3lb. S. Chandley
Mr. R. Craig's b. c. Northern Farmer, 3 yrs., 9st. N. Robinson
7 to 4 agst. Athel.

BIRMINGHAM.—SEPTEMBER MEETING.

September 20th.—The September Stakes (Handicap) of 267 sovs. ; 5 furlongs.

Mr. Murray Griffith's b. or br. f. Addio, by Adieu—Frolic, 3 yrs., 6st. 9lb. Hunt

Mr. E. J. Hobbs's b. h. Peopleton, 5 yrs., 7st. 6lb. Allsopp

Mr. D. Seymour's ch. c. Sirdar, 3 yrs., 9st. 2lb. S. Loates
100 to 12 agst. Addio.

CRICKET.

August 21st.—At Kennington Oval, Surrey v. Lancashire, former won by 6 wickets.

August 21st.—At Trent Bridge, Notts v. Middlesex, latter won by 56 runs.

August 21st.—At Bradford, Yorks v. Derbyshire, former won by 5 wickets.

August 25th.—At Clifton, Gloucestershire v. Surrey, latter won by an innings and 134 runs.

August 27th.—At Old Trafford, Lancashire v. Notts, former won by an innings and 60 runs.

August 28th.—At Scarborough, Yorks v. M.C.C. and Ground, former won by 69 runs.

August 28th.—At Lord's, Middlesex v. Kent, former won by 53 runs.

August 28th.—At Taunton, Somerset v. Surrey, former won by 66 runs.

August 28th.—At Southampton, Hampshire v. Leicestershire, former won by 6 wickets.

September 11th.—At Hastings, North v. South, former won by 8 wickets.

September 15th.—At Hastings, Gentlemen v. Players, latter won by 175 runs.

POLO.

August 21st.—At Phoenix Park, Dublin, Westmeath (holders) beat Sligo by 4 goals to 2 in the final heat, and retained the All-Ireland County Cup.

August 28th.—At Phoenix Park, Dublin, Rugby beat 13th Hussars by 5 goals to 2 and won the All Ireland Open Tournament.

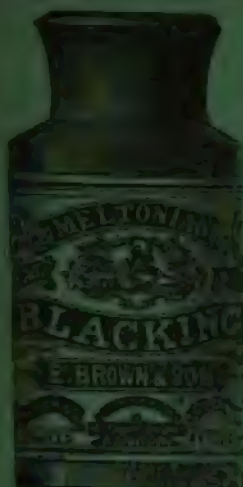
September 18th.—At Phoenix Park, Dublin, 6th (Inniskilling) Dragoons beat 13th Hussars, and won the All-Ireland Military Cup.

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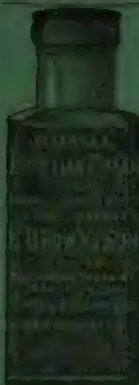
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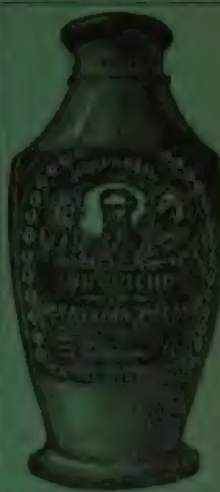
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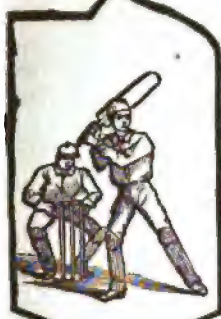
SPORTS and PASTIMES

NOVEMBER, 1897.

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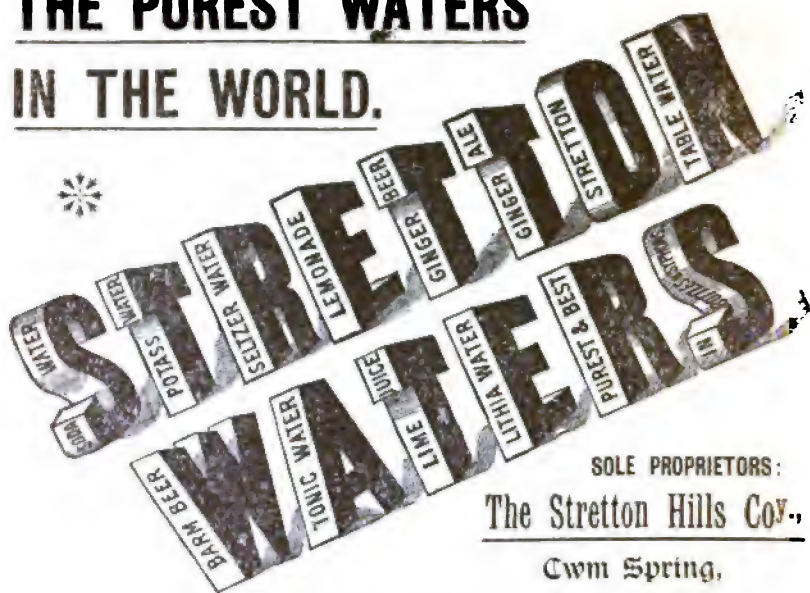
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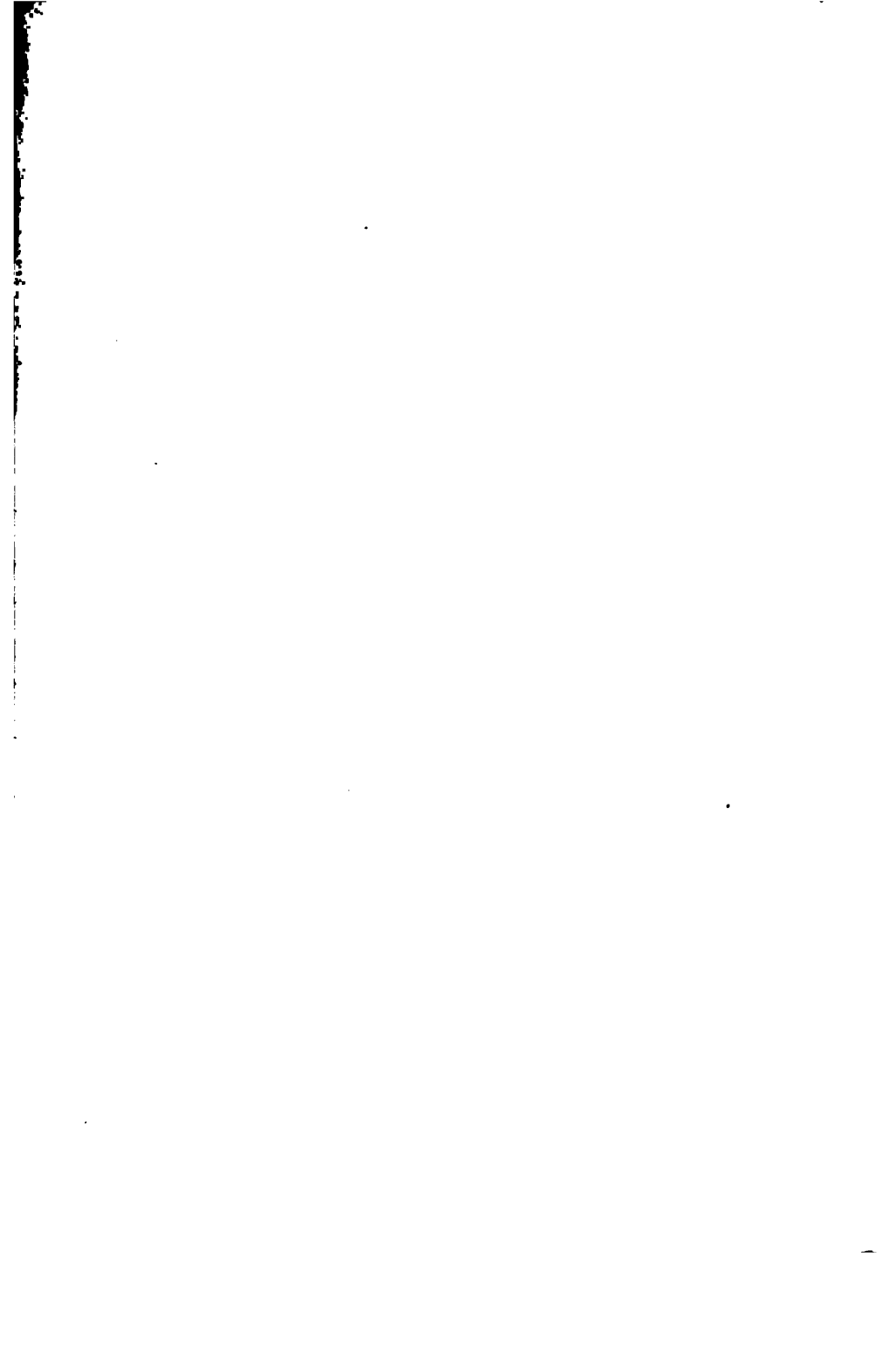
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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

PORTS AND PASTIMES

2. 453.

NOVEMBER, 1897.

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WITH

Steel engraved Portrait of SIR GILBERT GREENALL, BART. Engravings:—FROM SCENT TO VIEW, THE END, THE DEATH, GOLDFINDER, GAME COCKS —GINGER RED, AND BIRCHIN YELLOW.

Sir Gilbert Greenall, Bart.

To make one's bow as a Master of Foxhounds, and to find oneself, at the age of thirty, at once Master of the Belvoir, is perhaps a record in fox-hunting undertakings, yet this is what has been accomplished by the genial gentleman whose name is written at the head of this page. The distinction of stepping at once to the headship of an historic hunt like the Belvoir is a great one, as never before has the mastership of this famous pack gone a-begging as it virtually did when the Duke

of Rutland gave up the country. For over a century and a half has the Belvoir been in one family, for although on two occasions it has called in extraneous assistance, in each case the regency has been a matter of family arrangement. One or two candidates there were for the post, but from one reason and another negotiations fell through, and but for a purely chance circumstance Sir Gilbert might not now be master of this famous pack. A younger son of the shires once

told us how Sir Gilbert, thinking that he would correct his taste with a hunt outside his usual area, eventually boxed his horses for the Belvoir country, and during a run which ensued some one asked who the stranger was. The question was answered, and some one observed, "Why should not he do for our master?" Sundry negotiations followed; difficulties were surmounted, and—*la voilà*—the new Master is beginning his second season.

With these preliminary observations let us proceed to tell who Sir Gilbert Greenall is when he is at home. He is son of the late Sir Gilbert Greenall, who was made a baronet in 1876, and whom he succeeded in 1894. The first baronet was Deputy Lieutenant for Lancashire, and J.P. for that county and Cheshire, in both of which counties he held large estates which have descended to his son; he likewise represented Warrington in the Conservative interest from 1847 to 1868, and again from 1874 to 1880. The subject of this notice, however, though a Conservative, has not as yet taken any active interest in politics, having several other hobbies to ride. The Master of the Belvoir is one more on the list of masters of foxhounds who were nursed at Eton, and very early in life gained his first experience of hunting under that most popular M.F.H., the late Captain Park Yates, of the North Cheshire, and that master of the art of hunting and famous hound-breeder, the late John Jones, Captain Park Yates' huntsman. In due course he built him a house close to Tarporley, managed the covert fund for some time, and wore a green collar, one of the proudest distinctions which Cheshire has to bestow.

His accession to the mastership

of the Belvoir has already been mentioned. Frank Gillard, who for something like a quarter of a century had showed famous sport, and bred hounds in the most successful manner, was retiring, and the new master had to look out for a new huntsman. Sir Gilbert himself was practically a stranger to the district, and with a staff new to the country it cannot be said that he entered upon his duties amid the easiest possible surroundings. He, however, made an excellent choice when he engaged Ben Capell, who had for some time hunted the Blankney under Major Tempest. Both master and huntsman pinned their faith on the old Blankney and Belvoir blood; and on this basis built up an excellent pack of hounds, while from the Wellington Vale and the coverts adjacent thereto the Blankney at times ran into the Belvoir country, and so in one way and another Ben Capell may be said to have served a very useful apprenticeship to the post of huntsman to the Belvoir. Anyhow, the first season's sport was quite up to the mark, in spite of the difficulty of dealing with a country so wide-stretching as that over which the Belvoir hunt.

We believe we are correct in saying that one of the obstacles to Sir Gilbert Greenall taking the country when negotiations were first opened was the difficulty of finding a dwelling-place within reasonable distance of the kennels, and of procuring at the same time suitable stabling. Through the kindly co-operation of the Duke of Rutland the difficulty of finding a site was overcome, and with a marvellous rapidity which reminds one of the building of the Warwickshire kennels in Mr. Spencer Lucy's time, there sprang up a fine range of stabling and

a house for Sir Gilbert, the walls of the latter being adorned with a good collection of sporting pictures.

Many people who have not known Sir Gilbert Greenall as a hunting man, are acquainted with him as a frequent and eminently successful exhibitor at horse shows. Brood mares, hunters, Hackneys, hacks, ponies, and harness horses have carried off many prizes, and the same good judgment which has marked the selection of horses for the show ring has also been characteristic of the choice of the hunting stud. No man who can afford a good horse rides a bad one; and so it need hardly be stated that the horses for the master's riding are the best that money can procure; but Sir Gilbert is also mindful of the fact that men who have to risk their necks in the performance of their duties should not be badly mounted, and so it comes about that no huntsmen or whippers-in have better cattle to ride than have Ben Capell and his assistants, while they are turned out in workmanlike style, and with an entire absence of ostentation. The house and stables, by the way, are at Woolsthorpe, about seven miles from Grantham, and the task of transporting the hounds and horses to distant fixtures is considerably modified by the fact that there is a railway station within a few hundred yards of the stables.

Horse-breeding in various forms has for a long time been a favourite pursuit with the subject of this memoir, and it is possible that the kennel stables may at no distant date, if they do not do so already, include several home-bred hunters. Some excellent land in Norfolk forms a healthy home for brood mares, and thence the young stock are transferred to

Tissington, Ashbourne, Derbyshire, where about a thousand acres of limestone, the best soil in the world for horse-breeding and horse-rearing operations, also find a home for Hackneys, stallions, mares and ponies.

In the showyard Sir Gilbert Greenall is well known. He shows pretty well every class of stock. Hunters, hacks, and harness horses have won for him over and over again, while at Walton, Warrington, cattle and pigs are bred in large numbers; and at the Royal and other important shows Sir Gilbert has been most successful.

The majority of the show horses that Sir Gilbert has brought out have been maidens or nearly so, and thus all the honour and pleasure of his selection and judgment have been enjoyed by him. The late Sir Gilbert in his younger days was very fond of exhibiting pedigree stock of all kinds from his herds and flocks at Walton, and therefore the present owner of Walton succeeded to his late father's tastes as well as his estates. Scarlet, Devonian, The Creeper, Whiteface, &c., have done good service for Sir Gilbert this year in the Hunter show-ring, and have generally been right in front, whilst he has been represented by only one hack, and has shown no harness horses this year. The hack Daisy Bell came out a four-year-old maiden at the London spring show, had her first win, and has continued her success all through the season. An estimate of the success of this stud in past years may be gathered from the fact that in 1893 and 1894 Sir Gilbert's animals attended 46 shows, and returned with 12 championships, 5 reserves to champions, 163 firsts, 63 seconds, and 23 third prizes. In 1895, with almost an entirely new lot of animals, he at 16 shows, won 6

championships, 2 reserves to champions, 66 firsts, 27 seconds, and 6 third prizes; in May, 1896, owing to his acceptance of the Mastership of the Belvoir, he sent two of the seven show ponies and harness horses with which he had been so successful to the stud, and the remaining five he sold at Aldridge without reserve, and they realised an average of 490 gs. each.

The sires kept at Sir Gilbert's stud farm, Terrington, Norfolk, include the thoroughbred hunter sire Ruddigore, by Thurio—Blood Red, by Lord Lyon—Rouge Rose (the dam of Bend Or); he is own brother to Royal Red. Himself a good racehorse, he has got good show stock. The Hackney sires are Goldfinder VI. (by Danegelt—Lily of the Valley, by Denmark—

Crompton's bay mare), for which Sir Gilbert gave 3,000 gs.; Contest, by Lord Derby II.—Snowdrop, by Denmark—Empress, by Fireaway—Poll III; this latter mare is the dam of the other sire at Terrington—Caxton, and he is a son of Triffitt's Fireaway. The pony sires in Derbysire are first, the twice champion at London, and many other prizes—Sir Horace, Sir George II., and Sir Gibbie, the last-named a pony which Sir Gilbert brought back from America two years ago, where he had proved a great winner and success at the stud.

At the moment of writing masters of hounds are crying out for rain, and when it comes the Belvoir will no doubt enjoy its full share of sport.

Belvoir Reminiscences.

QUITE one of the historic, as well as one of the most liberally maintained hunts of England, one may well feel some sensation of surprise that Peter Beckford of revered memory should not have made mention of it. In Beckford's time it may very well be doubted whether there were a dozen really well-established packs of foxhounds in England. At any rate, that great master of the craft, so far as I remember, mentions Mr. Meynell's alone. Yet two decades before the "Primate of the Science" began in 1750, as a mere lad—he could not have been more than twenty years of age—to hunt what is now the Quorn country, the Belvoir had been started in a business-like fashion which has perhaps never been beaten from that day to this. The Brocklesby and Lord Monson were hunting in Lincolnshire, and

the Duke of Richmond was at the head of a grand pack of hounds in Sussex, when in the year 1730 a syndicate of five, prompted no doubt by the then Duke of Rutland, who was one of the number, determined upon establishing a pack of foxhounds to hunt the Belvoir country, and these five sportsmen set about their business by drawing up articles of agreement which for attention to detail were perhaps never surpassed by any of those drawn up in connection with any contest for the pugilistic championship of England, or any other event of the sporting world. To get at the precise origin of any hunt is difficult, because although, as in the case of the Belvoir, what appears to be a starting point is discovered, the chances are that the arrangement was merely one which placed or a more definite and satisfac-

tory footing some hunting establishment which had been previously in existence.

The Lords of Belvoir, seeing the great possibilities of the country, had no doubt kept hounds to hunt over Rutlandshire and Lincolnshire; and the name of John, Duke of Rutland, stands at the head of the five who took this new departure, his colleagues being George, Earl of Cardigan; Baptist, Earl of Gainsborough; John, Lord Gower, and Scrope, Lord Howe. These good sportsmen agreed that each of them should annually place in the hands of "Alderman Child, of Temple Bar, by two payments the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds" towards defraying the annual expenses of the hounds, horses, and all other incidental charges; but there was the further proviso that if, at the end of the season, the sum subscribed should be found insufficient the deficiency should be made good by the syndicate; but if, on the other hand, there were any surplus—only fancy a surplus in the Belvoir country on a subscription of seven hundred and fifty pounds a year!—it should be equally divided.

The capital being thus provided, the agreement proceeded to state that the hounds should not exceed twenty inches in height, $8\frac{1}{2}$ couples in number, or exactly half the number Beckford himself was wont to take into the field. If, however, the Belvoir establishment was somewhat short of hounds, it amply made up for the deficiency by the strength of the staff. As already mentioned, there were five proprietors or masters, and the agreement entered into between them provided for one huntsman, six whippers-in, and two cooks, to be chosen, turned off, paid and disposed of by the majority of the party. If

we only knew it, the five noble lords and their one huntsman were doubtless equivalent to six huntsmen, and the proceedings in the field possibly resembled those of the earlier trencher-fed packs with which every man hunted his own hound. If, however, the party of five helped the solitary huntsman in his field operations, there was a division of labour in other respects, for the document in question provided that during the season, for a week at a time, each member should see to the stopping of the earths, management of the hounds and horses, the appointing the places of meeting, and the hour of meeting. From this it seems tolerably clear that in the year 1730 hunting was very much what shooting is now. Men either kept hounds at their sole cost, or a few friends subscribed to keep a pack together, just as a gunner of to-day may either rent a shooting himself or make one of a co-operative party.

As advertising the fixtures was unknown in those days, the clause providing that the regulation of the hours at which hounds should meet should be within the power of the chairman of the week must have been productive of no little inconvenience to those who were not previously apprised of the week's plans; for, while one of the masters might favour a seven or eight o'clock gathering, another might regard ten o'clock as a suitable hour for meeting. At any rate, with five masters, seven hunt servants, and a couple of cooks the Belvoir must be accounted as having been exceptionally blessed in numbers, and they appear to have had good sport from first to last. After a season or two, however, one partner dropped out and then another, until the Duke of Rutland found himself the survivor of the party,

and no sooner were the reins in his own hand than he expended more money on the hunt than the confederacy had done, though they discovered that a hundred and fifty pounds apiece would not cover the outgoings. The careful breeding of hounds, however, appears to have characterised the Belvoir kennel almost from the outset, as in 1756 there is an entry in the kennel-book that they crossed with a hound belonging to "Old Noel," as Mr. Noel, the veteran master of the Cottesmore, was called. Each succeeding master and each huntsman bestowed unlimited pains upon the kennel, yet the Belvoir hounds have never sent any representatives to Peterborough, though their blood is probably found in every kennel in England. Some one writing about the Belvoir a good many years ago said that neither master nor huntsman changed much oftener than about twice in a century; and if this be not strictly correct, it may at least be admitted that changes have been few and far between. For several years in the last century Newman was huntsman, and he was in office until 1805, when Shaw—"Gentleman" Shaw—succeeded, and hunted the Belvoir till the year 1816, when the famous Goosey, who became whipper-in in 1794, was promoted, and it was not until the year 1842 that he retired, so that had he continued in active service for another two years he would have completed his fifty years with the pack. Five seasons prior to Goosey's retirement, which the weight of increasing years rendered necessary, William Goodall joined as whipper-in, and he was made huntsman in Goosey's place, and rapid indeed was his rise, for after beginning to ride second horse at the age of eleven he be-

came huntsman to the Belvoir at four or five and twenty, and it is a curious fact that more than one of the Goodall family have attained to the highest position while comparatively young.

The successor to Will Goodall, who died in 1859, was James Cooper, who, being born in Scotland, began his hunting experience North of the Tweed with the harriers kept by Mr. Urquhart at Meldrum; and then, "to steady him from hare," he was for five years under merry John Walker, with the Fife. Coming South, he whipped-in to the Burton and the Brocklesby, and so obtained a very good insight into Lincolnshire, into which county the Belvoir country extends, and at Belvoir Castle he ultimately arrived, to make way in turn for Frank Gillard, whose long tenure of office is fresh in the recollection of all. It is probable that the Belvoir kennel first became famous for its rich tan through resorting to Lord Monson's kennel, for that Lincolnshire master prided himself upon his black and tan pack; but crosses were also made with the Brocklesby (then Mr. Pelham's). On Mr. Heron giving up the Cheshire Hounds in 1818 his pack was secured for Belvoir.

Until the present Duke gave up the country there have been two breaks only in the rule of the Dukes of Rutland. The third Duke, after hunting all his life, died, a grand advertisement for the Chase, at the age of 83, in 1799, and his successor dying young, a dozen years had to elapse before his son came of age, and during this period a Committee, with Sir Carnaby Haggerston at its head, carried on the affairs of the hunt, while when the Duke ultimately resigned in 1830 or 1831 Lord Forester became master with the idea that he should continue in

office only until the Marquis of Granby attained his majority, but it ended in his remaining at the head of the pack for twenty-eight years.

Lord Forester died on the 10th October, 1874, at Willey Park, Shropshire, in the 74th year of his age, after having lived for some years in comparative seclusion. He was the son of the first Lord, perhaps better known as Cecil Forester, that hard rider who was continually a thorn in the side of Mr. Meynell, who used to say, "First out of covert comes Cecil Forester, then the fox, and next my hounds." The second Lord Forester was no more than about thirty years old when he became master in charge of the Belvoir, and he was immensely popular with all classes, for he was a grand sportsman and a most cultured and courteous gentleman. In 1857 or 1858 he married the widow of Lord Melbourne, and he was in the spring of 1858 presented at Syston with a testimonial which represented in silver a scene with the Belvoir Hounds. Will Goodall was represented as dislodging a fox from a chestnut-tree in Croxton Park; the Duke of Rutland, Lord Forester, Sir Thomas Whichcote, and Mr. Lichford (the father of the hunt) being grouped around, while a few couples of favourite hounds were present. Like most of the Foresters, the second lord did not want for good looks, and when he was just at his best his face and figure were exactly caught by Mr. (afterwards Sir Francis) Grant in his picture of the Melton Breakfast, though as a matter of fact Lord Forester was, as may be supposed, more often with the Belvoir than with the Quorn.

Even in so well-managed a hunt as the Belvoir, however, things do not appear always to have run quite smoothly, and in

the year 1810 the Duke of Rutland had to encounter the opposition to hunting of a kinsman, believed to have been Sir William Manners, who put forth a notice stating: "The Lord of the Manor of Grantham having for years sustained incalculable damages from the depredations of the Belvoir hounds, whose country his estates intersect in almost every direction, yet whose proprietor has thought proper to oppose him on every occasion but one at Grantham, without owning there even an hundredth part so much property as the Lord of the Manor, Notice is hereby given, that prosecutions similar to those so successfully carried on last year in Hertfordshire (*Essex v. Capell* and others) will be rigorously commenced against any person hunting with the above hounds who shall trespass on the land of the Lord of the Manor of Grantham." Then follows a list of upwards of thirty parishes in which the Lord of the Manor held lands which were to be avoided, and the notice concluded with an intimation that all informers would be handsomely rewarded, but that they should be most particular as to names and dates. This precious document, however, does not appear to have very much interfered with the sport of the Belvoir, though hounds had sometimes to be whipped off.

Sir William Manners paid the expenses incurred by any of his tenants who would bring actions for trespass against the Duke of Rutland, and at the Rutlandshire Summer Assizes the Duke had to stand the racket of thirty-five actions for trespass. The cause, or one of the causes, of Sir William's hatred to hunting was that he had been a candidate for the Borough of Grantham, and the Duke "had started a fox

against him." The Duke of Rutland compromised the thirty-five actions by then allowing Sir William Manners to return his own member for Grantham, and, so far as I know, that was the first instance of a member being introduced into the House through hunting.

Twenty-two years later, soon after Lord Forester became master, the Belvoir came to loggerheads with Lord Harborough, of Stapleford Park. The family had kept foxhounds in earlier years, and it was while hunting with Lord Harborough's hounds that Lord Foley, before he became master of the Quorn, met with a bad accident. "That ornament to the British peerage," as a contemporary writer called Lord Harborough, told Lord Forester that he was going to bring an action against him and the Duke of Rutland for damages caused by the passage of the Belvoir Hounds, whereupon Lord Forester wrote a most courteous and apologetic letter explaining the circumstances in which the trespass occurred, expressing his regret and stating that he would do all in his power to prevent hounds and field again entering the park, and he concluded by expressing a hope that he would not go on with his threatened action. To this polite message "the erudite Earl" returned an answer which is worth quoting *in extenso*. It ran: "My Lord, I am extremely sorry to be obliged to pursue the course I have taken. I never intended to interfere with any of the packs of hounds in this country without the conduct of the *feilds* attending them *obliged me to do*. I had not only the walks of my shrubbery torn up and my shooting spoilt, but because my servants did their duty they were abused for it. I shall

certainly go on with action, not with any vindictive feeling, but solely to try *whether* fox-hunting is to be considered by *any one* who *come* to Melton as right, or whether it is necessary to fall in with the wishes of the proprietor of the land."

The action was eventually brought at the Leicester Summer Assizes, 1832. Serjeant Goulbourn, himself a good sportsman and horseman, was counsel for Lord Forester, and after listening to the opening speech of Mr. Clarke, who appeared for Lord Harborough, the Serjeant said: "I was rather ashamed to hear my learned friend declare that these hounds were following vermin, and that the gentlemen were dressed in uniform for the purpose of hunting those vermin; my learned friend in this respect talks like an old woman." However, the "old woman's" client gained the day, the jury finding a verdict for Lord Harborough for three and twenty shillings as a solatium for having his privacy invaded. Lord Forester, realising that it was of no use to kick against the pricks, issued a circular in which he requested all his followers to abstain from entering on any land belonging to Lord Harborough, and it appears to have been something like twelve years before the bar was removed, and then it was to a qualified extent only; but after Lord Harborough's death his widow, in the most handsome manner possible, gave orders that the coverts which Lord Harborough had virtually destroyed should be carefully tended, and she further notified that both the Quorn and the Belvoir packs would be welcome whenever they found it necessary to enter the park. It was as nearly as possible a year after the date on which the damage in

respect of which the action was brought that the Duke of Rutland celebrated his 55th birthday, the hounds meeting on that occasion at Coverley, a village about four miles from Belvoir Castle, a place commanding an uninterrupted view over the Vale of Belvoir. In honour of the occasion a huge field was present, and among the house party was the Duke of Wellington, who, contrary to his usual custom, turned out in tops and scarlet, and is said to have ridden with his accustomed boldness; but a few years later, when he again met the Duke's hounds, he was glad to hunt on wheels for a part of the day, but the Duke had been a frequent visitor at Belvoir, and hunted as often as possible, sometimes going out with the Quorn. The late Duke of Rutland could, when he liked, be very epigrammatic. One day on meeting the Quorn detachment at Denton he greeted them with: "So I hear that you fellows rode over all my best country yesterday morning; went back to Melton to lunch, and rode over the hounds all the afternoon." On two occasions at least the Quorn and Belvoir packs have met, and in December, 1884, as many readers may remember, the two packs clashed and ran together for forty minutes, killing their fox at the end.

Whenever opportunity permitted of his being present there was no better man over the Belvoir country or any other part of Leicestershire than Lord Charles Somerset Manners, who died in 1855 in the 74th year of his age. All his life he was enthusiastic in the cause of hunting, and when in the 3rd Light Dragoons was noted for his bold and skilful horsemanship even in that distinguished corps, which he accompanied to the Peninsula, and

one day while there he came upon a French cavalry picket, who at once gave chase. A fair-sized brook came in the line of Lord Charles's retreat, and over this obstacle his practised English hunter hopped easily enough, and when the gallant officer found himself safe on the other side he bade his pursuers adieu, for he was out of range by that time. The incident just narrated gave rise to the publication of a caricature called "A Belvoir Leap"; or, "Teaching the French Good Manners," the original of which was in the possession of his lordship's godson, Mr. Charles D. Johnson.

Did space permit it would be easy to wander on to any length about the lesser known incidents in connection with a hunt so rich in history as the Belvoir; but this article must not close without making mention of one who was for some time a prominent figure in it — James Thomas Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan, who was born in 1797 and died in 1868. He did not obtain his commission in the 8th Hussars until he was twenty-seven years old, and a Hussar he continued to be until the last day of his life, save for two not very long breaks. In every way he was an excellent sportsman, but cared nothing for betting or any kind of gambling, devoting all his spare time to field sports. Shooting he liked as an amusement, but he did not make it an absorbing pursuit. "I am not a jealous shot," he used to say of himself, "only a rapacious one"; but hunting was his chief amusement, and with his spare frame and length of limb he was built for the saddle. He was a particularly fine and bold horseman, so bold indeed that he had any number of falls, but his equanimity was never

disturbed. One of the worst falls he ever sustained was when he tried to jump a gate into the Uppingham Road at the end of a good run. His horse came down and his rider was motionless and senseless for something like twenty-four hours. In the Crimea his fine horsemanship is said to have stood him in good stead on more than one occasion; and I remember when quite young seeing a panorama of the Crimean War with Lord Cardigan represented as leaping over some Russian guns.

One day Lord Cardigan and his relative, Mr. Wilbraham Tollemache, as fine a horseman as ever climbed into a saddle, had been chaffing each other who would go best in any run which might ensue. A good fox was found and away went the pair. Presently the river Wreake came in the line and both charged it,

Lord Cardigan being rather in front, and got in. Lord Cardigan was such a poor swimmer that even with nothing on he would hardly have been safe, and encumbered with boots and breeches and a hunting coat, he narrowly escaped drowning; but on finding himself on *terra firma* he turned to his relative: "Mind, Wilbraham, I was in first." From this and many other perils—the Charge of the Light Brigade, for instance—Lord Cardigan escaped, yet his death was a sad one. On March 27th, 1868, he had ridden out to say a few kind words to the bereaved family of a late retainer, and on the way his horse, young and fresh, reared up, came over backwards and badly crushed Lord Cardigan! Help was at hand in a moment, but it came too late, and Lord Cardigan never spoke again.

W. C. A. B.

How to Show Foxes;

OR,

THE DUTIES OF EARTH-STOPPERS.

THERE is nothing more provoking for those who preserve foxes on a liberal scale than to see hounds draw their coverts "blank." To the field in general it is disappointing enough to experience a blank day, and even the hounds are miserable. But the covert owner, who perhaps knows that he has at least one fox for every ten acres of woodland, is in the depths of despair. And yet there is nothing so remarkable about this difficulty in finding foxes, when the following facts are taken into consideration.

Like rabbits, foxes live under-

ground in the daytime. When a rabbit shoot is meditated, a good keeper takes care that no holes are left into which bunny may stow himself away. In fact, he does everything he can to *show* his rabbits. But with foxes, for some unaccountable reason, practically no steps are taken beyond stopping well-known earths. The result is that half the foxes in a covert are never hunted, and many a place is drawn blank time after time, simply for want of a little management and foresight. What are the best means of *showing* foxes and ensuring a find? "'Tis not

for mortal to command success"; at all events let us leave no stone unturned in endeavouring to do our best to deserve it. In most hunting countries, earths are stopped by the keepers on the different estates.

A good, conscientious keeper is absolutely indispensable if the earth-stopping is to be properly performed. The temptation to "put to" in the morning instead of "stopping out" overnight, is often too great for ordinary human nature. (The term "put to" is used when earths are stopped in the morning.) As long as there is no fear of detection, a man who is either lazy or unscrupulous will *not* walk two or three miles on a soaking winter's night, more especially if there be any uncertainty as to whether the hounds will come to his coverts or not. The writer was once warned by a friendly farmer that the earths were not stopped in his coverts until eight o'clock on the morning of hunting. He therefore made an expedition about midnight to see for himself. Much to his surprise everything was as it should be; but the dreariness of that midnight walk will ever remain impressed on his memory. The wind was north-east and the earths visited were situated in small isolated coverts on the bleak Cotswold table-land. The only wonder is that these sort of places ever get stopped.

It would be a capital plan if somebody from the kennels could be told off to supervise the earth-stopping. Even if a man only went once a year to see if the earths were unstopped, the mere fact of the remote *possibility* of his coming would have a most salutary effect.

When Dr. Warre first became head-master of Eton, a printed notice was found affixed to the

outside of the copy-books served out to the whole school: "This book will be inspected by the head-master." These were the ominous words. Now, as far as I am aware, during the years I remained at Eton this inspection never came off. But there is no doubt that instead of the usual scribblings and caricatures of various masters which had usually adorned our copy-books, everything would have been found in apple-pie order. Nor would the average earth-stopper perform his duties any the worse if he were subject to the supervision of the hunt servants, even though that supervision were practically a nominal one. Manifold are the theories as to the best hour for stopping the earths. Some old-fashioned sportsmen have their earths stopped at four o'clock in the morning. Others go to the opposite extreme and shut the earths an hour or so after sunset; they will tell you that a fox comes out directly it is dark, and if he catches a rabbit will straightway return to his kennel. Neither of these plans are to be commended.

Foxes are on the prowl the best part of the night, and the safest plan is to "stop" not earlier than three hours after sunset. From eight o'clock till eleven, according to the time of year, would find four foxes out of five above ground, and it is better to stop late at night rather than too early in the evening. Ten o'clock is a good average time.

Absolute silence must be an earthstopper's chief maxim when approaching earths situated in small bare coverts with a view to stopping them. If possible he should go "up wind" to them; for if a fox be anywhere near the mouth of an earth, and he hears the thud of a man's step approaching, he will assuredly go to ground;

the result next day is "a blank." How many foxes are repeatedly stopped in from this cause alone it is impossible to say.

The old plan of having an earth-stopper attached to the kennels and dispensing with the services of the keepers is not often adopted nowadays, because it is so important in these game-preserving days to enlist the sympathies of keepers, by paying them so much a year to stop the earths, or a sum per head for every fox found on their beat. And it is almost impossible for one man to be acquainted with every rabbit burrow in the country large enough to hold a fox.

"Tom" Smith, in his very excellent work entitled the "Diary of a Huntsman," strongly advocates the method of bolting all foxes out of their earths at the beginning of the season and blocking up every hole for the rest of the winter, only opening them again at the end of February when the vixens are ready to lay up. He asserts that where in previous years blank days had been very common, on adopting this plan he had *no difficulty in finding foxes*. Indeed, not only were they more readily found, but they also ran very much straighter.

A very strong argument in favour of this plan is the fact that Delmé Radcliffe, who in his well-known work on fox-hunting is nearly always at variance with Tom Smith, in this point thoroughly endorses his rival's view, and emphatically asserts that it does *not* drive foxes away into other countries.

If an M.F.H. could make an arrangement with neighbouring hunts to carry out this plan on a large scale, there is not the slightest doubt that sport would be vastly improved.

Keepers should keep a sharp

look-out in quarries and large rabbit burrows for places big enough for a fox to work into. Instances have often been known, in which coverts have been drawn blank time after time, and a terrier has ultimately dislodged two or three foxes from a large rabbit hole. Such places should be carefully blocked up, after making sure, by the use of terriers, and it necessary by digging, that no foxes remain.

After a spell of dry weather foxes are notoriously difficult to find. The reason is that they can then go to ground in any sort of drain, as long as the water does not run through it. Many a drain which runs under roads, and is usually filled with water, becomes dry in March, and here Reynard takes up his quarters—if he has not already been stopped into his own earth.

It is the duty of the earth-stopper to know every drain or hole in the neighbourhood, wherein a fox can stow himself away. March 1st is quite early enough for keepers to give up stopping the earths overnight. February is usually the best hunting month, and it is a thousand pities for fear of hunting a vixen, to cease "stopping out" during that month. Yet many keepers are in the habit of merely "putting to" in February, in order (as they say) to preserve the vixens from being hunted.

There is one more point with regard to earths, and we have done with this branch of the subject. In places where there are artificial earths, foxes are purposely stopped in, so that when the hounds come, a terrier may be put into the drain, and a fox bolted. This is a bad plan. In the first place, it is not the true sport. In the second, after being bolted once or twice, a fox gets

cunning and will not go. He fights with the terrier, and after half-an-hour or more, comes out and gives a short ringing run. Foxes bolted from drains almost invariably run in a bad ringing fashion, and dodge and twist so much that hounds cannot hunt them.

Foxes are very fond of lying out in the open in fine weather, or in November when the leaf is dropping. They generally choose some wild spot wide of the usual beaten paths, which a huntsman is in the habit of taking from covert to covert.

It is seldom possible to draw turnip and swede fields on the chance of an outlying fox. A good keeper should know the whereabouts of all outlying foxes, and on the morning of hunting he should go with two or three other hands, and endeavour to drive them into the coverts. If he leave them on the chance of being able to take the hounds out of their ordinary draw to some remote spot, it is ten to one that Reynard is not there when wanted. Outlying foxes have a knack of slipping away when hounds are drawing neighbouring coverts; but they will not go very far away if disturbed by men walking over the fields, and will probably be found in the coverts. A favourite dodge of old foxes is to get up a tree or into the hollow of an old pollard when they find themselves "stopped out."

A man who is anxious to ensure a find, should know of every tree on his beat in which a fox might lie. One of the best foxes I ever knew, used to lie inside an old hollow trunk that had fallen to the ground in the middle of a grass field. He was poked out with a stick when the hounds were drawing a covert close at hand, and a rare dance he led us.

Another likely place is the down-wind side of an isolated hay or barley rick. One often sees the "form" of a fox scooped out on the ground at the edge of a rick. No snugger place could be found. Any old thatched roof of a farm building that has fallen into disuse is capable of sheltering a fox, and a sharp look-out must be kept in these sort of places, if a find is to be rendered anything of a certainty, in a country where coverts are thin in undergrowth and of no great extent.

From what has been said it will easily be seen that the keen fox preserver and his keeper have a good deal to do besides "stopping the earth," if foxes are to be "shown" when the hounds come to draw. In large woodlands as long as keepers have definite instructions that foxes are to be the main consideration, it is easy enough to secure a find. But it is in those small isolated coverts and spinnies which are to be seen in most of the best hunting countries, that the field are so anxious to find a fox. For they know that, given the desired element, hounds must "get away at his brush," and a gallop of some sort *must* follow. What is the cause of so many snug-looking six-acre fox coverts being drawn blank so often in the course of a season? There has been a litter of cubs bred there, a lovely country lies all around, and on the opening day hounds go through it without a whimper. Is it disturbed by gunners or by the systematic poaching of rabbits? Are the earths properly stopped, and if so are there quarries or rabbit holes where the foxes can get in? Do the starlings drive foxes away, or is it too cold and deficient in undergrowth? Is there a supply of water fairly handy? Has the covert

been stained by one or more cubs being killed in it during the cubbing season? Or does the keeper destroy foxes wholesale? All these questions pass in rapid succession through the minds of many an M.F.H. ere the hunting season is three weeks old, but it is seldom that any satisfactory conclusion is arrived at. There is a covert of this kind in the thoughts of the writer at the present moment. In this case the situation is all against showing foxes. It is on the outskirts of a hunt, so that any earths in the neighbouring hunt are naturally open.

Then again, not one hundred yards from the covert is a large wired-in fowl-run, into which foxes have been known to find their way. The owner of the fowl-run is a sportsman and a gentleman, but still the two things—foxes and fowls—don't go together.

Lastly, the covert is on a bleak table-land, and though surrounded by a dry wall, it is hardly warm enough to kennel a fox. Foxes must be sheltered from the wind. Two cubs were chopped inside the covert in October, it is only four acres in extent, and we have four excellent reasons for not finding.

In the case of this covert, which almost entirely consists of larch trees about fifteen feet high, the writer has adopted the following method during the last few months. The lower limbs of the trees have been cracked and bent downwards, so that under every tree there is a warm snug hiding-place, capable of sheltering a fox in the coldest weather. A few days before penning this, three foxes were seen in this covert; but, as the hounds have not drawn it since the experiment was tried, it is not possible to say at present whether it is a success or not,

It is given for what it is worth, should any covert owner who does not mind spoiling the shape of his larch or spruce care to give it a trial. My experience is that foxes do not care very much for coverts formed of larch and spruce; blackthorn, gorse, privet and such like shrubs, form far the best coverts where they will grow.

It is wonderful what can be done in the way of showing foxes by the exercise of common sense and a little trouble, even in the smallest spinnies.

When the landlord is an absentee, and the place is let to a tenant, with the sporting rights over the manor, in nine cases out of ten the timber is neglected. Every ten or twelve years coverts of underwood require cutting. But if the owner neglect his woods, and the undergrowth dwindles away until there is nothing to hold either game or foxes, let us not despair.

Much may be done at a very small cost in the way of cutting and layering underwood. In the worst cases the elder will be found growing freely. True, it is only a weed amongst shrubs, but it forms an excellent substitute for other underwood. It grows anywhere, even under trees; and when "cut and layered," it will shoot and spread in the most marvellous way. A bare cold wood can be made a sure find by merely "spreading" the elder. It should not be "laid" too close to the earth, but cut two or three feet from the ground, so as to allow plenty of room underneath for foxes to move about. It is hardly necessary to explain that the bough must not be cut right through and killed, but merely cracked and bent downwards till the point touches the soil. Ash may also be successfully treated in this way. Thorns and faggots are sometimes

drawn into bare coverts to make shelter for foxes. Unless they are very carefully laid, they do more harm than good. The faggots should be placed in rows on the ground forming runs, and the brushwood heaped on the top. If the faggots are piled up anyhow, a fox can get in the middle of the "stick-heap" and stay there. Not even a terrier will dislodge him from a badly-built "stick-heap." Unless the huntsman stands by and makes his hounds draw a place of this sort, a fox may lie motionless on a moderate scenting-day and escape altogether. Hounds do not care to face these thorns. Another drawback is, that stick-heaps require renewing every three or four years. If well managed, and properly drawn by the huntsman, a place of this sort should be an absolutely safe find. The lack of these two provisions usually makes them a complete failure. Fox coverts which are close to the high road are all the better for having walls round them high enough on the outside to prevent dogs from continually jumping in and disturbing them. But as foxes are often "chopped" through being unable to get over a wall when pressed by hounds in covert, a few heaps of earth and stones should be piled up on the *inner* side of the wall, in half-a-dozen different places, so as to allow a fox to jump over the wall and get away from the pack, instead of having to "run the gauntlet" in making for some gateway or other egress; when the chances are about two to one in favour of his being chopped.

Small coverts will not hold foxes if they are repeatedly disturbed by men or dogs. A fox may not be frightened at the noise of a gun, but he very much objects to the repeated visits of human beings. Like all wild animals he

loves seclusion, and if, on coming out of his kennel at night, he be aware of the fact that a man has been hanging about all day in the wood, after a few repetitions he will change his quarters. Keepers are very difficult to persuade in this matter. They should be forbidden to ferret in small fox-coverts without permission of the masters. If the farmers demand that the rabbits should be kept down, the woods should be shot twice a year. As a rule the foxes will keep down the stock of rabbits.

A good supply of all kinds of food is very desirable. For this reason fox-coverts situate close to rivers and brooks are far the best. Water-rats are the great attraction. You cannot walk down the bank of a stream, near which is a fox-earth, without noticing the billet of a fox at every rat-hole. A fox will sit on his haunches for an hour, watching the opening of a hole in which he knows there is a rat. Immediately the rat comes out he pounces on him. Dogs may be observed doing the same thing. Moor-hens, too, attract them but not in the same degree. Vermin is the natural food of the fox. When he is hungry he prefers a rat or a rabbit. Winged game he pursues chiefly for the sport of hunting. Fowls and pheasants he kills out of pure mischief. A good wild fox is seldom a poultry stealer. Nor do we believe that many pheasants fall a prey to him.

In a small wood of ten acres in which at least six foxes reside on and off throughout the year, two *lame* pheasants have lived unmolested for nearly two years. These pheasants were originally tame, but they went away into the wood and stayed there for close on a year, and then came back again to the garden. One would have thought that pheasants

which were unable to run would have fallen a sure prey to the foxes, especially when they were very tame.

On the other hand, we have seen cubs in September deliberately trying to force open hen-coops in which were some late pheasants. This no doubt was done out of mischief rather than from hunger.

Mange commits sad havoc among foxes if it be allowed to spread. A sportsman should make up his mind to have *good* healthy foxes or *no* foxes. A slightly mangy fox may recover, but all that are badly affected should be shot. No keeper should be allowed to do this. It must be done by the master himself. He can then use his own discretion as to whether a fox is to be spared or not. The earths which mangy foxes have used should be closed, after making sure that no live foxes remain. They should not be opened again for a couple of years, unless they are thoroughly cleansed. All artificial earths should be opened and cleaned at the very least once in ten years.

Many people are prejudiced against cleaning out a fox-earth. But the risk of driving foxes to other earths is of slight importance compared to the danger of infecting them with mange, by opening earths which have been stopped for a few months on account of the disease; or, worse still, letting them take their chance, and not stopping them at all. The other day a case came under my notice in Warwickshire, in which foxes became infected with mange from earths which had been closed for *two* years on account of the disease. On the other hand, earths have been stopped for six months only in other places and yet the disease was stamped out without any other steps being

taken. Perhaps the safest plan is to make a new earth close by, and only open the old one again in the event of foxes refusing to inhabit fresh quarters during the two following seasons. The chances are ten to one in a favourite spot, that the new earth would be "worked" within six months. It ought not to be necessary to say that buying foxes at Leadenhall Market is a sure way of introducing mange into a country. It may also be brought on by foxes picking up poisoned food, such as birds which have been destroyed by the farmers. No farmer who is in favour of fox-hunting should ever allow rooks to be poisoned.

Keepers who are determined to get rid of foxes (and there are not so many of this class as is generally suspected) seldom poison or shoot them. They employ a much simpler method, and one that is probably never detected. How many covert owners have either the time or the inclination to go round and examine their artificial fox earths once a week? Not one in ten. Our friend the keeper knows this, and if he thinks there are rather too many foxes about, he merely forgets to open the earths one afternoon; which he has "put to" rather more carefully than usual in the morning, and he leaves the wretched animals shut up for a few weeks to *starve to death*. It must be owned that a man must be a very big brute to do this, and in justice to a maligned class, it is to be hoped that this practice is not often adopted. It is a most deadly one, for a fox cannot easily scratch out of a carefully bricked and walled drain.

It should be made clear to all keepers that forgetting to "un-stop" when hounds have gone home, is an offence which must



C. Delmot Radcliffe.

FROM SCENT TO VIEW.

[Engraved on wood by F. Barbage]

be punished by instant dismissal. In this matter again, every hunt would do well to send a man round occasionally to supervise keepers. It would surely pay to employ a man to supervise the earth stopping, enquire into poultry claims, as well as damage done to fields and fences; to approach farmers with a view to getting down wire, and in a hundred other ways to alleviate the almost intolerable burden at present borne by honorary hunt secretaries.

Enough has been said to show that *preserving* foxes is only half the battle. Immense caution and common sense have to be exercised to *insure* a find in small bare coverts. The keen fox preserver should be careful that half his litter is not chopped in Sep-

tember, before the cubs know what is up. A few cracks of a whip will generally put them on the alert if given a minute or so before the huntsman throws his hounds into covert. Nor should small places be drawn "up wind" in the early part of the season. Let the cubs have every chance.

Lastly, should anyone want to know how many foxes he has got, let him take a walk round the earths on the morning after a fall of snow. The pad of a fox is easy to tell, being more pointed than that of a dog. Depend upon it, if you think you have *three* foxes, you will return from your walk absolutely confident that you have six. Your only wonder will be that hounds have ever drawn the coverts blank.

COLN ST. DENNIS.

An Old Hunting Diary.

THE master of hounds whose diary of sixty years ago we propose to draw upon, figured in an early number of this magazine, so a very short sketch of him may be permitted here. Mr. Delmé Radcliffe whose book the "Noble Science" will always be a textbook for huntsmen, was a rare specimen of an all-round sportsman—a good race rider like his celebrated father, a good shot, fisherman and yachtsman; his devotion to the chase was unbounded, he hunted up to the year of his death, and when nearly seventy could put younger men to shame. When twenty-eight years old, he formed a clever pack of harriers with which he hunted fox and hare in Herts and Beds.

The Herts Hounds, then Mr. Sebright's, who had succeeded Lady Salisbury, were at a low ebb, and Mr. Delmé Radcliffe hunted principally with the Oakley. In 1834, expecting to be called on to hunt Hertfordshire he got rid of his harriers, but Mr. Sebright did not know his own mind, and as Delmé Radcliffe says in his diary:—

"Now talked with the hangman
Now traversed the cart
And ever took leave
But was loth to depart."

He therefore formed a new pack of harriers, but in 1835 took the Hertfordshire country. He engaged Boxall from the Warwickshire as huntsman, and James Simkins as first whip, the latter

being huntsman to Lord Dacre until 1857, when Charles (Bob) Ward came.

In those days Herts was an ideal country; from Hatfield and St. Albans to London, was a wide tract of grass; Hornsey Wood was a fox covert! Railroads and wire were undreamed of. Now the former vomit crowds of pursuers from London into the country, and send down thousands of trucks full of the contents of London dustbins, so that the country being top dressed with broken bottles and old meat tins, horses and hounds suffer accordingly, and all kind of infection is brought into the vicinity of every railway station: wire is here, there and everywhere, and is still creeping on.

We will turn now to a pleasanter picture and tap the diary:—

"*January 18th, 1837.*—Met at Lamer Park. Found in Lattimore's gorse (now no more), ran to Dowdells, several rings in covert, away for Sherards; back by Brocket Hall, over the river to Sandridge, thence on to Symonds Hyde and away with increasing scent and pace over the grass enclosures to Hatfield, across the Rectory Farm to Millers Park, thence on for Northaw, turned to the right and gained Mims Great Woods; viewed dead beat two fields before us for the last twenty minutes, changed at Mims, and gave up after a most brilliant day of unprecedented severity for both hounds and horses, running two hours and a half without a check, and most part of it very fast. I left my horses at St. Albans and got home late in a post chaise.

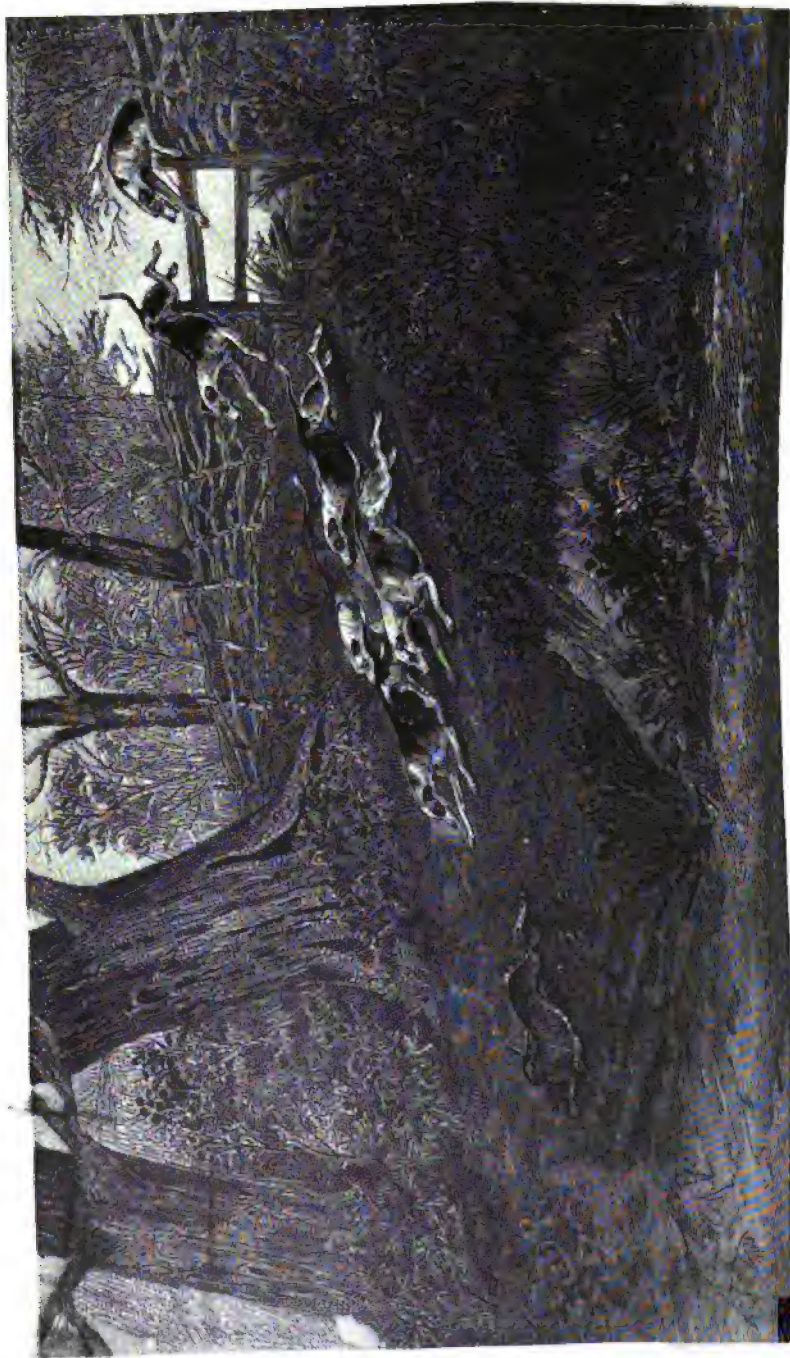
"*January 20th.*—Met at Hexton House. Drew Hexton Coverts all blank as usual, trotted to Shortknoll Grove, drew all round there to Portobello, trotted away

to Bramingham; found instantly and had the most brilliant thing ever seen or heard of in this country, getting away with the Woburn fox over the splendid vale of Toddington up to Toddington Church, six miles in twenty-five minutes at a racing pace, half a mile ahead of any horses; turned to the left hand and made back for the Dunstable open, where we ran into him in one hour twenty minutes without one check. The distress among horses in this burst is indescribable. Daniel and C. Martin were in the front rank at first, and went well as long as horses could go; several Oakley men out, and everyone in raptures.

"*January 23rd.*—Met at Market Cell, found in Hamilton's Gorse, ran with hunting scent to Ashridge and back by Beechwood and Deadmansea and lost. Drew up the hill by Zouches to Blackstone, where we found a good fox at three o'clock, and had an hour as beautiful as man need wish to ride to, by Caddington to Rothamstead, then on to Flamstead where we whipped off at dark after fifty-five minutes."

(A rare good January they must have had, but all this country is now gridironed by railways and sacred to the pheasant.)

"*February 13th.*—Met at Gustard Wood. Drew Hall Wood and Prior's blank; found in Dowdells, and went well away to the How when a storm beat us. Drawing Newneys and Hurst Woods on to Chiltern Horsleys found there instantly, and had a beautiful thing getting away at his brush for Hardendell, then by Copt Hall away to Bendish in twenty-five minutes without a check, thence on to Kingswalden, hunting him well across the park and away again by Westbury to Offley in fifty-five minutes. A cold storm came on, and we could not make



C. Debus Radcliffe.

THE END.

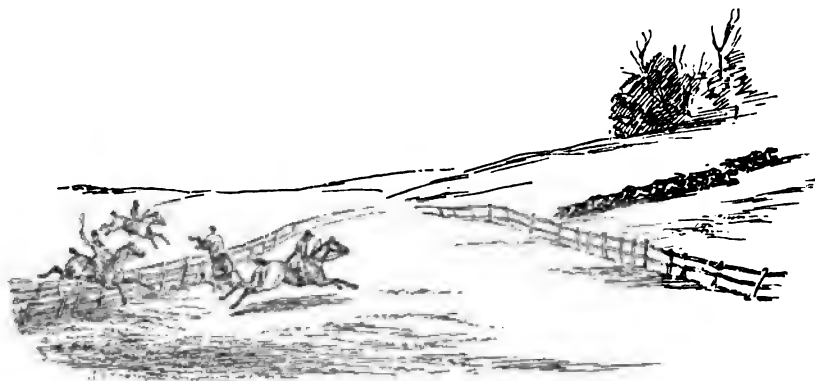
[Engraved on wood by F. Babbage.]

him out. This fox crawled amongst sheep, and was not halloed by the shepherd on account of the lambs.

"*February 15th.*—Met at Market Cell, a brilliant day's sport. Found in Hamilton's Gorse, went away to Deadmansea, had two rings round the great covert, then went well away with him over a fine country to Zouches by Caddington and Stockwood to Luton Park, through the coverts there and back across the park through Kidney Wood skirting Stockwood Park to Pepperstock; turned to

hounds amongst the servants dead beaten; it was one hour and fifty minutes' capital work.

"*February 24th.*—Gaddesden Park; a capital day. Found in the gorse, went away for Hay Wood; could do little in a hurricane from N.W. almost freezing, so trotted on to Flamstead Bury, found a brace of foxes, went well away with one twenty-five minutes best pace up to Gaddesden through the park for Beechwood, thence to the left for Ravensdale and on to Ashridge, where we ran into him after an hour and forty-five minutes' hunt-



FULL CRY.

[C. D. R.]

the right facing the open for Bramingham, and was fairly pulled down in the middle of a grass field after two hours and ten minutes' incessant work, in which hounds were not a moment off the line; a day of distress to horses, and many falls.

"*February 20th.*—Harpenden Common. Drew Knott Wood blank; found at Childwick, lost in a storm near Sandridge. Drew Chiltern Horsley's at three o'clock and had a capital run by Hurst Wood to Lamer, when we lost him either inside the house or about the premises, as he was viewed a minute before the

ing and running without ever casting hounds; a very complete thing and highly satisfactory to a large field.

"*March 1st.*—Flamstead; found in Hay Wood; ran with a wretched scent by Cotton's springs to Gorbambury and lost; trotted back to Beechwood, found a brace of foxes and had a most brilliant run with one that went gallantly straight for twelve miles by Ravensdale; then after a short check to Ashridge by Cold Harbour over Berkhamstead Common to Northchurch pointing for Aylesbury, where we ran into him after one hour and fifteen minutes' splendid

work, the first forty-five minutes after Ravensdale at a racing pace which left all but Boxall, self, and four or five men a mile in the rear. The performance of the bitches excited the unqualified admiration of Mr. Smith (author of the 'Life of a Fox') and Lord Hardwicke, who came for the purpose of seeing the pack.

"*March 17th.*—Kennel. A day of unexampled severity, the most extraordinary run upon record in the annals of Herts. Having drawn the Luton country all blank, trotted away at 2 o'clock to draw Hamilton's Gorse, found; went away instantly at twenty minutes to three to Deadmansea through the wood and on through Beechwood, Ravensdale, and Ashridge over the common and up to Berkhamstead Castle in fifty-five minutes' racing pace; crossed the L. and N.W. railroad beyond Northchurch, swam the canal and went on at the same pace to Tring Park thence to Aston Turville close up to Aylesbury, thence to the left by Wendover to Hampden, where, having beaten every horse out of sight, no satisfactory account could be rendered as to the casualty which saved so gallant a fox. Boxall killed

Burton's mare, tired two other horses and did not get beyond the canal with the hounds.

I tired Cricketer at Tring Park, Jem upon Pippin with E. Grimston, Daniell and two others lived the day through, the distance—twenty-six miles at least on the map—done in two hours, twenty-five minutes, three horses killed and many done up entirely. The condition of the hounds proved most satisfactory, carrying a perfect head throughout and only one missing."

As I copy these notes this run was sixty years ago on St. Patrick's Day, and it has to my knowledge never been surpassed, and I will not weary the reader with any more extracts from this most perfectly kept Diary, which always states the names of the horses out, the number of kills and of foxes run to ground. I may say that the sport in the autumn of 1837 was as good as that in the spring.

The accompanying illustrations are engraved from original sketches in the Diary by the Rev. C. Delmé Redcliffe, rector of Hollwell, the squire's brother, and a grand performer over a country.

The Rod and Gun in Norway.

THAT in its magnificent forests, its vast tracts of moorland, "barren" and "high fjeld," its swiftly-flowing rivers and its innumerable lakes, Norway possesses all the attributes of a grand sporting country, there can be no manner of doubt; but, singularly enough, the inhabitants appear to be incapable of appreciating the value of these great natural advantages, or at any rate of making the best of them. In regard to the Salmon Fisheries, for instance, during the last ten years angling rents have risen to such an extent as to be little if at all lower than those which prevail in Scotland; yet every scrap of water worth having is annually fished with the rod by Englishmen, who, by preserving the rivers from netting, greatly increase the stock of salmon belonging to the country. Nevertheless, in spite of the very obvious benefits which these foreigners confer, it would seem to be the object of a considerable number of Norwegians to injure as much as possible the sport for which the former pay so stiffly.

In 1891, after much acrimonious discussion both in and outside of the Storting, a new Fishery Law was passed which, had it been allowed in its entirety to take effect, would have gone far to remedy the evils which prevail. Within three years, however, one of its most important clauses—that which applied to the weekly close time for nets and cruives—was abrogated, and now everything in their power is being done by the owners of the Coast Fisheries and their representatives to destroy the rest of this well-meant but unfortunate piece of legislation.

Refusing to believe in the dis-

astrous results which have invariably attended the indiscriminate use of bag nets elsewhere, they have gone on increasing the number of these destructive contrivances until there are now some six or seven thousand of them at work between the Russian Frontier and the Christiania Fjord; while the opinion is commonly held and freely expressed that many salmon spawn in salt water, and that the sea-fisheries therefore are independent of the proprietors of the inland waters. Even now the bag-nets have gone far to accomplish their allotted task; and, in spite of the endeavours which many river lease-holders have made to improve their properties—by protection, by increasing the extent of water accessible to migratory fish, and by artificial hatching—angling on the great majority of streams has fallen off very much. To be assured of this it is only necessary to refer to the descriptions (which have appeared from time to time in various forms) of the sport obtained in former days and to compare them with the modest bags which are now the rule on Norwegian rivers. From 200 to 300 lbs. of salmon used not infrequently to be killed, while on a good many different occasions over 500 lbs. were landed with the fly alone by individual rods. How often, we wonder, in any single season does 150 or even 100 lbs. now fall to the share of an English sportsman in a day! And how long is it since any of the numerous anglers, who with prawn, spoon and phantom minnow, harl the splendid pools and streams which extend for miles below the "Fiskum Foss" on the Namsen, have experienced such a state of matters as that which

the author of "Two Summers in Norway" (published in 1840) describes in the following terms:—

"It was not until August 12th," he writes, "that I was enabled by the gradual falling of the water, to fish any considerable portion of it, when I enjoyed far the most splendid day's sport I can ever hope to have to record. I began well; I had scarcely commenced when, off a rock in the Boat Pool I hooked and, after long play killed, a beautifully shaped fish of 34 lbs., and soon after another of 24 lbs. near the same spot, as also a third of 11 lbs. I had already had a good day's sport: but in a rapid stream between the Foss and Karnen's Pool (which I have named the Foss Rapid,) I rose several fish, of which I fortunately killed the largest weighing 33 lbs. besides a fine salmon of 18 lbs. and a grilse. We then with great difficulty worked our frail bark up into the Foss Pool, and at the risk of shipping a perilous quantity of water, proceeded to fish as well as I could a small extent of flat water by the boiling torrent. Never in my life have I encountered such wild water. Scarcely had I cast my fly into the most likely spot, when an enormous salmon took it, but being lightly hooked, soon escaped. A minute afterwards a monster of similar size dashed through the glancing waves, and I instantly felt he was firmly hooked. In another moment he was in the midst of the fall; baffled there, he rushed up and down, with a determination of purpose but irregularity of course, that made it very difficult to maintain a correct hold upon him. I could not stand in the boat that danced on the bounding breakers; and scarcely could I see or hear, so blinded was I with the spray, so deafened with the cataract's eternal roar.

At last he made down the stream as if to quit the pool, and we prepared to follow him through the dangerous rapid already described. However, it seemed that his courage failed him and he took refuge behind a deeply-sunk rock, from which it required much positive labour and strength to remove him. At length he was compelled to yield, and on being landed, was found to weigh 37 lbs. In the same spot I afterwards caught two beautiful fresh-run salmon of 24 and 18 lbs. each, and hooked two other heavy fish, one of which (certainly not under 30lbs. in weight) I played for a considerable time, when he eventually broke the line by entangling it round a rock, a misfortune not to be wondered at in so dangerous a place. And finally I concluded this brilliant day by landing a pretty salmon of 10 lbs. and a small grilse, making a total weight of 216 lbs. with eleven fish."

The demand for water from which salmon may be taken with rod and line appears to be inexhaustible, but the time may come when English lessees will grow tired of paying through the nose for wretched sport, and will decline any longer to take advantage of the privilege, now so fully accorded to them, of providing a supply of salmon for the bag net owners on the coast. There will then, we venture to think, be a "Song to sing, oh!" With regard to Game, also, the Norwegians exhibit a disregard for the future and for their own interests, which in a practical people such as they are, seems remarkable. As the law now stands the sporting rights—except as regards Elk and Red Deer, are not vested in the owner of the soil, and any Norwegian subject, so long as he is not accompanied by a dog, may go pretty well where he pleases in pursuit

of game. As a consequence the birds are snared in vast numbers during the winter months for town consumption and for export abroad; there is no inducement for preserving; and the shooting upon property so circumstanced is of little value for letting purposes. While the haunts of the Capercailzie have been greatly curtailed by the cutting down of timber, the law does not in many parts of the country protect these grand birds even during the season of courtship in spring, and at that period of the year quantities are shot by the native hunters, "paa spil," as it is called. Small wonder, therefore, that on fjelds where the willow grouse were formerly numerous, few are now to be met with, and that in some districts the wood game has ceased to exist.

Among Norwegian sportsmen (as well as English) it has long been considered that the laws which apply to Elk also are utterly inadequate to the preservation of these, the finest wild animals in Scandinavia, and that the numbers shot of late years are excessive. This opinion has found expression in numerous articles and letters in the Norwegian Press, and its correctness would seem to be borne out by the figures contained in the

Official List—recently published—of Big Game killed throughout the various Provinces, from which it appears that Elk are decreasing in numbers very appreciably. During the period 1889-1893, an average of 1,122 was annually killed, and in 1894 this number was exceeded with a total of 1,262; but the average for 1895-1896 dropped to 980—a great discrepancy. In the fine Elk-hunting province of North Trondlyon, the falling-off is especially marked, the number killed in 1895 and 1896 being only 280 and 283 respectively as against no fewer than 406 in 1894, and an average of 395 during the preceding seasons.

Unseemly haste is a thing never witnessed in Norway, and nothing has yet eventuated from the labours of the Parliamentary Committee appointed last year to investigate all matters connected with game throughout the country. This initial step having, however, been taken, there would seem to be a possibility—should party politics not interfere—that in the (perhaps distant) future, a legislative measure will be passed, which will put an end to the present anomalous and eminently unsatisfactory state of matters.

ELK.

Animal Painters.*

XLIII.—JOHN BOULTBEE.

XLIV.—J. BEST.

XLV.—THOMAS GOOCH.

By SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

JOHN BOULTBEE was one of twin brothers, born to Mr. Thomas Boulton, of Stordon Grange, Leicestershire, in the year 1747. At an early age both the boys evinced marked artistic talent, and in time became pupils of Sir Joshua Reynolds. John Boulton only claims attention at our hands, his brother Thomas having devoted himself to portrait painting; and in view of the measure of success he achieved it is curious that his name and works should receive no mention at the hands of any of the numerous compilers of books dealing with artists. We find him, in 1776, resident at 338, Oxford Street, and a contributor to the Royal Academy. His first exhibit does not reflect the true bent of his talent, being described as *A Landscape* in the catalogue, and not until seven years later do we pick up the thread of his artistic career. In 1783, while living at Derby, he painted for T. W. Coke, Esq., the portrait of a stallion named *Penseroso*. Mr. Coke, it may be remarked, was a member of the family of Cokes, a scion of which was William, a famous man with the Quorn and who gained a modest measure of immortality by inventing the low-crowned hat known as the "billycock." In 1785, for Mr. Richard Tattersall, Boulton painted the portrait of *Highflyer*, one of the most famous

horses on the turf and at the stud known to equine history. *Highflyer* was bred by Sir Charles Bunbury by King Herod, dam by Blank, and was purchased as a yearling at a very moderate price by Mr. Compton. He was a bay standing nearly, if not quite, 16 hands, up to weight, with a tremendous stride; he was further a thoroughly honest horse. He never ran on any course but the B. C. at Newmarket, was never beaten, and never paid forfeit. It is true that his turf career was as brief as successful; he ran in only seven races, and received forfeit in one, in 1778-9, before being sent to the stud, but in each event he started at odds on and won with ease. In 1785 two and twenty of *Highflyer's* got started, and all were winners, many of very considerable sums. Among his progeny may be mentioned Sir Peter Teazle, Rockingham, Marplot, Balloon, Delpini, Marplot, and Lady Teazle. Mr. John Lawrence remarks that "the late Mr. Tattersall informed me, as a curious circumstance, that *Highflyer* got stock of all colours, even to the pyebald."

A year or two later Boulton seems to have turned his attention to the hunting field for subjects. In 1787 he was living at Loughborough, in Leicestershire, and from here he sent a work, *Horse and Trainer*, to the Royal Academy; it must be added that the two pictures previously mentioned, the portraits of *Penseroso* and *Highflyer*, were also exhibited at the Aca-

* Under this heading will be continued monthly the series of brief articles connected with the lives of painters whose works appertain to animal life and sport, and who lived between the years 1600 and 1860.



THE DEATH.

demy in the years in which they were respectively painted.

In 1788 we find him executing a commission for Mr. Robert Bakewell of Dishley, who secured his services to paint the portrait of a favourite hunter. Though the famous founder of the Leicestershire sheep achieved his permanent fame through the success which attended his efforts in that direction, and less lasting distinction by his evolution of the Dishley cattle, he was by no means neglectful of the nobler animal. In 1785 he exhibited for some months in London a famous black horse which by Royal command had previously been paraded before King George III. in the courtyard of St. James's Palace. Particulars concerning this horse are wanting; it would be interesting to know if this was the animal which stood for its portrait to Boulton three years later.

The King's opinion of John Boulton's work is sufficiently evident; not only was the artist commissioned to paint portraits of some of George III.'s favourite animals: he was assigned a residence in Windsor Park that his services might be the more readily available. We are not told if Boulton ever took up his quarters within the royal demesne, but the arrangement was overset by his failing health. There are some of his works at Cumberland Lodge and engravings from them at Windsor Castle. Lord Mount Edgumbe was one of the more prominent men of the day whom Boulton counted among his patrons.

In 1802 the artist painted a set of four hunting scenes, uniform in size, viz., 2 feet by 1 foot 6 inches; these are (1) The Start, (2) At Fault, (3) Full Cry, and (4) The Death. In these pictures both horses and hounds are carefully

and cleverly portrayed, and are very realistic. The huntsman and whipper-in are the only human subjects represented, and their dress displays the style of the period. It is permissible to suppose that the pack is being hunted by the master himself. An engraving of the last of this set, which is in the Elsenham collection, accompanies this article. The old-fashioned bent horn carried by the huntsman will be noticed.

One of the artist's pictures, the portrait of a favourite horse belonging to his brother Thomas, is now in the possession of the Rev. James Boulton, Vicar of Wrangthorn, near Leeds; another, of *Gulliver among the Honyhnhnms*, is owned by the Rev. George Herbert, Rector of Gannerey, near Monmouth. Both of these works display the painter's ability, but unfortunately were left unfinished. A work called *Richard III. at Bosworth* is reputed to be one of Boulton's most striking efforts, but in whose possession the picture now rests is not known.

The artist died in the year 1812 at the age of sixty-five.

For some interesting details relative to the career and works of JOHN BOULTON, the writer has to express his thanks to Mr. James T. Pownall, of 14, City Walls, Chester, who procured them from his cousin, the Rev. James Boulton. By an odd coincidence Mr. Pownall's letter, kindly offering this information, was received a few days after the somewhat scanty details which the writer had been able to collect had been sent to the printer.

J. BEST, though not one of the most noteworthy artists of his day, is entitled to notice in this series as the painter of several pictures

of animal life and sporting subjects which secured the attention of contemporary judges. He was born about the year 1750, but we can ascertain nothing concerning his parentage and circumstances. It is known that he employed much of his time in copying the works of other artists, and it is as a copyist that we find our starting point in his artistic career. There is in the Elsenham collection a large painting—60 inches by 39 inches—which was sold at Christie's twenty years ago under the belief that it was by George Stubbs, R.A.; it is entitled "The Waldegrave Family," and contains portraits of Lord and Lady Melbourne, Sir Ralph Milbanke, and Mr. John Milbanke. The lady is seated in a low park pony-carriage drawn by a white pony, and Lord Melbourne stands by its side. The execution of the work quite justified the belief that Stubbs was the artist; but during the process of re-varnishing, "J. Best, 1770," was discovered lurking modestly in the right hand corner. It is an excellent copy of the original picture by George Stubbs which is in possession of Earl Cowper at Panshanger, Hertford. The first mention of Best's original work occurs in 1772; in that year he was for the first time represented at the Exhibition of the Society of Artists; he contributed to this exhibition in subsequent years, but with no regularity; on only six occasions does his name appear in the catalogues of the Society from 1772 to 1787—exclusive of his maiden exhibit. Only two pictures from his easel appear to have found their way into the Royal Academy. In 1782 he exhibited a painting of *A Large Ox*, his address being given as 10, Titchfield Street, Oxford Street; and five years later he was again repre-

sented at the Royal Academy by his *Portrait of a Warwickshire Ox*, his address in that year being 108, Bunhill Row. The former work, by the way, was executed for Mr. Robert Bakewell of Dishley, the celebrated grazier and farmer, who will ever be remembered as the man who produced and established as a distinct variety the Leicestershire breed of sheep. The Leicester sheep, to quote Youatt, "within little more than half a century spread themselves over every part of the United Kingdom and to Europe and America." More germane to the matter in hand, however, though less potent in contributing to Bakewell's fame, were his successful endeavours to produce a new variety of cattle called the "Dishley cattle," or the "new Leicestershire Longhorn." The breed has now died out, but it was probably a typical specimen which Best was commissioned to paint.

The first volume of the *Sporting Magazine*, published in 1792, contains two plates from pictures by Best, viz., *Gamecocks*, engraved by Cook. These are portraits of two birds which achieved great fame in the cockpit; one, by name "Birchin Yellow," fought eleven battles, and was then withdrawn from active service to be used as a brood cock. His children proved worthy of him, for we read that thirty-six of his sons fought in one main in the Royal Pit, Westminster, and that thirty-two of them won their battles. "Ginger Red," the other cock who stood to Best for his portrait, fought also at Westminster, and won a battle in which he was backed at 20 to 1: this bird was also a winner at Guildford in the following year.

No record of Best's later career—if indeed the above outline does



[Cook, Sculp.]

BIRCHIN YELLOW.

Best, Del.]



[Cook, Sculp.]

GINGER RED.

Best, Del.]

not reflect the whole—nor of the date of his death can be found.

THOMAS GOOCH, also born about the year 1750, is another of those artists whose fragmentary history is written only in the catalogues of exhibitions. His pictures are occasionally to be seen in collections in the old country mansions of England, but it would appear that he had a tolerably extensive connection. His specialities were equestrian portraits and portraits of horses and dogs, in portraying which he displayed considerable artistic talent. He exhibited largely: his name first appears in 1772, when he contributed a picture to the exhibition of the "Free Society of Artists." Between that date and 1781, when he figures for the first time in the catalogue of the Royal Academy, he does not appear to have exhibited; but we find a connecting link in his portrait of the racehorse *Goldfinder*—size of canvas 2 feet 7 inches by 2 feet 2 inches—which he executed in 1777 for Mr. Cook. An engraving from this picture which is in the Elsenham collection accompanies the present article. In 1781, the year of his first contribution to the Royal Academy, his address is given as "7, facing the Chapel, Knightsbridge": he was represented by three works in that year's exhibition, and thenceforward until 1802 was a tolerably regular and very large contributor, sending no fewer than 76 pictures in eighteen years. The large proportion of portraits in the list which follows indicates the extent of his connection, and testifies to the esteem in which his work was held by contemporary sportsmen and other patrons of art. His predilection for painting horses and dogs on the same canvas compels notice in the list

of his works; but no doubt this was usually done in compliance with the wish of his patron. His pictures from time to time received flattering notice in the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*. Thus in the issue for May, 1793, the critic remarks of Gooch's exhibits in the Royal Academy: "*The portrait of a horse* will be no disgrace to the Dormitory stud of the first sportsman in the kingdom." Again—"Breaking in the young coach-horse with its companion picture *The Latter State of the Coach horse* does the artist credit; they are a pretty pair of pictures, and worthy a place in any sportsman's collection." Modern art critics may perhaps consider these remarks lacking in discrimination and analytical spirit, but they at least go to prove that Gooch's work attracted notice when the art critic's survey of the exhibitions was much less exhaustive than it is nowadays. In 1794, the year in which the artist had no fewer than thirteen paintings on the Royal Academy walls, the critic is at greater pains to express his appreciation. "The smaller sized pictures of Mr. Gooch's are meant as different characters, and the set (of which he is now finishing the remainder) comprises 12, with the like number of dogs to correspond; these, together with six stages of the racehorse, are designed for the furnishing of any gentleman's room entirely with portraits of those useful and entertaining animals, and which from the specimens here given certainly will form a very pleasing assemblage." That the pictures were well worth buying was evidently the highest praise the writer could bestow; we have not gone much beyond that at the present day, but the idea is less frankly expressed.

Though Gooch did much and

excellent work, few of his paintings seem to have been engraved, and the fact that his brush was so frequently at work upon portraits of animals interesting to their owners but not to the general public, may in a measure account for this. One of his works, *Foxhounds*, was engraved by Godby and Merke and published by Orme in 1808.

As in the case of Best, we can find no record of the date or circumstances of Thomas Gooch's death. His last contributions to the Royal Academy appeared in the exhibition of 1802, after which date we lose sight of him, the engraving of a painting at a later date being of course no proof that he was at the time alive.

List of 76 paintings exhibited at the Royal Academy by Thomas Gooch:—

Year.

- 1781 (3) *Portrait of a gig-mare*, the property of a gentleman—*Portrait of a gentleman with his horse and dogs*—*Portrait of a horse*, for Colonel Gallatine.
- 1782 (6) *Portrait of a hunter*—*Portrait of an old horse*—*Portraits of horses and dogs* belonging to the Hon. Mr. Pitt—*Portrait of a horse with dogs*—*Portrait of a horse and dog*—*Portrait of a nobleman on a managed horse*.
- 1783 (4) *Portrait of a gentleman on horseback*—*Portraits of a young nobleman and his sister on horseback*—*Portraits of two horses*—*The life of a race-horse*, in a series of six different stages as follows, viz.:—1st, *The foal with the mare*. 2nd, *The colt breaking*. 3rd, *The time of running*. 4th, *As a hunter*. 5th, *As a post horse*. 6th, *His death*.
- 1784 *Portrait of a horse*.

Year.

- 1786 (7) *Portrait of a horse and dog*—*Portraits of two horses*—*Portrait of a horse with a greyhound*—*Portrait of a horse with figure and dogs*—*Portrait of a gentleman on horseback*, with his gamekeeper and pointers—*Portraits of two horses in a curricie*—*Portrait of an old horse*.
- 1787 (3) *Portrait of a brood mare*—*A pointer*—*Portrait of a gentleman with his spaniels*.
- 1789 (3) *Three studies of horses*—*Portrait of a shooting horse*, with pointers—*Hounds killing a fox*.
- 1790 (12) *Lady's lap-dogs*—*Portrait of a cat*—*A staghound*—*A setting dog*—*a greyhound*—*Spaniels*—*Foxhound*—*Pomeranian dog*—*Coach dogs*—*A Newfoundland dog*—*Portrait of a horse*—*Portrait of an old pointer*.
- 1792 (3) *Portrait of a horse*—*Portrait of a dog*—*Portrait of a horse*.
- 1793 (9) *Portrait with horse and dogs*—*The latter state of the coach-horse*—*Portrait of a lady on a remarkable trotting mare*—*A dog from Milan*—*Portrait of an Italian greyhound*—*Portrait of "Staring Tom"*—*"Satellite," by Eclipse*, a favourite stallion—*Breaking in the young coach-horse*—*Portrait of a horse*.
- 1794 (13) *Portrait of an old pack-horse*—*A curricie horse*, the property of a nobleman—*The racehorse*—*Portrait of a horse and dog*—*The death of a mare*—*The cart-horse*, a character—*The post-horse*, a character—*The dray-horse*, a character—*The galley-way*—*The coach-horse*, a character—*The hunter*, a character—*The stallion*, a character—*Portrait of a gentleman on horseback*.
- 1795 (2) *Portrait of a hunter*—*Portrait of a favourite hackney*.
- 1796 *The progress of the riding school*.
- 1797 *Portrait of a gentleman on a favourite trotting mare*.
- 1798 (3) *Portrait of a hunter*—*Portrait of a dog*—*Portrait of a blood mare*.
- 1800 *The ox who won the plate at Lyndhurst races*, going round a course of nearly two miles in eight minutes.
- 1801 (2) *Portrait of a hunter*—*Portrait of a horse*.
- 1802 (2) *Portrait of a hunter*—*Portrait of a hunter*.



T. Gooch.]

GOLDFINDER.

[Engraved on wood by F. Babbage.]

My Grandfather's Journals.*

1795-1820.

[Being episodes in the military career of Colonel Theophilus St. Clair, K.H., formerly of the 145th Foot, and some time Assistant in the department of the Quarter-Master-General.]

EXTRACTED BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

IV. — EGYPT AND HIGH WYCOMBE.

AFTER Seringapatam I was with my regiment on the Bombay side for a year or more. I had gained the rank of lieutenant and held the post of adjutant. Those were halcyon days! I was barely twenty; I had health, position, power, money to spend, could enjoy my work, and still more enjoy play in the intervals of work. It was now that I acquired such knowledge as I possess in handling men; I was told I had become a good drill; I obtained a thorough insight into all military duties and matters of routine. Colonel Lannegan, who was growing old, left things very much to me, and the 145th had the credit of being an adjutant's regiment—not a character that I nowadays think the highest—and making it very pleasant for me. I tried hard to do my best, to be fair, even-tempered and obliging, and I think I was popular with my comrades of all ranks—officers and men.

There was much talk in the latter end of 1799 of expeditions beyond sea; projects of attacks on Java, Batavia, and the Isle of Bourbon. At last we heard the positive news that a force was to be despatched under General Baird to the Red Sea to march into Egypt and act against General Bonaparte, who had invaded that country. The 145th was to

form part of the expedition, and we embarked in three transports, I going of course with the headquarters in the *Fair Adventure*, in which we made but a poor passage. After entering the Red Sea we met with persistent northeasterly winds, the prevailing wind at this season, and beat to windward for five long weeks; the coast was badly charted, and for greater safety we lay-to at night, another cause of delay.

It was the 25th of May when our ship, the first of the three transports, sighted the low-lying coast of Africa, a great rolling waste of desert, without a sign of vegetation but a few dreary palms. As we drew in towards the inhospitable shore a poor collection of squalid half-ruined houses, topped with a muezzin tower, indicated the town of Kosseir. It was an open roadstead, without port or landing stages, but a number of craft were lying at anchor close in shore, and as our course had been buoyed, the skipper, with constant soundings, held on till we found a berth near the rest of the shipping.

It was only five a.m. when we anchored, and we waited for a good half-hour. Then I made out a shore boat come out to us containing, as I guessed through my spy glass, a single officer in uniform. As he drew nearer I saw that he was a long, lean man, plain and hard-featured, with a

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complexion of bronzed leather. When he came on deck he singled me out among the small group of officers, and began abruptly, "Sorry I could not send off to you sooner. Monstrous short-handed. All my staff, such as they are, beating up the Bedouin tribes and hunting for camels. What do you call yourselves? Any news of Baird?"

"Headquarters of the 145th, sir," I answered respectfully, for I saw easily that he was a man in authority, and he proved to be Colonel Merriman, the Quartermaster-General, for the moment the officer commanding at Rossier.

"Colonel Lannegan will be up in a moment, sir. I'm the Adjutant."

"Adjutant's regiment, eh? Colonel in his berth still? Lazy old dog, I know him; won't do here—well, anyhow, let the men get ready for immediate disembarkation, and I'll take you back ashore with me to point out your camping ground. Are you ready?"

He was very chatty as we rowed in. Full of complaints. No food; water not fit to drink; mere brine. Troops arrived did nothing but grumble, dying to get forward, roasted alive, they said. What was it to the plains in a hot season?

But his worst grievance of all was that he had so few assistants, and before we parted he said in the abrupt unexpected way that was his custom:

"Look here, youngster. Come to me, will you; I'll give you an acting appointment as D.A.Q.M.G. There's far more work than my chaps can manage, and you'll find it more interesting than sticking to the regiment. Let Lannegan shift for himself. It'll do him good. Are you well off for horse-flesh?"

Horses! Indeed, I owned a pearl above price, and I should have spoken of him sooner, for he was the very darling of my heart. Hatim Tai, the "generous," was a beautiful Arab of the finest Nejd blood, and desert-born, whom I had bought for a high price; but what was money,—I had it and to spare,—when it could buy such a treasure and secure such a friend? He was a deep dark chestnut not much more than a pony in height, barely fourteen two, but with a broad back like a dray-horse, a small lean head without an ounce of flesh on it, and a tail set so high you could almost walk under it. His skin was smooth as satin and thin as tissue paper; mane and tail soft as floss silk, fine and glossy as a woman's hair; tendons below the hocks like whipcord, feet black and hard as iron. His spirit and manners as perfect as his points; he was not very speedy, but he possessed marvellous endurance, and would carry a great weight long distances without showing the slightest distress. Withal you could read in his full generous eye that he was as large-hearted as any Christian, and as brave as a lion, companionable as a spaniel, gentle as a child. Never was man so served as I by this truest, staunchest, most faithful of friends.

My colonel would not part with me very easily, and yet he could not stand in my way. Colonel Merriman indeed insisted, for he was good enough to say I was much wanted, and there was truly much to be done. Both Hatim Tai and I were constantly on the move, chiefly in reconnaissance and in getting together the baggage camels that were required in large numbers. We had to travel far afield; the tribes around us were shy and suspicious, having been roughly used by our prede-

cessors, the French, but those at a distance were simpler folk and more willing to make friends. The search for water along the route was a constant and anxious duty not very successful at first. The Bedouins, who claimed a sort of ownership over all wells, would not show them, although we promised to pay for the use of the water, and we began to think that each column must carry a full supply for the whole journey of 120 miles from the sea to the Nile.

I was able to lessen this difficulty mainly with the help of Hatim Tai. Once when reconnoitering in the direction of Moilah I made out a camel party, small specks on the desert horizon, travelling westward, and I galloped forward hoping to mark down the position of any wells they might use. To come upon them unawares I made a long détour, and screened my march by hugging some high sandhills that ran conveniently, east to west. It was a lucky hit, for I struck the party before they saw me, and found them grouped round a well newly excavated. Water, then, was to be got for the digging, and I was riding back with this important news when the Arabs, guessing I had detected them, saddled up quickly and tried to cut me off. My "desert born" soon left them behind.

Next day we sent fatigue parties forward, and they succeeded in striking water at many places, and by the time General Baird arrived, about the 6th June, he was greatly pleased with the progress made. Believing the route clear to the end, he presently gave orders for the advanced guard to push through all the way, if possible, to the banks of the Nile. Colonel Merriman was in

command, and he took me with him. Our escort was a handful of Sowars, native, irregular horsemen; we travelled light with a few fleet, dromedaries carrying food and some water.

No one interfered with us; we met no one; we found water in fair quantities, and the Colonel was satisfied that the march could be made by the whole force with no more difficulty than that of the tropical June sun. Kenneh, on the Nile, was a sweet spot lying embosomed in gardens and greenery; fruit and vegetables in plenty, a real oasis after our many weeks in the bare barren desert. Colonel Merriman had grown very friendly and confidential by this time, and he took counsel with me directly we reached Kenneh.

"The troops will do well here, St. Clair, and the road is open, as we know. I must hurry back with my report; I am bound to do so. But there is another thing I should like to tackle, and I'll leave it to you if you are game. It may cost you your life. Will you try?"

I was only too eager for any adventure, and I said so.

"General Baird wishes to open communication with Cairo. Our army ought to be there by this time under General Hutchinson. He will, no doubt, lend a hand towards us, but until we gain touch we shall be 'in the air.' Now, I should like to follow the Nile down stream until I meet him. But it is my duty to return to Baird. Will you go? I do not order you, mind. The enemy may not yet have withdrawn; they still occupy points on the river, and you may drop straight into their mouths. It is a voyage into the unknown—a voyage literally, for I should advise you to drop down in one of these broad-bottomed boats."

"But my horse, sir?"

"Take him on board. You will want him for the journey back, if you ever do come back."

"That of course, sir." I laughed, for I was in great heart at the prospect before me. It was a splendid chance of gaining distinction, at least of proving my usefulness and readiness to face any danger.

I set out entirely alone. I could not take a sufficient escort to defend me in case of attack, and even a few horsemen would inconveniently encumber the boat, which was of the kind called a galliasse, two masted, with enormous sails, a reis or captain, and a crew of five. They had been selected as persons of good repute by the Arab Mudir of Kenveh, but I carried pistols and my sword. Hatim Tai was bedded down in the fore part in the boat, and I took up my quarters close to him at night, trusting to his instinct to give me the alarm at right if strangers approached us. I had laid in food and forage, enough for both of us; water to drink—the sweetest in the world flowed unceasingly beside us, the mighty Nile itself.

The river was rising rapidly into flood, and we slid past the banks rapidly, past palm-groves and villages and many crumbling remains of dynasties and kingdoms lost in incalculable antiquity. For five days we drifted on, and I believed I should gain no intelligence until Cairo itself was reached, when one morning I was roused by the reis, who shouted "*Ingrezi!*" and rubbing my eyes, I saw troops on the march, cavalry, English unmistakably, for the early sunlight glinted on their uniform and accoutrements. They were a squadron of the Scarlet Hussars, sent forward in search of Baird, and we quickly

exchanged our news. General Hutchinson was now safely established in Cairo, and anxious to hear of us, definitely, for he had been prepared long before for Baird's approach from the Red Sea.

Now the squadron divided, half went back to Cairo, the other half escorted me. It was said there were many small bands of the enemy coming down from the Cataracts, wanderers from Desaix expeditionary force, which might be strong enough to do me a mischief on my long ride up stream. For I had now landed Hatim Tai, and was about to make all haste back to Kenneh, where I knew I was anxiously expected; indeed, I rather resented the escort, believing that my Arab and I could travel faster without it.

Yet I was glad that I had not persisted, for we ran into several parties of French horse, and although they sheered off in the face of our superior numbers, they would have been more than a match for me had I been alone. It was in one of these encounters that I learnt, what in later life we know so well, that the world is very small. The enemy showed fight but did not stand long, and as they broke up in flight I noticed that one of their number lagged behind strangely. He appeared to have no control over his horse, which led him presently, no doubt seeking companionship as horses will, right into our ranks. Of course its rider was made prisoner, and then to my intense surprise I found that it was the Frenchman, now a captain of Mamelukes, who had so generously succoured me in Seringapatam.

Nor was this all. The poor fellow was blind, a victim to an acute form of ophthalmia, and his erratic movements were now ex-

plained. One of his troopers had been leading him till our attack, and then, in the *saute qui peut*, he had been deserted, no doubt unwillingly, but as an encumbrance that must unavoidably be dropped. I addressed him by his name, and with the quickened faculties of those who had lost their sight he recognised me by my voice. It was no small satisfaction to me to be able to repay him for all his kindness. I carefully tended him till we reached Kenneh, where I consigned him to the care of our medical staff. Happily, his case was not hopeless, and before he left Egypt, which he did on its surrender and evacuation, Captain Dubois had quite recovered his eyesight. Fortune was still to bring us together in the stirring events of later years.

Except as a fine feat of endurance, Baird's desert march gained his force no *éclat*. It was never engaged with the enemy, and after a long period of dreary inaction the larger part re-embarked for India. But for me the brief and bloodless campaign had important consequences. My reward for the services I had rendered, and for which the General warmly thanked me, was permission to go home and study at the new Staff School of High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire. I had been strongly advised to take this step; there were several pupils of the school on the staff in Egypt doing well, and my good friend Colonel Merriman urged me to make myself thoroughly proficient in my profession. It was now six years since I had seen my dear father, who had grounded me so well, and the thought that we should be together for a space was another of the delights of service in England. He had retired from the Artillery, and was now living in London, but gladly joined me at

High Wycombe, where we kept house together on my return.

Dear old dad! How shall I describe his joy at seeing me once more hale and hearty, a bronzed and practised soldier, who had in truth seen more of the world and more actual fighting than he in all his years of service. But he lived his life over again in my company; he took a deep interest in me, and was on excellent terms with our commandant and professors, mostly soldiers, and more or less of his own standing. Some were very remarkable men, whom it was a privilege to know and learn from.

There was first the originator of the place, Colonel John Gaspard Le Marchant, the Lieutenant-Governor to whom I fear I cannot do full justice; a stern, serious-minded man, with a hard mouth and fierce, coal-black eyes that seemed to flash fire when he had to find fault, and he was strict to severity in demanding high tone and the punctual discharge of duty. Yet at heart he was gentle and kindly, warmly attached to all who were earnest in their desire to improve and do credit to the school he had created in the teeth of lukewarmness and much irritating opposition. He was a soldier every inch of him; consumed with the highest ambition, that of military distinction, a *preux cavalier*, foremost in all manly exercises and the finest swordsman in the army. In the immeasurable debt I owe him, both in precept and example, I must include that of mastery with a weapon which till he introduced the more perfect Sword Exercise had been much neglected in our service. Thanks to him, I learned to use it and trust to it, and more than once in after campaigning it helped to save my life.

Next after the chief came

another veteran soldier, with a strange romantic record, whose early years had been passed under the eyes of that famous warrior king, Frederick the Great, who had fought with him in every campaign, and was a last surviving link with the historic past, "Francis Jarry, a general officer, Knight of the Military Order of St. Louis, and Inspector-General of Instruction at the Royal Military College." Such was the simple tribute to his memory recorded on his tomb. But this told nothing of his eventful services, of the many actions in which he had been engaged, the many wounds he received; his friendly intercourse with the martinet king, his still closer relations with Prince Henry. General Jarry was one of twelve officers whom Frederick had personally instructed in the duties of the Quarter-Master General, which profound knowledge the dear old man now eagerly passed on to us. He had come to England as a refugee with Dumouriez, for last of all he had served his native country, France; and his fame survived there. While I was actually at High Wycombe—and the brief peace of 1803 sheathed every sword—the General told me with pardonable pride that Bonaparte had sent him a pressing summons to rejoin the French army.

We became very close friends, General Jarry and I; my knowledge of French, no doubt, helped our intimacy, for he never learnt English. He seemed to like my company, and asked me frequently to dine, often on succulent dishes he had prepared himself. He had learned to cook in campaigning days, when Prince Henry did the same, and they had many a joyous competition over the gallipots and camp kettles. Another art he

loved to practise was the arrangement of salads, and for these grew his own lettuces—indeed, all his pot-herbs and vegetables. Gardening was a passion with him, occupying every spare hour; and the chief troubles of his life were the sparrows and other thieving birds which pecked at his seeds. They said of the General that he watched them from his open window with a fowling-piece by his side, and when he got his chance he let fly. When he made a bag he would lay the birds out in a row and cry, rubbing his hands with glee, "*J'ai bien tué de mes ennemis aujourd'hui !*"

As a rule the dear old man was happy in his English home, and although flattered by Bonaparte's invitation he would not, indeed could not, accept it.

"It is too late," he said, "my best years are spent. I could be of little use now in a campaign, and I could not fight against England, which has so long succoured and sheltered me. There will be new wars, *mon cher*, and soon. *C'est un homme diablement guerrier ce Bonaparte là*, and you must meet him one day in the field; you, my dear pupils, whom I desire yet to see great generals and good men."

We were always his dear pupils, although some made him but a poor return for his fatherly care, and I should blush to tell of the tricks that were often played were it not that I believe his persecutors have lived to be heartily ashamed of their misdeeds. One escapade the General took very deeply to heart, so deeply that for a time he shut himself up and refused to appear in his lecture room or have any dealings with his students.

In his desire to simplify instruction in fortifications he had constructed a number of models

with his own hands, which were kept in one of the halls of study, and were greatly appreciated by the more sober and industrious amongst us. One night after mess some thoughtless spirits fell foul of these models, pretending that they represented work that was hateful to them, and destroyed them. It must be remembered that all who came to High Wycombe were not filled with a laudable desire to improve. The College was an outlet of escape from bad stations and regimental duty for the "King's Hard Bargains," and it was some of these idlers who so grievously insulted General Jarry. I am glad to think that retribution overtook them. Such an outrage was not likely to pass unnoticed by the Lieutenant - Governor, and in due course Colonel Le Marchant weeded them out of the School.

We had sports enough without descending to such childish

misconduct. The Thames was within easy reach, and during the summer we could find healthful exercise in boating, in the winter two packs of hounds met in the neighbourhood. I had many a good run on Hatim Tai, who took to sport like the high bred gentleman that he was, although a foreigner, and he became noted in the field as extraordinarily clever at his fences. I could have got any price for him, but I swore never to part with my Arab steed.

Then my course of study came to an end, and through the kind offices of my good friend, the Lieut.-Governor, I found myself promoted Captain (unattached), with an appointment on the staff in the West Indies. I hesitated to take Hatim Tai so far, so I left him with my father, who although aged was still a good horseman, and with rather a heavy heart I set my face towards the new world.

A Small English Shooting.

AN English country home, however modest, can never be considered complete unless it has some sport or chance of sport attached to it. In some places there is hunting, in some shooting, in some fishing. Happy, thrice happy the dwelling-place where two of these may be found. There are still some ideally favoured spots where all these may be enjoyed, but they, alas, are few and far between. The country, which shall be nameless, where we have pitched our tent after a wandering life, is essentially a shooting country. It is not one of those

districts where great bags are made, visited from time to time by Princes and the aristocracy of shooters to perpetrate a holocaust which shall take rank among record performances, but every small landowner and tenant looks to partridge, pheasant and ground game as the principal sources of his year's amusement and the principal means at his disposal for entertaining friends and visitors. The prospect of the year's crop of birds is a subject of never-dying interest and, from the 1st September to the 1st February, it is seldom that we

can sally forth from our doors without hearing the report of a gun, near or far.

We have played the game all round in our time—our old spurs and hunting crops, now hanging dusty and useless, remind us of merry days with York and Ainsty, the Meath, Kildare, Pytchley and other classical packs. There are rifles in the corner that have cracked in Indian jungles and Scottish forests. The hogspears in the hall could tell a tale of rough gallops after "the old grey boar," when we rode for the honour of "first spear," and there is a long box seldom opened where repose idly the trusty rods that have down to death many a gallant salmon and lusty trout. But now we are obliged to content ourselves with the sport at our door and indeed we have much reason for thankfulness that the dregs of our life's pleasure cup can still be keenly savoured and have so much of strength and sweetness.

Sport must at all times be a matter of compromise. A man may have undoubted right to kill the *ferre* over an estate, but how far would that right carry him if it were not for the good will of many individuals, whose interests must be considered, who make their living out of the land or whose business leads them to traverse it in all directions. Farmers, labourers, shepherds, village tradesmen and many others, all have a voice in the matter and all have an influence which may be exerted either for good or ill. In the old days, when people moved about less than they do now and society was more undisturbed and settled from year's end to year's end, when land was valuable and agriculture was still a very profitable means of livelihood, there

may have been a greater community of interests between all classes living in country districts and perhaps a vague remnant of old feudal feeling which gave a greater security to the sporting rights of those who held them than is to be found in our altered and progressive times.

Let us begin with the farmers. They have fallen upon evil days when profit is hard to come by and there are many disappointments. They have to consider every item if they are to make a living at all and many small matters that used to pass unheeded must now be utilised for benefit or at least prevented from doing any harm. It is needless to enumerate any of these matters now, but the alteration in circumstances does not make for the improvement of sporting privilege. Then the Ground Game Act has put a vast amount of power into the farmers' hands. Everybody knows what an addition a few hares and rabbits are to the bag which sportsmen of moderate means hope to make in a day's walk. They are not of so much consequence in a great shoot when hundreds of partridges are killed but, when two or three guns go out expecting to pick up a modest fifteen or twenty brace, a little fur is a welcome supplement to the small amount of feather. But though the power is in the farmers' hands, it is our experience that they use it with much moderation. Rabbits are certainly killed down very close by some of them but, on the other hand, they by no means exterminate hares. No longer, of course, "The merry brown hares come leaping" in numbers as in Kingsley's ballad but, as there are quite enough to be a feature in a day's stroll over the fields, we can quite believe what we are

told, that the farmers like to see a few loping about. If, however, a certain number of hares are allowed by farmers to be on their farms and the damage done by them is put up with, there is an undoubted general feeling that, although the animals are preserved for sport, the slain ought to go to the farmer or, at least, that they should not form a source of money profit by being sent to the game dealer. We heard of one case lately in which a gentleman with shooting rights, whether as landlord or tenant we know not, had invited some farmers among others to have a day's sport. A good many hares were killed and, at the end of the day, the usual present of game was made to each of the guns. After this was done, the host was heard to give orders that the rest of the game was to be sent to some dealer, upon which the farmers at once made it understood that, as they had fed the hares, they thought that the slain should not be sold but should be distributed among them.

Of course there are farmers and farmers. There are the steady hard working men, who have probably some small capital and can stand the racket of occasional loss, keeping their position good from year to year by unremitting personal attention to business and knowledge of all its details. Such should be cherished by a landlord as the apple of his eye, for though they probably grumble a good deal and are sufficiently *exigeant* in asking to have things done for them, they are really fairly contented where they are. They wish to make an honest living out of the land but, as they have no desire to change, they put into the soil a fair equivalent for what they take out of it; they keep their farms in good heart and are steady supporters of Church and

State, taking their part, generally in a conservative sense, in County Councils, Parish Councils, Vestry meetings and other local business. They are among the salt of the British people and, if they have prejudices and hold out for their rights, no one can blame them. Then there is the class of men, too common nowadays who, with little or no capital, boldly take vacant farms, possibly securing the tenancy by offering a comparatively high rent. They devote themselves to taking as much out of the ground as they possibly can and return to it little or nothing. They are birds of passage for, when the time comes, as come it must in a very few years, that no more profit is to be made, they throw the farm, now quite worthless, back on the landlords' hands and remove themselves elsewhere, probably to play the same game over again.

Of the two kinds of farmers, there can be no doubt which is the better friend to sport. Fortunately for us, our experience lies entirely with the first and we have ever found our friends most kind and considerate in helping us in every reasonable way. One or two of them enjoy a bit of sport themselves and very small concessions make them firm supporters of our *chasse*. One likes occasionally to be able to give a day's rabbit shooting to a friend or two. Even under the Ground Game Act, he is not entitled to do this, but, as we place no obstacles in his way, he keeps up a largish stock of rabbits on his farm, of which we reap the benefit at least as much as anybody else. Whether he shoots a few hares also we don't know, but we never cross his farm without picking up quite as many as we have any right to

expect. Another who is one of the most important agriculturists in the country, knows as much about sport as most men and often forms one of our shooting parties. A deadly foe to all ground game, he is an invaluable ally in maintaining a stock of partridges and pheasants. The most stringent orders are given to his bailiffs and labourers that every nest that is seen is to be carefully protected and that, in all agricultural labours, the young broods are to be considered to the utmost. Those who never carry a gun themselves, if they do not take an active interest in the preservation of game, at least look upon it with a kindly eye and are ever ready to do whatever they are asked to do for its benefit. We have little doubt that one or two of the smaller men or their sons occasionally do more in the killing way than they are strictly entitled to do by Sir W. Harcourt's Act, but it is injudicious to enquire too closely into details and we believe that we profit by a little convenient blindness.

Naturally, every farmer has a parcel of game sent to him twice or thrice during the season and kindly relations are maintained in other ways, but we are far from thinking that, even if they were not our personal friends as we are proud to believe they are, they would be any the less supporters of the shooting rights conferred by the law. By the way, it is curious how very temperate the farmers in our district are. We make a point of asking them all to luncheon at our house once a year and we are always struck by the small amount of fluids consumed. One is altogether a teetotaller and none go beyond the most moderate pota-
ns.

After the farmers, the labourers. Well, upon the whole, we believe that the real agricultural labourers, in this district at any rate, are about as good friends to sport as any other class. If they don't directly benefit by it, it brings them a good many indirect advantages. The fields have to be bushed and, on each farm some of the labourers usually undertake the job, for which they receive liberal pay, or, as the quaint old expression is commonly used here, "largesse." When the covers are shot or when partridge driving is to be done, some of them are enlisted and earn a better day's wage than usual, besides having a remarkably substantial meal very well washed down. Odd shillings and half-crowns are picked up during the year for various little services and rabbits often come their way. We have said that their employers look kindly on sport and, if any labourer or shepherd was known to have done anything prejudicial to game or to have indulged in any poaching, dismissal with short shrift would be his portion. But they generally do their best to help our old head keeper and tell him of every nest which comes under their notice, so that precautions may be taken that it is not disturbed or, if it is in too exposed a place, that the eggs may be carefully removed and the pheasant or partridge chicks hatched under a hen and brought up by hand.

Most of the labourers about us are elderly men and there is a very general complaint that no younger generation is rising up to take their places when they are gone. Even now there are very few of the old sort left, who could turn their hands to any agricultural job. All the young able-bodied lads who have char-

acter and intelligence prefer to seek jobs elsewhere than on the farms. They move to the towns; they are taken on the railways; they are snapped up by factory owners. In our own knowledge several boys, who, at some pains, had been trained by farmers to plough and to be able to earn a livelihood, have forsaken the fields and disappeared to other scenes. What is to be the end of it? Is skilled field labour to be a lost art?

The relations between shooting and hunting are everywhere rather strained and about us they are certainly very far from cordial. Truth to tell, ours can never be a hunting district. There is a deal of plough, there are many enclosures and there are such numerous patches of woodland, each within a mile or less from the next, that there can never be any chance of a fox leading hounds a decent gallop. Whenever the county hounds do come, they come more with a view of affording a coffee-housing holiday to a mixed throng who know little and care less about the chase, than with any other real object. Pony carts, bicycles and foot people make up the greater part of the field. Our woods are drawn in a most perfunctory manner, but generally the master hardly takes the trouble to do more than run the hounds through some of the coverts, leaving many likely spots, many outlying spinneys untried, and then trots off about five miles to some more open country where he has a better chance of getting on terms with "the little red rover." The foxes, which we know haunt the country and which we may have viewed frequently on previous days, have an opportunity of saving themselves and we feel that we have entertained them

and guaranteed their safety throughout the year to no practical end. But still, bad as the sport shown by the county hounds is in our immediate neighbourhood, and indeed it is little better anywhere else, the country is hunted, foxes must be preserved and vulpicide is an unpardonable sin.

Now we yield to nobody in our love for the chase. Foxhunting is the monarch of all sport and, in a district even fairly adapted for it, every sacrifice should be made in order that it may flourish. But when all natural conditions are against it, when most of the few men and women in the field are only there because no other amusement is immediately available and when the subscriptions are so small that everything has to be done on the cheap, it is very much a question whether another sport for which the country is peculiarly adapted and which gives a vast amount of pleasure to many people, should be arbitrarily sacrificed in its favour. We could name a small shooting of about 2,000 acres including fields and woods, where a few pheasants are always reared and where also foxes are carefully preserved. Six hundred birds were brought up by hand this year and in one night forty of them were destroyed by a fox. That more of them did not fall victims was owing to very extreme precaution, most troublesome to carry out. This was the toll taken from the hand-reared birds alone and there are very shrewd suspicions that those which bred wild in the coverts suffered in an equal or larger proportion. Now this slaughter of pheasants represents a loss of a certain amount of fun to prospective shooters, quite irrespective of the mortification to the breeder who has raised the birds at con-

siderable expenditure of money and pains. Egerton Warburton has sung :—

“ . . . One fox on foot more diversion
will bring
Than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants
on wing.”

And this is very nearly true in a good hunting country, but in a district where hunting is but a feeble exotic, it is quite a question whether the maintenance of foxes, capable at any time of decimating the birds which, if allowed to mature, would give days of pleasure to parties of gunners, is really carrying out the old principle of seeking the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Some districts in England are made for hunting and in these, by all means, let hunting be the chief object in life. Let a poor man sacrifice everything else, buy a horse and subscribe to the hounds; but, in a country where hounds show little or no sport and where, in the nature of things, they have everything against them, it seems a pity to sacrifice a substance for the sake of grasping at a shadow. The poor man may very reasonably prefer the shooting sport, which is certain, to the hunting sport which is more than doubtful.

We believe that, in a district such as ours, much more pleasure would be given to the people who really care to ride to hounds if, for foxhunting, staghunting was substituted or even the humble drag and if the foxes, which now occupy coverts where they do nothing for the public good, were transferred to a locality where they would live respected, die an honourable death and have their obsequies properly celebrated. We are quite aware that what we have ventured to say will appear to some people as rank heresy and, worse than that, heresy probably prompted by self-interest, but im-

partial consideration may, we think, find in it a certain amount of common sense.

A man's neighbours anywhere are, not unfrequently the cause of many small worries and annoyances, and the boundaries of a sporting estate may supply, in their own way, as many *questions brulantes* as the frontier line of a great kingdom. Of course there are two sides to every question.—from our point of view, we may think that we have something to complain of in the conduct of some of the dwellers on our borders. They, on their part, no doubt have far from charitable feelings towards us which they cherish with what appears to them good reason.

Unfortunately for us, the greater part of the coverts which we can utilise for pheasants are placed on the outskirts of our territory and abut on small properties which are controlled by men who raise no head of game themselves but take advantage to the utmost of the birds with which we stock the woods. No one could reasonably object to the killing of pheasants which stray away into fields and hedgerows, but it is somewhat exasperating when the day, on which we are beating the woods, is selected for the presence of one or two guns just outside our boundary, who take the opportunity of shooting birds that break away unharmed by our own party. We shall never forget the wrath of a friend who, having failed to account for one or two rocketters, saw them pulled down, very neatly we must admit by a concealed and unwelcome shooter in the next field. We do not know how much the unseen man may have bagged that day but we heard him fire several shots and we fear that they were pretty deadly. Then there is another gentleman who

wrote a formal complaint because, for a few days previous to our big shoot of the year, we kept a boy walking up and down on the inner confines of a wood to prevent birds from straying. As the same gentleman had planted a very tempting patch of maize within a hundred yards of the covert, it was doubtless disappointing to him that its seductions were, for the time, made abortive. There are others who——, but why recapitulate annoyances, which after all are very trifling. It's a poor concern that can't spare a few birds and, as long as we are not invaded, the outside skirmishing does little real harm and our neighbours are welcome to the fun that they can get out of it.

Have we any poachers in our district? Undoubtedly we have. There is a flourishing country town within a few miles and from its purlieus are produced many ruffians who would willingly sweep the covers of ourselves and others, if they had the opportunity. We have never heard of any defiant gangs that clear everything before them with a high hand, but the marauders work singly or in twos and threes. One of the great drawbacks to our shooting is the multiplicity of public footpaths which traverse it in all directions. Anybody may go pretty well where he will and no one can gainsay him. From the footpath it is very easy to slip into a covert when nobody is looking and, in early winter, the town poacher takes a stroll after nightfall and visits the preserves on two or three estates one after another, picking up a roosting pheasant or two in each. Before the few shots which he fires have attracted the attention of a keeper and brought him to the spot, the poacher is a mile away on his road to another covert.

But this method cannot be carried out till the leaf is off the trees, so we shoot most of our birds in October or early in November. The few pheasants that are then left are so much scattered over all the woodland that there is little temptation to a man to take a long cold walk, on the somewhat problematical chance of finding a roosting bird that he can shoot at. There is not, we think, much partridge poaching by nets or otherwise. The footpaths that we spoke of, certainly have their disadvantages but, *en revanche*, they would prove a constant source of anxiety to any one who wanted to plunder the fields, for, at all hours, there are frequent wayfarers who would remark any unusual number of visitors, particularly if they were engaged in an unlawful occupation.

The people, who, we think, most tamper with the game, are the succession of gipsies and wanderers, who encamp on an open space near the main road known as the Gipsies' Common. We confess to a sneaking kindness for the real true bred gipsy, immortalised by Borrow, who pitches a camp such as might be found on a Turcoman steppe and whose habits and language, full of familiar Hindustani words, make his nomadic home like a piece of Eastern life dropped into the English landscape; but we cannot abide the ragged, disreputable crew of English tinkers and cadgers who travel about in vans drawn by wretched ghosts of horses and have every vice of the Gitano wanderer with none of his national and prescriptive right to practise a manner of life differing from the ways of civilisation. But true bred gipsy and English cadger, all are, we fear, tarred with the same brush as

far as a tendency to poaching is concerned and there is no doubt that the pot simmering on the camp fire would, like that of Meg Merrilees, be found to contain many an element taken by dog or snare and that the vans carry away many a fat hare or rabbit for sale at the next town which they pass through. Certain it is that, within a large radius from the Gipsies' Common, we hardly ever see a hare and the inference is very obvious. After all, if the permanent dwellers on the land are friendly, they are the best security against poaching. We are in the habit of giving a small subsidy to one or two reliable men who live near the most unprotected and vulnerable parts of our shooting and thus have a constant eye on what goes on around them. From the effects of such small payments and from general good feeling, we believe that we derive an advantage not to be gained by maintaining any extra number of regular keepers.

There are some words to be said about the friends and guests who, from time to time, take part in our sport. We say friends and guests advisedly for there is a mighty difference in the pleasure to be derived from the companionship of a man who has been an old comrade, with whom one has the close ties of sympathy in many subjects, ranging from the excitements of the shadowy past to the mature interests of the actual present, and the acquaintance of to-day to whom, for one reason or another, we wish to show some civility. *Tot homines, quot sententia!* So many shooters, so many different kinds of sportsmen! There is the keen, steady-going gentleman who knows pretty well everything that is to be known about sport in all its forms and has something more

than a bowing acquaintance with natural history. He takes a genuine delight in a good day and is almost equally well pleased with a rough wild walk, taking chance shots as they come. He is never out of his place and may be depended upon to contribute his full share to the bag. There is the jealous gun who spares nothing in his anxiety to kill and lays low the half-fledged cheeper that unwarily rises in front of him. His eagerness leads him to disregard all the unwritten etiquette and *convenience* of sport, and, in the most reckless way, he breaks the line of march over a turnip field or sidles away from the place where he has been posted outside a covert, if he thinks that thereby he will get a shot or two more than his neighbours.

There is the very moderate shot, who fancies that he is a good one, and the bad shot who, accepting his inferiority with equanimity, has yet so much pleasure in sport that he is content to go on all day, blazing away fruitlessly, so long as he is allowed to join in the pursuit of game. They are all good fellows and we are delighted to entertain them, but the vagaries of the weaker vessels among them are sometimes a little trying and sometimes not a little ludicrous. We shall never forget how disconcerted was an old friend, not a very brilliant shot, on one occasion. Some ladies had come out to look on while a covert was beaten and one of them stood near the Colonel. There was a fair show of game and a good deal of banging and he heard his fair friend counting quietly, "one," "two," "three," &c. Turning to her after a time, he asked "Are you counting the birds I kill?"

"Oh, no," she innocently re-

plied, "I am counting the birds that get away."

Truth to tell, the number which had escaped scatheless was much greater than that of the slain.

We were naturally discussing shooting in all its moods and tenses while our party was consuming its modest luncheon after a fairly good morning's tramp after partridges, and one of our friends enlarged upon the practical way in which keepers show that they have reckoned up the merits of each gun, and how, after a fusillade, they will search carefully for the birds that one gunner says he has brought down, while they pay little or no attention to the assertions of another that he has killed so many more. Our friend little knew how soon he was to furnish an example of his allegation in his proper person. A strong covey rose in the first field of the afternoon's walk, and several shots were fired. Mr. ——— cried out, "I have two down," and asked for the keeper and retriever to search the turnips. In a minute or two, the keeper wanted the line to move on again, and we said, "But you have not picked up Mr. ———'s birds," to which he replied in a confidential whisper, "I know all about that gentleman's birds, sir. It is just waste of time looking for them."

There is one very unfortunate influence at work in, alas, many places, which is doing a great amount of harm to the security of field sports. From various causes, landowners are suffering from terrible depreciation of incomes. Many country houses have been shut up; many have been sold, or are in the occupation of new people. A proportion of the new residents in country places have taken up conscientiously the duties as well as the privileges of those whom they have succeeded,

but many houses and shootings have been taken by people who only use them as temporary places of amusement, taking no interest in the locality, and only visiting it for short periods, bringing their circle of friends with them, and having no acquaintance or connexion with any class in the neighbourhood. They push their sporting rights to the utmost, and as they have generally plenty of money to devote to their pleasures, they succeed in attaining their ends. But there is no sympathy between them and the country folk, who are naturally led to look upon their privilege with a jealous eye. We know of one manor in our district which has been taken by a wealthy Londoner. Report says that this gentleman contributes nothing to the many small village funds which are generally helped to some extent from the squire's house. In the days when the owner could afford to live in his own house, there was a village cricket-ground in the park, a source of healthy amusement to many, and a kindly concession from the man who had privileges to those who had not. Since the new tenant has appeared on the scene, the cricket-ground has been withdrawn, because its space was found convenient for rearing some of the many pheasants that are required for his sport. Can it be wondered at if the game preservation in that neighbourhood is unpopular? We believe that the gentleman we speak of may err from thoughtlessness and from a business spirit which leads him to insist that he must have all that he has paid for, but the severe business spirit is not one to be a completely trustworthy guide in life.

We have said our say about a small English shooting and some of the matters connected with it.

Vale.

C. STEIN.

Mange in Foxes.

WHAT an unsavoury subject! Why should it be necessary to touch on it in your pages? Why touch such pitch? The answer is obvious. We must not shirk any subject for the simple reason that it is unpleasant. Our duty is to diagnose any disease which attacks animals connected with sport, and so help, if it be possible, to ward it off, or at all events lessen its fell consequences. This is especially so in the case of foxes, although I am by no means hopeful of saying much towards the cure of mange, or the causes of its onslaught upon British foxhunting countries.

We call it mange in foxes, but I am not so sure that it is mange in the ordinary acceptance of the term as applied to other animals. Turning to old books dealing with the ailments of animals I find that mange in a dog is described as a distemper with which he is often affected for want of fresh water to drink when he wants it, and sometimes by not being kept clean in his kennel. Again, we find it ascribed by another old author to high feeding, or not sufficient exercise, or an opportunity of refreshing themselves with dog-grass, or being starved at home, which will cause them to eat the vilest stuff abroad—such as carrion; this will heat their blood to such a degree as to make them mangy. You will also find in the best old authorities that mange exists in horses, sheep, and pigs. Who, however, heard of mange in foxes as a general thing until at a comparatively recent date? There have been cases of it in the old days, even in fashionable countries, though perhaps it never came upon us as a real trouble in a wholesale way until ten or twenty

years back—perhaps, indeed, less than that.

We have all had our theories about it—such as these: Turned down foxes in artificial earths; overcrowding; bad food, such as horseflesh or carrion; lying in damp drains after being severely run by hounds; being kept too long in the confinement of wire in plantations, and such like causes. Some, or indeed all of these, may have been predisposing elements in the initiation and spread of the disease, but I doubt, after giving the subject much anxious thought, whether they are answerable for it so much as we had at first supposed. If, as I think, we may conclude that mange is not a common or inherent disease in foxes so much as in dogs, why should it not have come upon them as an epidemic—not unlike the rinderpest in cattle or the swine fever in pigs, or even the grouse disease? After all the affection can hardly be termed mange in its ordinary sense, affecting the skin only. For I have seen mangy foxes with the disease eating into their flesh and their bones diseased. The smell of them was so bad when killed that hounds would decline to break them up, and the onlookers were glad enough to beat a hasty retreat from the scene.

The contagiousness of the disease must be something extraordinary, although erratic. It seems to have come from the South and East of England to begin with, and then spread West and North. I have not heard of it in Scotland, and only of solitary cases of it in Ireland. The Midland Counties have suffered badly from it, although the Quorn and Cottesmore have been singularly

fortunate in not having it badly, and also the Pytchley. It would almost seem as if the strong pasture soils were inimical to its spread. Yorkshire, especially in the Bramham and York counties, has had a cruel visitation of it, and certainly where foxes were the most numerous, as in the Bramham woodlands, they have fared worse than anywhere else. Now, turned down foxes can have nothing to do with this, as there has for the last thirty years, to my certain knowledge, been no occasion to replenish the stock of foxes hereabouts. I do not say, however, that the turned down fox, being the weaker animal, is not more liable to catch the disease, which is already in the district, than his wild neighbour, but he does not necessarily initiate it.

Not even the high hills of Wales are now free from it. Poor mangy brutes are crawling about and dying on the hill sides, where every surrounding favours health, vigour, and strength. Either they are the outcasts, the lepers, of the lower countries, that have gone on from place to place, like the itinerant vagrant, in search of rest for their poor stricken bodies and limbs, or they are the inheritors of the tainted air of the lower countries, which in various mysterious ways has brought them this distemper in its most deadly phases. We know that foxes travel great distances, but I do not believe that the spread of the disease is wholly attributable to travelling foxes, otherwise why should some districts be so much more free from it than others. No doubt they taint the earths, but I do not believe in their being able to lie underground much. Being the outcasts of fox society they lie above ground, generally in thin oak woods and plantations, so that if a mangy

fox is in a covert he is very likely to be seen, and can be sometimes shot, but it is rather dangerous in some countries, where fustian jackets abound, to give too promiscuous orders as to shooting diseased foxes, because I should be very sorry to be a clean-coated, healthy fellow, that crossed the open in front of any one of the vast majority of keepers. Luckily, mangy foxes seldom breed, and when they do I have found that they have nearly always mangy cubs, which do not long survive.

Nobody denies that this is a terrible affliction in hunting countries, but it must be borne with equanimity, as we bear other scourges. There is no sovereign remedy for it that I know of, except to destroy and well bury all the victims you can fairly get hold of. Do not let your hounds break them up, if you can help it, when they catch them. Mange carries the infection into other coverts, which may be pure. Do not be in too great a hurry to re-stock your country. Tainted coverts require a rest—or rather their earths do—but the earth should be broken up.

It is better to knock off one or two days' hunting a week after Christmas than risk many blank days, or the alternative of having turned down foxes. Luckily for fox-hunting foxes naturally spread themselves about, and healthy ones will soon come and fill up the gaps, which the mange has made in a district. I have known some wonderful instances of this during the last few years.

To show what dreadful contagion there is about an epidemic disease in animals, we read in the papers that the vultures, or eagles as they are called there, have almost totally disappeared from South Africa, where the rinderpest has worked such ravages,

the birds of prey having died from eating the poisonous carcasses of the cattle. If foxes and other wild animals had died from a like cause I should not have wondered, at all events, this would have been sufficient to account for their diseased condition with us.

I have said that mange is only a recent scourge, but this can only be said of it as an epidemic. I well remember some thirty-five or more years ago a grand day's hunting, of which a fox with mange on him was the hero. The mange I speak of was not of the virulent type that we are now suffering from. Perhaps I have told the story before, but the subject of this article brings it so forcibly before me that I cannot resist alluding to it.

It was springtime, when generally we went further afield towards the higher hill country for our finishing days of the season, and news came of a lamb-killer of a very pronounced character. An early start was made, and a farmer smarting under his losses soon did his best to locate the culprit by pointing out to us a partly devoured lamb on some rough ground close to a wood. Slipping on at once towards the end of the covert I was just in time to see what appeared to me a rusty-brown sheep-dog stealing off as fast as he could go. I was strengthened in the idea that this cur dog, as it seemed, was the true depredator, by its making straight for a farmhouse about two fields away. The animal had no brush, certainly, only a thin tail, with a small boss at the end of it, as many such dogs have, nor could I see any of the prick ears of a fox about him. I cracked my whip just to hurry him home, and was going back to the farmer to recommend a charge

of shot for him, when I saw hounds running in covert. At presently out they came, evidently on his line. I did all I knew to stop them, but in vain. They went, passing the farmhouse when I began to think that I knew more about the animal than were hunting than I did, so was a "For'ard away" the run began. It would not interest your readers to know the points of this remarkable run. Suffice it to say that it took us right over the Radnorshire Beacon for many miles—fine wild grouse moor and some going—to the confines of Montgomeryshire, hounds never dwelling an instant, then swinging round, we came back on lower ground into the country we had left in the morning, where we marked him to ground. Of course, he had to be dug out—no quarter could be given to such a fox as this. To our horror we soon came on a vixen and cubs, and while we were waiting for a bag in which to deposit them, and deliberating what was to be done with them, out bolted our hunted fox, and was off as if he had never heard a hound that day. It was, however, the same, I could swear, for he had not a particle of hair on his brush, except a little white at its tip, and he was the rustiest coloured brownish red fox I ever saw. There was nothing for it but to scramble on our stiff and tired horses, and once more gallop right over the Beacon, and many were those who caved in and went home.

At last we marked him once more in a well-known rock, where digging was impossible, and it seemed that we were destined to defeat after all. Welshmen, however, are proverbially blood-thirsty when such sport as this is about, and a 'yokel improvised

a long strong piece of wire, which he twisted into a hook at the end, and this was carefully pushed far into the cleft of the rock, and then jerked back, until it had evidently made itself fast to something. Then we hauled. The scene which followed I shall never forget. The moment we put the pressure on evidently from behind our foe, out he came with grand pluck, fairly scattering us; you might as well have tried to stop a lion. He sprang over the backs of the hounds, many of which were lying down on the ground below, and before they could collect themselves as it were to realise the situation, he was clear away down the hill.

It became serious work now, for having left our horses at the bottom of this steep hill, and seeing him once more turn for the higher ground when clear of the pack, we knew that to follow him with tired horses was impossible. More than once the horn was blown to stop the pack, but they heeded not.

Cannot you fancy a defeated sportsman on a waning spring evening sitting on his horse listening to the music of hounds fast fading away in the distance, and ruminating that if ever a fox had a charmed existence this queer old lamb-killer had, mangy though he was. No fox could stand a run over the Beacon three times in one day. No, certainly he could not. Ah, the sound turned; yonder they went down the opposite side of the valley, and down hill my horse could raise a canter. There was soon that unmistakable crash which tells of hounds gaining on their prey, and presently I spied him crossing a brook and coming towards me—perhaps he meant once more to try to reach the rocks, but this time I was too

much for him, so on down the valley he went. His bolt was shot, and in a few fields he was rolled over, after a hunt lasting more than five hours.

On examining his carcase it appeared that he was not hairless, except as to his brush, although his coat had the appearance of mange. The tops of both ears were nipped off, and his teeth were worn; he evidently was an old warrior. On looking again at his mask, which for many years adorned my smoking room, I remembered that a few seasons before I had turned out a brace of half-grown cubs that had been brought me from Aberedw, on the Wye, and that I had cut off the tips of both ears to make sure of knowing them again if they ever came to hand; and there can be no doubt that this fox was one of those; nor have I any doubt that his predilection for mutton and devouring dead sheep on the hills, which unfortunately in the spring of the year are only too abundant, had brought on the mange without, however, in the least, as I think I have shown, impairing his vital powers. From that day until about three years ago I do not think there has been a mangy fox killed in the country.

It is the opinion of an old-standing M.F.H. with whom I have discussed the question that the disease arises from turned down foxes which are fed on horse-flesh, and many of them wired in. If this be so, which I am much inclined to believe, there is, I fear, little chance of its being stamped out, because this pernicious practice is on the increase, and as long as game preserving is the first thing that covert owners or occupiers set their minds on, so long will this miserable excuse for fox-preserving be continued. It is

the sad penalty that we pay for artificialism, if I may so express it, in sport. So many M.F.H.'s nowadays lay too much stress on the number of foxes in their countries rather than on their quality when found. The result, of course, is that the number of noses on the kennel door is a good one, but when the record of true sport comes to be told there is scarcely a straight-away run to be talked of, for how can such half-tame brutes that now abound know any country of more than a three-mile circuit. Why, however, should I end my theme in such dolorous tones? Are we not just about to inaugurate another season, and are there not signs unnumbered that it will open with all its accustomed *éclat*? The London tailors and top-boot makers declare that the orders for new pinks and boots never were more numerous.

It is fitting that we should welcome all new devotees to the hunting field with the heartiness of true sportsmen. Since in the present day the diversities of sports, comparatively new sports, are so numerous, hunting is somewhat discounted — although I fancy I hear a hunting critic whisper, *sotto voce*, that the fields of hunting men are already overcrowded. Still, we cannot afford to be selfish in this matter. All we would say to our youthful friends, who are in the springtime of their career in the hunting field, is study its highest attributes; enjoy hunting for hunting's

sake, and stand by it against all comers. Do not, that is to say, stand up for it one day or in one place, and on another occasion or in another place, say or act in opposition to it. Hunting needs all its friends to be its downright friends. This will help to extirpate the mangy foxes as much as anything.

One word also to our hard-riding young friends, or would-be hard riders. It is not given to very many to become cut-me-down captains! If you can hold your own for three or four fields you will have plenty of room without jumping on friend or foe. Never jump into a field after hounds unless hounds are holding a good line over it, otherwise you will probably have driven them on unintentionally perhaps for another field, when the fox has run up the hedgerow that you have just jumped, and it will take five precious minutes to swing back, and re-cover the line. Never ride in the huntsman's pocket. There is nothing he dislikes so much. And with reason. If you aspire to see a good run and be free from all danger of blame from the Master, give hounds plenty of room, and by your example show others, who may be following your lead, how this should be done, and I will warrant that in due time you will gain that first-class certificate in the hunting field, which is one of the best passports to fame that a sportsman can wish for.

BORDERER.

With the Stag on Exmoor.

WHEN hundreds and thousands of health and pleasure seekers leave England for foreign parts to recruit their jaded minds and digestions at French and German watering places, one often wonders how it is that so few try to find out whether in England itself the self-same health cannot be found without the worry, heat, and the expense of getting to the centres of Europe.

Anyone who has been abroad at all must admit that half the good of the rest, half the charm of idling away a month at a Continental spring, is spoilt by getting there and coming back—the tightly-packed compartment, the officious station-master, the greedy crowd of hotel touts and servants, and the barely civil customs. *Verboten* this and *défendu* that—no matter how luxuriously you travel or what plans you make, you forget the delights of the shady walks of Homburg or the sunset on the Lac de Bourget when you remember the detained bicycle at Ostend and the imposition of the small Swiss hotel-keeper. No use writing to the daily press to complain, when the papers devote column after column to the charms of Lucerne and the gastronomic and social pleasures of Deauville; and yet here at our very doors is a spot where appetite and amusement wait on air and exercise, where the scenery is equal to anything in the Ardennes or perhaps even the Black Forest, or indeed to Switzerland itself.

It is not given to all to take half a Scotch county, or a score of thousands of acres of Yorkshire moor, but in North Devonshire and Somerset a man of moderate means can chase the red deer and enjoy the same wild sport as if he

owned a Scotch county or had invented a new valve for a bicycle. Thousands of acres of glorious heather lie in this district—not half as much as in the time of Elizabeth, when Mr. Hugh Pollard, ranger of Exmoor to Her Most Gracious Majesty, kept a pack of staghounds at Simonsbath; but still enough remains to make you feel that you have touched Nature's very heart, and you remember with contempt the time when you spent your holiday stewing in some German valley, and filling yourself with nasty water under the vain idea that you were getting rid of the gout. Come to Exmoor, ride ten or fifteen miles up hill to covert, a couple of hours' gallop over rough ground, and you will have a guarantee against insomnia or any feeling of depression after meals! But you will say that everyone does not ride, and that such an expedition might kill or cure some people, and they would sooner not risk it. The beauty of Exmoor is that all can share in its delights: considering its wild nature, no country is so well laned and wooded, and from the top of a friendly hill the carriage people can follow the chase for miles, now listening to the tufters as they endeavour to drive the warrentable deer into the open, now watching the field toiling up the far away heather-clad slope of Dunkery Beacon. And the best place in the world for children, who can come out on the native pony, and enjoy a ride and back again in time for tea and bread and butter.

Of course, like all sport that is worth pursuing, it has its drawbacks. The greatest patience is required, and many are disap-

pointed at first because they do not at once start off at full tilt across the moor. All over it run valleys or ravines; some mere dingles, others deep gorges, some oak copse covered, others finely timbered like the heights of Cliveden above Maidenhead. In these coverts lie the deer, and one thing is certain that you are nearly always sure of a find, but to the uninitiated I must say that you don't hunt every deer you rouse; it is the duty of the harbourer early in the morning to harbour the "warrantable" deer. Hinds, for instance, are not hunted until October—young male deer are avoided. What is sought for is the real article. If possible a stag with all his rights, five years old or over, brow, bay and tray, and two or three atop. A male deer does not carry his brow and tray antlers till he is four years old, and at five the bay antlers are added, while at six years old he has two points a-top, and at seven all his rights, *i.e.*, three points of each, so that it will be seen that the mere rousing of the deer is a smaller matter, the great thing being to "harbour" the right animal in the early hours of the morning, and when harboured or located to separate him from the others and get him away if possible on the open moor. The harbourer himself is a man of supreme importance; bred on Exmoor, and a student of the habits of the deer from his childhood, he must be able to tell, on the slightest indication, the sort of deer that has been feeding near one of the coverts, to be drawn the following day, whether he is warrantable or merely a hind or young male deer; he is full of deer lore, with an eye like a hawk for the slightest impression on the sometimes hard ground which would tell him of the presence of

the quarry; he also notes the state of the crop. A stag takes one bite out of a turnip, and throws it over his head, or half an ear of corn, truly a lordly feeder; the more thrifty hind two or three bites, and so on. Then the size and the impression of the slot tell the expert what is near him. So that altogether you will see the harbourer is a most learned person.

Having discovered that his stag has gone into some snug combe or valley—the covert may be large or small; more often the former—he satisfies himself, as far as he can, that the deer has not gone out on the other side; and when he is, humanly speaking, sure that the stag remains in the covert, after the night's feeding, he is said to have harboured him. Then at eleven o'clock comes Anthony Huxtable with twenty couples of dog hounds. Only dogs are kept at Exmoor, bitches being thought too small. Twenty-six or twenty-seven inch hounds, drafts from the bluest blood in England, a beautiful pack, and something rather unusual in their appearance till you notice that no hound is rounded; this operation is going out of fashion in many foxhound kennels. There is no particular reason in not rounding them—perhaps only fashion, and I was told that the hounds do not suffer. What a field of horsemen—three hundred all told, of all sizes, and all sorts, all in mufti except the master and servants, who wear pink. The horses the latter ride on would do credit to Leicestershire, but those of the field are, on the whole, moderate, and while on horses let me prick a bubble—"the horse of the country" should be ridden, and don't take your own horses, so you are told. This is nonsense. By all means take your own horses if you have the right sort. When I say the right

sort I mean a thick blood horse, as fit as hands can make him; 15'2 is a good height. Ponies are useless. Some people imagine Exmoor ponies are ridden—is it likely? Perhaps a twenty mile run and thirty home, a blazing sun all day, and full tilt most of the time. By all means take your own horses if they have shoulders, short backs, and good hocks. The very best horse you ever had is good enough if hounds race for two or three hours over the moor. Of course there are excellent hirelings, and many of them very good beasts too, but you don't always get them, and they aren't all of them nearly as comfortable rides as they should be. If a horse has hunted in the country before all the better, he will avoid jumping the heather, and will canter easier down hill, and keep a sharp look out for stones and soft places. As a matter of fact, out of a field of three hundred it would be doubtful if there are more than fifty, perhaps only twenty, horses fit to see a big run. On the other hand, on many days any horse will do. While the tufters are busy trying to rouse and drive a warrantable deer into the open you may be hours sitting, if the sun is out, on the heather. There is no anxiety, ladies might even do a nice bit of worsted work or read Hall Caine's new book, but the keen sportsman, glass in hand, is listening to the tufters running in the valley below, and waiting to try and catch a glimpse of the southern Monarch of the Glen as he canters over the hill of heather in front.

The main body of the pack I ought to have explained are kennelled in some convenient barn, and the huntsman draws two or three couple of steady and trustworthy hounds to try for the right game. It is the

duty of these tufters to rouse the deer, and push him into the open before the pack is unkenelled, and laid on. What a beautiful scene it is. Up on your right is the celebrated Dunkery, imposing, but full of pitfalls to the unwary; down below is Cloutsham, and away in the valley is a delightfully tiny hamlet, with its green thatched cottages and a wealth of flowered gardens with hydrangeas and fuchsia hedges; and the eye wanders over the deep purple heather on the hills, and masses of foliage in the combs running down to Porlock Bay, with the Bristol Channel sparkling in the sun twelve hundred feet below. See, here is the stag! He has been well hustled by the tufters, he passes close by. Will he go over the moor? No. He is headed, or correctly speaking blanced, by the sandwich-eating crowd on the hill. He turns into the comb, and heads for the cliffs and the sea. No moorland run to-day. The pack is laid on, and for an hour hunt him in covert, and then he takes soil, as they say, in the sea. With glasses you see him swimming two miles from shore. A boat is fetched, he is towed ashore and killed, the most unpleasant part of stag-hunting, a gory scene, but what excitement amongst the villagers: his head is commented on—three on one side and one on the other, his slots how small they are, his teeth how worn. The master claims the head, and others carry off any interesting relic.

How different to a big moor run, ten, fifteen, twenty miles, mostly over the open moor; soft places—there are no bogs if you would believe the native—fear-some hills and unrideable lanes. You are told to follow someone; it sounds so easy; perhaps

you select the huntsman or the master; the first two miles down a road, showers of stones and kicking horses. You think it is an over-praised sport? You turn into a lane, and then into fields with beech-tree hedges, twenty feet high all round; you cannot see. The master goes one way, the huntsman another. Which are you to follow? You hesitate and are lost. Only a group of people as ignorant as yourself. What are you to do? You make a bold cast forward down a trout stream. They call it a lane. Full gallop with the boughs nearly sweeping you out of the saddle. Miles in front you see a scarlet coat disappearing over a hill top. But what hills and stones, what dingles and copses, before you reach the place. You have been galloping for nearly two hours. There is no jumping, it is true, and you see no hounds. The three couple you saw in the wood were running a fresh deer, the body are "up over." Everything is "up over," or "down under," and yet after all it is exciting. Will you ever get to the end of this interminable gallop or see a hound again? You certainly must use your head as much as if you were in a flying country and you absolutely must gallop. No checks, no turns. The deer runs as straight as a dart. At last you are in the open moor. The white specks on the far hill-side are the flying pack—the bigger specks the mackintoshes of the servants, for it can rain as in the tropics on these western hills. The riding on the moor as a rule is good going, no rabbit holes, no ruts. Deep heather or bent grass and stony paths—"up over" and "down under." In another hour you are across the patch of moor and again in a combe. A check at last; the deer has pushed up

two hinds and the pack divides, but the body stick to the hunted deer. See, here he is. He reels. His tongue is out. How "parts the hart for cooling streams." His bolt is shot, and he stands, whilst the pack set him up, and bay him. What a cry. He uses his antlers to no effect. The stream is too strong. One minute more, and they have him rolling over in the brown river, and deer and pack are swept away by the current to be recovered lower down. A great hunt. About seventeen miles, and don't forget that it is not a flat country. The natives abuse the line, because their ideal is the moor and nothing but the moor, but it is a fine point and a difficult run to ride. Altogether you feel quite as happy as if you had had forty minutes with a fox, and the wild picturesque scene at the death is certainly never to be forgotten.

A man who goes out with the idea of comparing it with fox-hounds had better stay at home. It is a different thing. There is no drive and swing. Stag-hounds tail dreadfully. There is no jumping at all, but there is plenty of excitement. The hills you gallop down, and the ground you ride over terrify the life out of you at first. If they run in the enclosed country you want all your wits about. It has, of course, most serious drawbacks. You may be and frequently are for hours doing nothing on a hill top, but given fine weather and throw in the air and scenery, and you will enjoy it even then, and after all there is always the chance of a great moor run. There is an object for a ride, and a hound and a pink coat, and last, but by no means least, a habit, in fact, a good many of them, and if these attractions are not enough you have the satisfaction of knowing that you are leading as healthy

life as can be led, and are getting fit for the hunting at home.

And now how to do it. Go to Minehead, via Bristol or Taunton, or to Porlock. Minehead is the typical budding seaside place. The sea, the sands, the row of bathing machines, the lodging houses, and rows of villas. Porlock is more secluded, and has less accommodation. Thatched cottages and honey-suckle, retirement and roses. As regards living it is quite good at both places, but the best hotel at Minehead, though most comfortable, is very dear. Take it altogether, I should say, go to Porlock if you can get in, as it is more central for the best meets. For horses, Mr. White, of Minehead, has some really excellent mounts, and is most obliging and moderate. As I said before, if you can, by all means take your own. It is a luxury; you are often twelve hours in the saddle, but leave yours at home unless they be as hard as nails, and can stay for a month. If they can't do this, Mr. White's can. So try his. You can hunt two or three

days with the stag, and either the Exmoor or West Somerset Foxhounds are out on other days at eleven, and Mr. Paramore's harriers, close to, go out three times a week, so you have lots of sport. In conclusion, don't forget the Deer Damage Fund. There are no more courteous farmers in the world, and they all hunt, but when a stag gives a party in their best turnip field, there isn't much left over. Of the establishment itself, everything is as smart as smart can be. A most courteous master, whose temper, I fear, must be often tried by sportsmen who hunt the huntsman and not the deer. It is not everyone who would hunt the wilds of Exmoor in the dead of winter, but deer must be killed, and it must be a matter of congratulation in the counties of Devon and Somerset to have such a keen sportsman at the head of affairs as Mr. Sandars. Visitors must always be a certain nuisance, but you will never know of it in the West. The Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds are an institution of which the sporting world, and particularly the West, may well be proud. G.

Coursing.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON.

ALTHOUGH nominally the season of coursing generally begins when the month of September is nearly over, it cannot be said that the sport is in full swing until pheasant shooting has been well pursued. For not until the coverts have been thoroughly beaten by the pheasant-shooter and the fox-hunter, and the woods have echoed to the twang of the hunts-

man's horn and the crack of the shooter's gun, do hares betake themselves to the open in large numbers. Consequently we may well regard the early attempts at coursing as a mere nibbling at the game, or perhaps, as the late Charles Lever would have said, as refreshers for the great cause to be tried at Waterloo. Not until the month of November,

then, can any opinion be formed or any line taken as to the probable result of the Waterloo Cup contest. But on no grounds can it be said that this season has thus far opened auspiciously so far as coursing is concerned. For with whatever success may have attended previous meetings must be associated the prevailing gloom that overspreads the entire coursing community caused by the untimely death of the Earl of Sefton. Ill indeed would it become any writer on coursing and on the prospects of the season to dilate upon them without an allusion to that sad event, made doubly sad as it is by the misfortune that has befallen Lord Molyneux, his eldest son.

It is not necessary to urge the antiquity of the sport of coursing as a claim on the sympathy or support of the public, but just now while there seems to be a pseudo-humane spirit pervading some sections of society, and even the propriety of continuing the maintenance of Her Majesty's Buckhounds has been not too gently assailed, its claims to national favour seem to require some sort of defence. It is quite true that when the enclosed and park meetings were held in various parts of the country, when draw dinners were actually held on London Bridge and hares imported from distant shires and turned out before greyhounds in a strange country, thus reducing the sport to a mere rat worry, such proceedings were worthy of public reprehension. But all that kind of thing has been changed, and what charge can fairly be brought against coursing as being cruel it is hard to conceive. At all events we can point to the late Earl of Sefton as a most strenuous supporter of coursing, as the sport is carried out on his ground at

Altcar, and "namby - pamby" must that "friend of humanity" be who on such an unstable foundation objects to coursing.

Several minor meetings have been held, and among them those of Lichfield and Cirencester are perhaps the most worthy of mention, the latter, although only a one day affair, arousing many memories of the past glories of the old Cirencester Club and the performances of the late Mr. Racster's famous old Romping Girl. At a convivial little meeting at Rochford, near Southend, such curiously-named events as the Creeksea Ferry Stakes and the Ferry Boat Stakes were contested, while some fifty carriages nearly all containing ladies were a conspicuous feature. The curiosity of the stakes, however, may not be thought so peculiar when the proximity of the sea is considered, nor perhaps the multitudinous presence of the fair sex. The Lichfield meeting was a much more important affair on the King's Bromley Manor Estate, no fewer than sixty-four nominations being required to fill the stakes, and the condition of game and ground was reported to be excellent.

Lancashire is generally early to take the field with her Ridgway Club Meeting at Lytham, as befits the country in which the renowned annual struggle for the Waterloo Cup is fought out, but not always to the bitter end, as unfortunately has happened on more than one notable occasion. As coming near to Waterloo itself in point of importance and numbers, the Ridgway Meetings are always held in foremost rank and estimation, and indeed Lancashire as a coursing county is perhaps the first on the list of those celebrated for the sport. The Ridgway Club members assembled in great numbers at the

Clifton Hotel, Lytham, for the Autumn Meeting, and one of the largest entries for the Produce Stakes and other contests was the result of the draw dinner which was numerously attended, and Messrs. Fawcett & Mugliston got through the card with all due expedition. There was a fine stock of game on the estate, for which many thanks are due to Messrs. Magee, the brewery firm who rent the shooting over the land. Altogether we may safely say that a more successful meeting has not been held at Lytham for many years, and as a forerunner of Altcar, it cannot fail to be regarded with particular interest. In the Tenant Farmers' Stakes were the late dividers of the Lichfield event. It is a pleasure to read particulars of such a formidable meeting so early in the season, as it is also to observe the time-honoured names of such veterans as Mr. Haywood and Mr. Quihampton being among the competitors. We should very much like to hear their opinion of the popularity of coursing, and the probability of the discontinuance of the sport on the score of cruelty.

There is no measuring the possibilities of what may be achieved by the efforts of Essex in the world of sport, seeing that she has already made a most gallant fight for the championship of cricket; stands well to the fore in the hunting field, and is now

quite in the first flight in both sports. In coursing too, she is not far behind the foremost of those counties laying claim to be considered of the first class. The Witham Meeting has already been held, and this event probably had a deteriorating effect upon the entries at the South Essex Meeting at Rainham later on, although the attendance of members was very large. Like Cirencester, owing to the smallness of the entries, the meeting only extended over a single day, and it is to be regretted that the Wannington Stakes did not fill and were therefore void, though hares were reported plentiful and the Phoenix Hotel, Rainham, is within easy distance from Fenchurch Street. But we feel sure that better things are in store for a county which boasts such staunch sportsmen as Mr. C. E. Green, Mr. A. P. Lucas, and Mr. C. J. Kortright. We regret to say that Mr. J. Thurston of the Queen's Head Hotel, Stowmarket, has had the misfortune to have his kennels set on fire, and to have thirteen greyhounds burned to death. Mr. Hedley and Tom Bootiman will probably again officiate at Altcar in the forthcoming struggle for the Waterloo Cup, though the former had the misfortune to fall off his horse, which was very fresh, at Lytham; but as he was only shaken he will probably be able to put in an appearance at Liverpool.

SIRIUS.

"Old Memories."

O DON'T you remember the brave runs of old,
When we raced over hill and o'er dale,
And we laughed as we leaped with the wild joy of youth,
And courage no danger could quail?
But now we are old, and the saddle, old friend,
Will ne'er see us mounting again;
And of all the joys that are left us now
Fond memories only remain.

O don't you remember that dark chestnut mare,
So gallant in stride and so free?
She cleared every timber and flew o'er each brook,
With the field racing all after me.
In the cold, cold grave she is resting, old friend,
And a stone tells the tale of her might;
And ne'er shall I hear her sweet whinny again,
When she saw me and showed her delight.

O don't you remember the dear friends of old,
Who hunted so blithe and so gay?
The hale hearty greetings that met us whene'er
We rode on each bright hunting day.
The grass grows green on their graves, old friend,
They are gone like the flowers that die;
And of all the glad throng that were hunting then
There are left only you and I.

O yes, we remember the days that are gone,
With their joys and their sorrows so drear;
And Memory fills our hearts with delight,
Though often she raises a tear.
But while we talk of old times, dear friend,
No troubles shall make us repine;
We will banish all care, and in memory dwell
On the joys of our "Auld Lang Syne."

P. H. DITCHFIELD.

Telegony.

THIS Greek word appears to have been selected to define a certain interesting and highly important influence to which mares are subjected during the period of gestation. Into the reasons which caused this peculiar word to be selected it is not my wish or intention to enquire. According to an able writer on breeding it is derived from Τηλε, conveying the idea of distance or remoteness and γυνή, woman standing for the generative idea. The same author proceeds to remark that Telegony "is a fearfully made word, sufficient to make the ancient scholars of Greece turn in their tombs."

In plain English Telegony, pronounced *Telegony*, as in "Telegraphy," means the influence upon progeny of a previous sire; or, more simply yet, "stain." It is only of recent years that attention has been paid to the remarkable influence of a former sire upon produce for which his service is not immediately responsible, and in view of the fact that "throw back" has long been recognised, it is somewhat strange that horsebreeders should have given so little attention to a factor which is one of the most important in the delicate task of inating—a force which may often be accountable for otherwise inexplicable disappointments. By Telegony, then, we understand the tendency of mares to form a physiological habit of conception which is persistent, to the extent that the offspring of subsequent unions are qualified by the first bias. Hence the importance of breeding from maiden mares in order to secure an unstained foal bed. A recent issue of BAILY'S MAGAZINE contains mention of a case in which a mare that refused to breed to a horse

was mated with a zebra, and to the latter threw a striped foal; and this zebra "stain" could be traced in the subsequent foals produced by the mare, though in each case the foal was sired by a horse. Quite recently, too, Mr. Tegetmeier gave in the *Field* some particulars of an experiment conducted by Professor Cossar Ewart, which confirmed in the most striking manner the lessons to be learned from the result of the unions referred to in BAILY'S MAGAZINE. Professor Ewart omitted, by the way, to mention the sex of the second foal; however, we are promised that a portrait of the youngster may shortly be given us, when the omission will no doubt be repaired.

Whatever the Professor's former attitude of mind on the subject may have been, he appears now convinced of the potency of "stain" in breeding; in his own words it is proved "up to the hilt." That experienced breeder of blood-stock, Mr. W. Day, in his book "The Horse: How to Breed and Rear Him," tells us of the only two known instances in which a mare which had previously bred winners after an unsuitable mating ever again produced a winner! ("Cecil," it may be remembered, states that he never met with an example of such physiological recovery from "stain.") A medical man recently informed me that he had contemplated the purchase of a Cleveland mare; but, on hearing that she had been previously served by a hackney, he abandoned the idea. I am somewhat inclined to think that medical men know far more about the results of "stain" than the veterinary profession; otherwise we should have heard more re-

specting its baneful results are now. In regard to this we must bear in mind that it does not come within the means of all veterinary surgeons to prosecute the necessary experiments, these entailing both time and considerable expense. It may be said that the mischief resulting from bad or doubtful crossing, liable as it is to appear at some future time, perhaps when least looked for, cannot be obviated; it may, however, be neutralised, for it goes without saying that our success in producing distinct breeds of domestic animals is entirely due to judicious and careful mating — in short, to special selection. In "Wood's Mammalia" we are told that whenever the zebra and domestic ass have been fruitfully mated the influence of the male parent seems permanently impressed on the dam, which imprints upon subsequent offspring by her own species some characteristic of the interloper. Since I penned the above remarks I have had the advantage of reading in the *Field* a letter from Mr. Tegetmeier (and when are this gentleman's letters not interesting?) respecting a zebra-ass hybrid which he recently has had an opportunity of inspecting. The characteristics of this animal in some measure provide confirmatory evidence in support of my quotation from "Wood's Mammalia," inasmuch as the foal appears to "take after" the sire in greater degree than the dam, which suggests that the mother had been well impressed at mating. I have also received from a friend a letter calling attention to the following extract from Thomas Bell's "British Quadrupeds," which has direct bearing upon the subject:—

"The horse and the ass will breed also with the zebra or the quagga. One of the

most remarkable instances of this kind is the celebrated case of a mare belonging to the Earl of Morton, which affects in the most important manner a point of great interest both to physiologists and to breeders of animals. The point is that the characters of the male parent of the mother's first progeny exert a marked influence on her subsequent young, whatever may be the peculiarities of the father of the latter. The circumstances were as follows:—The Earl of Morton being desirous of obtaining a breed between the horse and the quagga, selected a young mare of seven-eighths Arabian blood, and a fine male of the latter species, and the produce was a female hybrid. The same mare had afterwards first a filly and then a colt by a fine black Arabian horse. They both resembled the quagga in the dark line along the back, the stripes across the forehead and the bars across the legs. In the filly the mane was short, stiff and upright like that of the quagga; in the colt it was long, but so stiff as to arch upwards and hang clear of the sides of the neck; in other respects they were nearly pure Arabian, as might have been expected from fifteen-sixteenths Arabian blood."

Within the last few days a friend, who is now making an effort to breed an exceptionally high class of pointers, has informed me that one of his litters of puppies consisted of half pointers; the remainder being setters! This gentleman appeared to be aware that there was in breeding a factor cyleped "stain"!

An eminent medical man who has published his views on impression in breeding has suggested that were the mare's eyes covered at the time of stinting so that she should not see the horse her offspring possibly might show no "stain," that is presuming the stallion to be one of doubtful merit. On the other hand, should the sire be in all respects the stamp of animal the owner would wish his mare to produce in future, the more she sees of the horse the better. His suggestion in fine is that the eyes play a most important part in the reception of impression, and that the

first sexual impression produced in a mare should be a thoroughly good one, since she will always in after breeding retain the tendency to revert to it; in other words, to "throw back."

It is the haphazard and careless fashion in which mating has been conducted that has worked so much harm to breeds of horses. And now, when Continental and American breeders are sending us

such numbers of animals, flooding our markets and bringing down prices, the importance of replacing the happy-go-lucky system, or want of system, by forethought and consideration is more than ever apparent. Without such care and recognition of proved, if obscure facts, which bear upon the subject, good results can hardly be expected.

R. G. H.

The Sportsman's Library.

For the recent part of this work of reference,* as for those which have preceded it, we have nothing but praise, and the more we see of the work the more satisfied are we that no pains have been spared by the editors to include all matters of interest in the world of sport. The October number takes us appropriately enough from Gamekeeper to Hare, and includes a long article upon Golf which is assisted by wood-cuts of various distinguished golfers in the act of playing a stroke.

A capital description of the famous Grasmere Sports has also the advantage of illustrations of the wrestling competitions, one of which includes, if we mistake not, the portly form of George Steadman, the champion wrestler, who in 1896, at the age of 50 years, carried off the champion belt—not around his waist—for the thirteenth time.

Grouse come in for notice from the pen of the Marquis of Granby, and from grouse to Guns is but a

step, and a most complete article carries the interesting subjects of guns and the building thereof right up to date.

A considerable number of birds and beasts come in for notice under the letter G, and the two plates "Gazelle Stalking" and "Unapproachable Geese" are quite up to the standard of those in former parts of the Encyclopædia.

We have received from the Life Saving Society the fourth edition of their valuable little hand-book* which gives instruction and deals with the various methods for the Rescue, Release from, and Resuscitation of the Drowning.

Considering that between 6,000 and 7,000 lives are said to be annually lost by drowning on the coasts and inland waters of the United Kingdom alone, it is evident that there is much good work to be done by a Society with such aims as these.

This little book gives concise directions as to the best methods of conveying a drowning person

* "The Encyclopædia of Sport." Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Hedley Peele and F. G. Aflalo. London: Lawrence and Bullen, 1897. In monthly parts two shillings each. Part VII., October 1897.

* "The Life Saving Society Hand-book of Instruction." Diamond Jubilee Edition, 1897. Published by the Life Saving Society, 8, Bayley Street, London, W.C.

from the water to the security of land, and this is indeed frequently made a matter of great difficulty and danger by the unfortunate and proverbial attribute of drowning men that they are inclined to catch at straws and by their struggles seriously to handicap the efforts of their would-be preserver.

Part II. deals with the theory of circulation and respiration, and the various systems of resuscitation and artificial respiration are discussed and demonstrated, and of these the Silvester method is preferred.

The Society recommend that those desirous of becoming qualified to rescue and resuscitate the drowning should form themselves into squads for the purpose of being drilled to perform the various movements and exercises by word of command, and these exercises are well shown in the hand-book in a series of diagrams.

Part III. of the work contains general hints to bathers, and closes with some particulars of the Society, which was founded in 1891, and boasts as its Hon. President H.R.H. the Duke of York, K.G.

This scholarly work* of the Vice-Chancellor of Dublin University will be of interest to students of the Bard of Avon, and especially to those of sporting proclivities. The author, impregnated with a great love of Shakespeare, happened to enjoy some sport with the Devon and Somerset staghounds in the days of the mastership of the late Mr. Fenwick Bisset, and it is to this fact that we are indebted for the work

under notice. "For," says Mr. Madden, "again and again I revisited those happy hunting grounds, and in each succeeding autumn the thoroughly Shakesperian character of the sport and its surroundings impressed me more and more. I began by collecting passages illustrating the scenes with which I became familiar, then came the idea of a stag-hunt after the manner of *The Noble Art of Venerie* and of *Et-moor*, in which a description of the various incidents of the chase might serve to illustrate and to connect the scattered passages in which Shakespeare has recorded his recollections of the harbouring, the unharbouring, the hunting, the baying, and the breaking up of the hart."

Mr. Madden has accordingly selected Master William Silence, the best educated member of the old Gloucestershire families, Shallow and Silence, who figure in the second part of "*King Henry IV.*" as the most suitable character upon whom to father the history of a hunt and its surroundings in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Moreover, the notes of Master William upon "*The Horse in Shakespeare*" also form a most valuable commentary upon the works of the great poet, and all readers of this book must, we think, share the author's amazement at Shakespeare's knowledge of the most intimate secrets of woodcraft and falconry, and above all of the nature and disposition of the horse. Mr. Madden must have devoted a vast amount of loving labour to his work, and the number of references to sport, horses, hounds, and so on which he has collected from Shakespeare is quite astonishing. We are more than ever lost in admiration for the great dramatist whose subtle and keen

* "*The Diary of Master William Silence.*" A Study of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan Sport, by the Right Hon. D. H. Madden, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. Longmans, Green and Co., 39, Paternoster Row, London. 1897. Price 16s.

knowledge of human nature is supplemented by so rare a knowledge of sport. We think that Mr. Madden will accomplish a good work by leading students of Shakespeare to take an increasing interest in sport, and students of sport to take an increasing interest in Shakespeare; for, as Dr. Johnson truly said, "He that will understand Shakespeare must not be content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field."

Mr. Philip Norman has contributed a most interesting and valuable work on cricket,* and not only is it a valuable book, but also beautifully got up in quarto—rather a novelty in these days. His history of the West Kent Club commences with matches played between 1812 and last year, a period covering 85 years. The West Kent Club had its origin on Princes' Plains, Bromley Common, in 1812; and on the enclosure of Bromley Common, in 1822, a move was made to Chislehurst Common, the headquarters being the "Tiger's Head," where the Club had its own private cellars supplied by Mr. Aislabie, a great supporter of cricket, and hon. sec. to the Marylebone Club. The Club paid "corkage" to the caterer and gave their guests who attended the cricket dinners (and who, of course, paid for them) a pint of port wine each out of the Club funds. What would Sir Wilfrid Lawson say to a club who did so now? A cricket match in the old days was a grand holiday, and people who came from a distance did not trouble themselves about the clock till the small hours.

The story of the West Kent

Club is practically a record of the many neighbouring clubs, and gives a truthful sketch of what was done in former days when playing cricket meant learning the grammar of the game at the weekly Club practice, in days when there were very few professionals, and amateurs had to perfect themselves in bowling, batting, and fielding, and earned a place in the Club Eleven by studying and qualifying themselves for any watch in the field, whether close in, at point or short slip, or short leg or long stop, or in the long field, when boundary hits were unknown, and eleven men were expected to keep the ball within the play on open downs. In those days condition, quickness and certainty in running, throwing, and catching, and batting were indispensable—as pads were unknown, and men had to defend their wicket with their bats alone and to run out all their runs, and this could only be done by hard and constant practice. Cricket grounds had short grass left on them, and the ball would "do a great deal," and men did not meet the same bowlers constantly on a "plate glass" wicket, on which balls never "shoot," and runs had to be earned hard. A County Eleven was composed of recruits drawn from the clubs—whose name was "legion"—and, as Kent was a regular hotbed of cricket, noblemen and gentlemen were always ready to lend their parks for a grand match and often guaranteed expenses, and such places as Blackheath, Dartford, Sladenham, Bromley, Bexley, Chislehurst, Sevenoaks, Town Malling, Penshurst, Cobham Park, Gravesend and many others boasted of a strong cricket militia from which a County Eleven could be formed.

Before the days of railways the

* "Scores and Annals of the West Kent Cricket Club," by Philip Norman. Eyre and Spottiswoode, London.

different clubs, whose headquarters were within twenty miles of each other, met in matches, and the M.C.C., Woolwich Garrison, and, after 1860, Chatham Garrison, were useful neighbours and friendly foes to the West Kent Club.

Mr. William Ward, formerly M.P. for the City of London, and Mr. Aislabie were energetic supporters of the West Kent Club, and the names of Mr. E. H. Budd, G. F. Parry, the celebrated fieldsman, Alfred Mynn, N. Felix, "Bull" Pickering, and, above all, Herbert Jenner (the author's uncle)—now over 90 years of age—whose names were household words in the cricket field, all appear in the scores.

There is a copious index to the names of "Cricketers of all Ages." There was a large colony of bankers and rich merchants who had country seats in West Kent when it was the most rural and picturesque and secluded of districts in England; and, as in early days large public schools were the natural homes for the sons of those whose fathers could afford the expense, "Young England" who inhabited those districts had a good cricket teaching at home and at school, testified by the fact that to-day you may see in the score-books the same names of those who figured in the local matches fifty or sixty years ago in the list of players in Public School and University, and

M.C.C. matches of to-day; and may see in the flesh a few of the old boys who played at Lord's School and University matches and in the local matches when William IV. was king, sitting by a Lord's or school cricket ground in agonies of suspense, watching the career of their grandsons who are "brought up" on the same line as they were. Cricket is often hereditary. There is one grand thing in cricket of the present which is that, owing to the easy means of communication, and enormous increase of large schools, cricket has become ubiquitous, and two years since thirteen schools were represented in the University Elevens, and nearly as many in the last University Match at Lord's.

There are charming little bits of sun to bask in, and shades to lie under, in Mr. Norman's books and sketches of old country fairs and costumes, gipsy life and entertainments, and flashes of song and anecdote abound.

It is really a good book, and just the thing to give to a boy who is "feeling his feet" in his school eleven, or to a club where good cricket is growing. It is delightful to get hold of any cricket writing to-day which gives a true picture of the *bonâ fide* gentleman cricketer, and which is as wholly devoid of "slang" and "padding," and outrageous "hero-worship," as Mr. Norman's is. "*Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona.*"

The Hunting Season.

Sans Changer is a motto one might almost write at the head of every hunting-table. True, masters come and go; a pack is given up here and there; a fresh one is started; countries are amalgamated; fresh masters are appointed, and as each succeeding autumn comes round the thread of hunting is taken up just where it was broken in the spring. New faces there may be in some countries, but it would appear that the changes, taken all round, are not quite so numerous as usual. The number of packs in the published table in the *Field* shows a slight variation from last year. The Callaly, started last year by Major Browne (not to be confounded with the gallant gentleman who shows such good sport round about Bromyard), virtually to replace Mr. Grey's pack, has been given up, while the North and East Cornwall packs have been amalgamated, and are now under Mr. Horndon, who was last year master of the East Cornwall. On the other hand, there are some additions to previous lists. The Bewcastle, a trencher-fed pack, we never remember to have heard of before, while to the best of our knowledge the Eskdale is likewise a new institution. There used to be a pack of that name hunting round about Whitby, but it received such scant encouragement at some hands, and encountered so much opposition at others, that it died out, and the present Eskdale country is Cumberland. The Farndale, though new to the list, are by no means newly started. Like the Bewcastle, they are trencher-fed, and like them they hunt a wild and rugged country. The Gogerddan, after having dropped out of print

for some time now, reappear, and latest information shows that Sir Pryse Pryse is master, and Mr. P. P. Pryse huntsman, while the kennels are at Lodge Park, Glan-dovey, South Wales. We have an idea, too, that there is a Cefn Forest pack, which hunt both fox and hare; but of this no particulars are forthcoming. There is certainly no dying out of the feeling of sport in Wales, for the Principality is credited with yet another new pack, one due to the enterprise of Mr. J. P. Lewes, who at his own cost has undertaken to hunt the upper part of the county of Cardiganshire, about as difficult and uninviting a country as can be discovered in the United Kingdom. Half a loaf, however, is proverbially better than no bread. All of us cannot hunt over a grass country thinly studded with small coverts, and with no hills to speak of, and as Mr. Lewes, who has kept harriers, otter hounds, and the Tivyside foxhounds, has his home in Wales and likes hunting, he takes what he can find, and his hounds, which he hunts himself, are a first cross, for the most part, of the best English and Welsh blood. Cheshire also rejoices in a new pack, one which will, we fancy, "supply a want." With so much beautiful grass to ride over, small wonder that neither Lord Enniskillen, Mr. Corbet, nor Sir Watkin Wynn care to spend very much time on the hills, that rough ridge which springs so unexpectedly out of the grass vales which run up to it on all sides, and which seems so very out of place. Nevertheless, it harbours foxes galore; for, so far as foxes are concerned, it is without doubt the quietest spot in

Cheshire. There is plenty of covert, and no sooner do either of the Cheshire packs or the Wynnstay find themselves on the heights than foxes are generally moving about in all directions. With the object of scattering these hill foxes, Mr. Pennefather, who lives at Calveley Lodge, near Tarporley, has established a pack of twenty couples, with which he will hunt the hills twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday. It is a difficult country on which to kill foxes; but there is every reason to suppose that the sport of the surrounding packs will be materially improved. Mr. C. T. Paget will act as huntsman, with C. Garnett and Walter Morgan to turn to him.

In the far West a new pack, the Holsworthy and Stratton, have just been established to hunt portions of the Stevenstone and the late Mr. Calmady's countries, to the west of Clovelly, Bradworthy, Holsworthy, and Chapmanswell. The pack will be out on Mondays and Thursdays. Mr. George Brendon is the master; Mr. George Brendon, junior, carries the horn, and Mr. R. Brendon whips in. The name of the Wilton Hunt is new to the list, but it is only a change of name, for Mr. Cazenove has taken the Salisbury country vacated by Lord Radnor, who hunted the same district as did his father before him, and when the Duke of Richmond resuscitated the Goodwood Hunt in 1883, Lord Radnor's pack formed the nucleus of his kennel. Mention of the Ynysfor, a Welsh pack, which has been established a long time, completes what may be termed the new entries to the list in England and Wales. In Ireland the Ballymacad, the master whereof is Mr. W. Harman, now finds a place in the list for the first

time, and Mr. Buckley, junior's Galtee pack, hunting a country in County Cork, are new. Then there has for some time been a discussion about the Ormond and King's County territory, and now it is divided, which is no doubt a good thing in every way. Mr. Assheton Biddulph, who has shown excellent sport during his spell of mastership, keeps on the King's County country, while the Ormond section is in the hands of Lord Huntingdon, who hunts the hounds himself.

In connection with the changes of mastership, hunting men have to lament the death of two prominent masters of hounds. Mr. Heywood Lonsdale took the Shropshire Country in 1885. Soon after he took office he hunted part at his own expense, and subsequently hunted the whole without asking for any subscription, and his son has now taken the hounds on the same liberal terms. Mr. G. Fox, too, is gone.

Referring to other packs which have experienced a change of mastership, the Marquis of Worcester is this year single-handed in the Badminton country, Mr. R. E. Wemyss having severed his connection with the Hunt. The Bilsdale having lost Mr. Robt. Garbutt, who has for some time been connected with them, have now as Master Mr. H. W. Selby-Lowndes, who comes from the Wells Subscription Harriers, while the Cattistock, who have new kennels, are ruled over by Mr. J. Hargreaves, in lieu of Mr. R. Chandos Pole, who is about, if he has not already done so, to start a pack of his own to hunt a portion of the Meynell country. In the Mid Devon country Mr. Gilbert E. H. Spiller and Mr. Gerard Crawshaw Ralston occupy the place formerly held by Mr. J. Byres-Leake, while the East Essex

Name of Pack.	Former Master.	New Master.
STAGHOUNDS.		
ENGLAND.		
South Coast	(New.)	Mr. H. G. Kay
IRELAND.		
Ward Union	A Committee	Mr. Percy Maynard

FOXHOUNDS.**ENGLAND.**

Badminton	Marquis of Worcester and Mr. R. E. Wemyss ...	Marquis of Worcester Mr. W. Routledge and Mr. J. Bell
Bewcastle	(New.)	Mr. H. W. Selby-Lowndes
Bilsdale	Mr. Robt. Garbutt ...	Captain J. R. Lane Fox
Bramham Moor	Mr. George Lane Fox ...	Mr. J. Hargreaves
Cattistock Moor	Mr. R. Chandos Pole ...	Mr. S. Clennell
Clennell's, Mr.	(New.)	Mr. D. H. Horndon
Cornwall, North-East ...	(Mr. D. H. Horndon (East) Mr. A. F. Bassett (North))	
Devon, Mid	Mr. J. Byres-Leake ...	Mr. Gilbert E. H. Spiller and Gerald Crawshaw Ralston
Esksdale	(New.)	Mr. Thos. Dobson
Essex, East... ..	Mr. Walter E. Grimston ...	Mr. Andrew Motion and Mr. A. Ruggles-Brise
Essex and Suffolk	Mr. P. A. O. Whitaker ...	Mr. C. K. Norman
Farmdale	(New.)	A Committee
Flint and Denbigh	Mr. Owen J. Williams ...	Mr. Owen J. Williams and Mr. R. Williams Wynn
Flamorganshire	Mr. R. T. Basset	The Mackintosh
Fogerdan	—	Sir Pryse Pryse
Herefordshire (North) ...	Mr. F. T. Wilson	Mr. J. M. Curre
Herefordshire (South) ...	Mr. H. Latham Lutwyche... New pack.	Mr. Arthur W. Foster
Holsworthy and Stratton ...	Mr. G. J. Thursby	Mr. G. Brendon
Ledbury	(New)	Mr. F. T. Wilson
Lewes's, Mr. T. P.	Mr. John Lawrence	Mr. T. P. Lewes
Llangibby		Mr. John Lawrence and Mr. H. A. Williams
Lakley	Captain Hugh Browning ...	Mr. P. A. O. Whitaker
Pennefather's, Mr.	(New)	Mr. de F. Pennefather
Shropshire	Mr. A. P. Heywood- Lonsdale	Captain H. Heywood- Lonsdale
Taunton Vale	Mr. R. M. Dodington ...	Hon. E. W. B. Portman
Tivyside	Mr. George B. Bowen	Mr. Lewis W. Craven
Wilton	(New)	Mr. Walter de P. Cazenove
Wynsfor	"	Mr. John Jones

SCOTLAND.

Derwicksire	Mr. James Hunter	Sir James Millar, Bart.
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IRELAND.

Ballymacad... ..	(New)	Mr. W. Harman
Baltee	"	Mr. A. Buckley, jun.
Balway County		
The Blazers)	Mr. F. Vaughan Williams	A Committee
Cildare	Major R. St. Leger Moore	Col. Henry de Robeck
Ormonde and Kings Co. ...	Mr. Assheton Biddulph ...	Lord Huntingdon
(now divided)		
Ormonde, Kings County ...		Mr. Assheton Biddulph
United Hunt	A Committee	Messrs. W. Nicholson and A. J. Russell
Vexford	A Committee	Mr. A. L. Cliffe

have passed from Mr. Walter E. Grimston, whose resignation has been brought about by ill-health, to Messrs. Andrew Motion and A. Ruggles-Brise. The former, in the most sporting manner possible, bought the hounds and presented them to the country, while Mr. Ruggles-Brise has, we fancy, had a share in the mastership before. In the adjoining Essex and Suffolk country, Mr. C. K. Norman succeeds Mr. P. A. O. Whitaker, who has gone as Master to the Oakley, while in the Flint and Denbigh country, Mr. Owen J. Williams is joined in the mastership by Mr. R. Williams Wynn. The Mackintosh of Mackintosh takes the Glamorganshire in succession to Mr. R. T. Basset, while both the Herefordshire packs have a change of masters, the North Herefordshire having been given up by Mr. F. T. Wilson, who has gone to the Ledbury in succession to Mr. G. J. Thursby, has now for its master Mr. J. M. Curre, while that good sportsman, Mr. H. Latham Lutwyche, has handed over the South Herefordshire to Mr. Arthur W. Foster. In the Llangibby country that veteran, Mr. John Lawrence, has a coadjutor in Mr. H. Williams, while in Somersetshire the Hon. E. W. B. Portman succeeds Mr. R. M. Dodington as master of the

Taunton Vale, but the old master still carries the horn. Mr. Lewis T. Craven succeeds Mr. G. F. Bowen as master of the Tyrysht while Lord Radnor having given up his Wiltshire country, Mr. Walter de P. Cazenove now hunts it under the name of the Wilton Hunt.

Scotland stands very much where it did, the only change in mastership being that Sir James Millar is the new master of the Berwickshire in place of Mr. James Hunter; but in Ireland there are a few more changes, Mr. F. Vaughan Williams having given up the Galway a Committee rules in his stead, while Colonel Henry de Robeck, son of a former master, presides over the Kildares in lieu of Major R. St. Leger Moore. The United Hunt have now at their head Messrs. W. Nicholson and J. Russell, instead of a Committee, while Mr. A. L. Cliffe is the new master of the Wexford in place of the Committee who directed the fortunes of the pack last year.

The foregoing table will show the changes which have been made.

[In the "Van" columns will be found an announcement of a Hunting Directory which will issue from this office, consequently our annual list of hounds does not this season appear.]

"Our Van."

Birmingham.—The term "Brummagem" is not to be applied to the racing of the town of cheap manufactures, for the sport there is as good as is met with at most places. The two days' meeting, held in September, was so satisfactorily patronised by owners, that more stable accommodation is to be provided. On the

first day Addio, who in 1896, as a two-year-old, had a very successful career in selling races, always realising a goodly sum under the hammer, won for the first time since he was so injudiciously run at Hurst Park, in November, the race losing Mr. Rucker the horse for a paltry £100, this owner not being one who gambles on selling

races. The race was the September Stakes, and Addio's previous ill-success in small handicaps shows how misleading victories in selling races are apt to be. On the second day Oceano, in the Solihull Handicap, scored for Mr. Stedall the first of a remarkable series of three successes in the space of five days—all in the same week. Speaking from memory, I fancy this was the first win to Mr. Stedall, who is the enterpriser to whom Newmarket is indebted for much of the ambitious building in the Bury Road, including the training establishment opposite Gurry's. The 10lb. extra, which Phœbus Apollo had to put up for winning the Alexandra Plate at Doncaster, did not prevent his just winning the Great Midland Handicap, Allsopp beating the Loates brothers—Tommy, on Miss Fraser, a short head behind the winner; and Sam, on Angelina, a head farther off.

Manchester.—At Manchester Capt. Greer's beautiful colt, Wild-fowler, was out, and took another nice stake in the Autumn Breeders' Foal Plate, beating Nun Nicer (second, beaten half a length) and Longtown; and Oceano won a race on each of the two days, the best being the Lancaster Nursery Handicap, in which she carried 10lb. extra. The useful Bicorniger, giving 9lb., was second. The principal race of the meeting, the Prince Edward Handicap of £2,000, won last year by the somewhat sensational Bellevin, again fell to the Irish division through the medium of the three-year-old colt Ashburn, by Bel Demonio, who, after a series of successes at the Curragh and Baldoyle, ran unsuccessfully at the Manchester November Meeting. Bellevin again ran, but merely to make the pace for Ashburn, apparently. Amongst the beaten

horses were Birch Rod, giving nearly 2st., Minstrel, Red Heart Eager, and Lord Hervey. On the whole class was very fairly represented at the meeting, and there was the usual enormous attendance.

Newmarket First October.—

No one expects to see many people at the first of the three autumn meetings at Newmarket, but the attenuated assemblages were below the lowest estimate of the least sanguine. On the first day, in the Granby Plate, Mornington Cannon at last got Argosy home after four failures, and Yorker likewise scored his first success of the season and the second in two years by beating a solitary opponent, Knockdon, in the Forty-Eighth Triennial Produce Stakes. In the Buckenham Stakes Leisure Hour—Prince Soltykoff's colt, by St. Simon—made a first appearance, and created a very favourable impression by the way in which he defeated Chon Kina over the T.Y.C. Course.

On the second day Butter had an easy thing in the Forty-Ninth Triennial Produce Stakes, run Across the Flat, and in the next race Nun Nicer and Cap Martin met. The appearance of Cap Martin in the paddock was none too captivating, for he palpably suffers from a cracked heel. Therefore it was not surprising to see Nun Nicer beat him rather easily, her delighted owner imploring to be told, "Where is the novice now?" We thought at the moment, first find your novice. Bewitchment won the Great Eastern Handicap of six furlongs in nice style, Melange, last year's winner, being second, giving nearly 2st., whilst Amandier, who won in 1894 and 1895, was also a runner, carrying the stopper of 9st. 4lb., the bottom weight being Dosia, with 6st. John Watts won the

next two races, the second being the Boscawen Stakes, and it was noticed that he was unable to ride under 9st. 11lb. A storm had been gathering all day, and in the evening it burst over Newmarket, as it did over the greater part of south-eastern England, with a violence that was nothing short of tropical. Eye-witnesses assured me that, but for the effective working of its lightning conductor, the new hotel that has been in the course of building in the High Street, on the site of the old "Greyhound," during the past twelve months or so, must have been damaged. The result was a lovely day on Thursday, so it was certainly not the weather which caused the attendance to be so slender, despite the fact that the Jockey Club Stakes was in the programme. Lord Rosebery's pair, Velasquez and Chelandry, were running on their merits, and the stable were evidently themselves in doubt as to which was really the better of the two at the weights, Chelandry receiving 12lb. As Watts was on Velasquez and Wood on Chelandry nothing in jockeyship was wanting. But another in the race had to be reckoned with in Love Wisely, carrying, like Velasquez, 9st. 7lb., but with the important advantage of a year. In order to create an appetite for Love Wisely it was useless to look at the last Ascot Gold Cup form. In time to come reference will always be made to the extraordinary way Persimmon smashed up the small field on that occasion. But his appearance in the paddock made one think of the Gold Cup of 1896, which he won from a field consisting of Florizel II., Omnium II., Victor Wild, Laodamia, and Sir Visto. That he had come back to his form was made apparent in the race, for he was sent along at top

speed from the fall of the flag. As he passed the post an easy winner from Velasquez, who was run to half a length by Chelandry, bookmakers were hardening their hearts with a view to the quere which they rightly judged would not be long in coming, as to Love Wisely's price for the Cesarewitch. Longtown won the Fifth Triennial Produce Stakes for two-year-olds, giving Lipsalve 70lb and a sound beating, and St. Leger had a similarly easy victory in the First October Two-year-old Stakes. One of the races was started with the aid of the starting machine, of which more anon.

On the last day there was a wonderfully fine finish for the Rous Memorial Stakes, Eli, Calveley, a St. Serf colt of the Duke of Westminster's, running for the first time, making a desperate race of it with Greenan, Leisure Hour adding to the judge's troubles by coming up in the last few strides and getting desperately close. As in all such cases, the judge was the sole person in a position to place the horses, and probably between first and fourth there was not more than two heads. Lysander was the only one able to stay home in the Newmarket St. Leger, and Walter Fowler ended the racing by entering in for the Rutland Stakes with the odds of 3 to 1 laid on him.

Kempton Park.—The next racing of note was seen at the Kempton October Meeting of two days. Autumn had set in in its very best form, but the light barely held out sufficiently for the seven events, which are all very well at Newmarket, where one can commence at 1 o'clock or even 12.30. Strange to say, the L. & S.W. train service, generally so good, was decidedly off on both days. Friday, October 24th

the first day, provided a *bonne bouche* in the Imperial Produce Stakes, a race which was rendered very interesting by the antagonism of the then unbeaten Cyllene, Longtown, Royal Sport, Heir Male, the Galopin — Thebais colt, Ebba, Paladore, Dieudonné and Notà Bene, a *débütante*. Altogether they were a nicish lot to look at, Cyllene the best of them. Of course, there were plenty who saw in the defeat of St. Frusquin by Teufel in 1895, in this very race, a premonition of disaster for Cyllene, and, in the sequel, their forebodings were borne out. Dieudonné, a colt that had finished fifth in the Champion Breeders' Foal Stakes at Derby, the race in which Disraeli administered to Champ de Mars that colt's first defeat, had come on wonderfully since that time, but it was not deemed probable that Cyllene would fail to give him 10 lbs., as he was called upon to do, and the unbeaten one was backed at the short price of 5 to 4. Before the race was half over Dieudonné gave tangible evidence of his improvement, and eventually won by three-quarters of a length from Cyllene, the pair having run clean away from the others, of whom Royal Sport was very badly shut in. The result of the race was of undoubted importance, for there was no suspicion of flukiness about it. On the second day Royal Sport ran again in the Kempton Park Nursery Handicap, and, although the field was large, the stable went for a plunge. Lord Durham's Lupin, a son of Peter Flower, had won at Newmarket the week before, but was penalised 7 lb. in addition. It subsequently transpired, Royal Sport had sustained some slight injury in his race on the day preceding, and at one time on the way to the post,

Wood was in two minds about bringing him back. He drew out like a winner at three furlongs, but Lupin then wore him down. The field for the Duke of York Stakes, being run for the sixth time, was a very satisfactory one. That it numbered but fourteen was no misfortune, for there was less likelihood of a possible winner being put out of it by being badly placed. Laveno, a Jockey Club Stakes victor, looked very tempting, with 8 st., and Marco, winner of the Cambridgeshire in 1895, could scarcely lose with 8 st. 4 lb. if he had recovered his form. Several others were backed, though, so far as English horses were concerned, it was understood to be a hopeless case for them, such an absolutely dead certainty was it for the Australian mare, Maluma. You had only to look up the Australian's form to satisfy yourself as to this, it was urged by the Australian contingent, who seem tireless in their advocacy of the claims of their imported horses. Maluma no doubt did rare good things in Australia over six furlongs, but she had failed to show any form over this distance or a mile in her previous races in England, this year and last. The question of acclimatisation becomes a very serious one in the case of animals brought from the other side of the world, and Australian horses as a body have not taken too readily to our climate, so far. Diakka was the public fancy, for he has long been regarded as a trustworthy animal, warranted to give his best running, and a week before the day, which is a long time ahead nowadays, his price became a short one. In the canter to the post his perky appearance justified the taking of even 7 to 2 — all that was on offer at the start. In the

race Maluma showed that, supposing her to have recovered her form, she should be kept to six furlong races, for she ran very well so far, but no farther. Amphora also proved unable to stay the mile, which of course Red Heart could not do at the pace that was set, whilst Marco, Shaddock, La Sagesse, Court Ball and Roughside inspired little hope that anyone weak enough to have backed them would recoup himself by following them in their future career. Minstrel and Laveno ran as anticipated by the betting, for they were equal second favourites, the first favourite easily disposing of them from the distance. This was Red Heart's last race on the flat, and he was removed to Slyfield to undergo tuition in jumping. I learn that he adapted himself readily to this, so may prove formidable at the game.

Newmarket Second October.

—After the attenuated attendances at the First October Meeting, the Second October proved a great surprise. The appearance of Tuesday's 10.20 from St. Pancras was suggestive of anything but a crowd on the Heath. Previously this train had been remarkable for the fact that the window of nearly every compartment was adorned with an "engaged" label, a couple of carriages, at the most, being at the disposal of people who had not written beforehand, and who, for a long time, had suffered much inconvenience. The privilege of engaging compartments was so flagrantly abused, two or three people, and even one person only, going down in a compartment, that at last the railway authorities stepped in and denied the privilege altogether, so far as going from St. Pancras is concerned. At Newmarket, the old system

seems to prevail for the return journey.

But the absence of the usual people one sees going by the trains was an altogether fallacious index to the true state of things, for a large number of persons had gone down the day before, the crush of luggage at Newmarket station being nearly unprecedented, and altogether overtaking the capacities of the staff. The weather was lovely, whilst the appearance of the course, already good during the previous meeting, was beautiful. There were no two opinions as to the condition of the turf, and consequently of the going. The weather about the time of the Cesarewitch week is ordinarily disagreeable; and people who have once experienced it do not look forward to a second exposure to the wind and rain that blows across the heath into the stands. Perhaps it was the weather, perhaps it was the open nature of the chief handicaps—what it was we cannot pretend to say. All we know is that it was distinctly a record Second October for attendance.

The Clearwell Stakes, on the first day, was won in a canter by Orzil. He had nothing much to beat, it is true, though there were mysterious backings of Jeddah and Leisure Hour, making a first appearance, was in receipt of 3 lb.; but Orzil did no more than canter the whole of the way to win by three lengths from Jeddah. With Bay Ronald set to give Velasquez 7 lbs. Across the Flat for the Champion Stakes odds of 2 to 1 were laid on Velasquez, who won with great ease, and Asterie, a strong favourite at 5 to 4, won the Newmarket Oaks, beating Bluewater by three-quarters of a length. An own brother to Ormonde, Orelia, won the Royal Stakes from Simola, but I should

expect his celebrated elder brother to repudiate the relationship.

On Wednesday, the second day, another match preceded the Cesarewitch, this being between Kilcock and Count Schomberg, in the Select Stakes of a mile. Count Schomberg never seemed to be able to go fast enough, and Kilcock's speed enabled him to win easily. The Cesarewitch presented very interesting features, and the number of runners thought to have a great chance, when they were not set down as absolute certainties, was large—larger than usual, that is. Looking down the list of the twenty-three starters, one saw the names of a number of guaranteed stayers, though amongst them, alas! was not that of Love Wisely, whose compulsory scratching had been brought about by the filling of a leg. That Love Wisely would have played a prominent part in the race, even with 9st 2lbs. on his back, there is good reason for believing; and further than this one cannot go. His retirement caused St. Bris to become favourite, though the run of the day was upon The Rush, who, from being quoted 100 to 6 the day before, started at 7 to 1: and that there was just cause for the backing of the horse the result of the race showed. But the money for The Rush did not affect the position of St. Bris, who was more strongly supported than ever. The claims of Carlton Grange were known to all, but those of Keenan, Canvass Back, St. Cloud II., and Jacobus, all of whom were amongst the "couldn't lose" division, had to be taken on trust. Merman all the world knew had won the Lewes Handicap of a mile and a half, beating Carlton Grange and Northallerton, whose Cesarewitch trial was so satisfactory as to instil an old campaigner like Robert Peck with

unusual confidence. Soliman, previously under a cloud, like The Rush, came in the betting at the eleventh hour. In the race Soliman, St. Cloud II., Comfrey and Canvass Back were prominent nearly to the Bushes, from which point the race was confined to the first four, Merman with the lead. Wood waited with The Rush until he thought he had Merman beaten, and then dashed ahead. Merman, however, stayed the longer, The Rush being short of work, and won by a neck. Wood thinks that had he waited another fifty yards, he might have won; but it is by no means sure that Sharples would not in his turn have adopted other tactics. Sharples, although a lad of sixteen, is a jockey of great astuteness, and must have a brilliant future.

Thursday saw the heavily banded Gulistan win the Lowther Stakes from Minstrel and Silver Fox, the race Across the Flat being one of the slowest on record, we should think, even allowing for the weight carried. In the Prendergast Stakes Mr. Rucker's colt Dunlop made his long anticipated first essay, and whilst he was successful, it might be easy to overestimate the value of the head victory over Simylla, who was giving 3lbs., had kicked about a great deal at the start, and swerved badly in the race. Greenan, too, was but another head away. Still, allowance has to be made for a first appearance, and with a master like Wood, a head may not be of much significance. The colt undoubtedly shows high quality, and it remains to be seen if the stable preference for Royal Sport is correct. I incline to regard Dunlop as the better of the pair, and certainly one of half-a-dozen likely to provide the winner of next year's Derby.

The Middle Park Plate was

another race in which the greatest interest was centred. Indeed, how many years have elapsed since such a field for the race has been seen? The previous form of Orzil would have warranted him being a still stronger favourite than he was, but there was no denying the claims and looks of Wildfowler, whilst Disraeli's victory over Champs de Mars, although he had been a trifle off through hurting himself in his box, could not be set aside. The talent, which I presume to be represented by those who put the most money down, seemed to prefer the seductions of rumour to the evidence of their senses. Rumour said that the Jenny Howlet colt could give many pounds to The Baker (a colt which £5,000 cannot buy, be it noted); the eyesight told one that Dieudonné had beaten Cyllene at 10 lbs. But 5 to 1 was the price of the Jenny Howlet colt, whose failure at Ascot was attributed solely to the hard ground, whilst that of Dieudonné was 100 to 7. Orzil, whose chances of staying the course was not too highly valued by those most likely to know, set the pace a cracker, and Disraeli went away with him. At five furlongs Orzil, who had really bolted, and was once half-a-dozen lengths in front, was a badly beaten horse, and Dieudonné drew out, a decisive winner, Wildfowler staying on and losing second place by a head. If the first three do not make stayers I shall be surprised. St. Evox, racing for the first time, is quite a giant, and was reputed better than The Convict. He finished a very good fourth. This was, of course, the most important two-year-old race of the year, and Dieudonné's success points to the excellence of Cyllene, who, however, has yet to show that he

can stay. He is not entered for the Derby, so insignificant did he look as a foal. More's the pity!

The Starting Machine.—The question now is not so much whether this appliance will ever come into use in England as whether the people most interested will give it a fair trial. The trial given it at the First October Meeting was very unsatisfactory. Owners, trainers, and jockeys for the most part are prejudiced against it, and the reverse of keenness was displayed in entering horses and giving them the necessary practice. The few horses which had been trained to start by the machine get off well, and three of them finished first, second, and third. If owners wish to prevent the adoption of the machine by making it look ridiculous, they cannot better carry out their object than by running horses that have not previously practised this method of starting. Everyone knows that if an object such as a double band of webbing, is placed against a horse's nose and suddenly withdrawn, the horse will naturally draw back. And yet, when this occurs, people say that the thing is a failure. It is evident from what one reads in some places that a success is not desired by many people. This means that we are to go on in the old ridiculous way, and shiver for half an hour at a time whilst a lot of fractious horses are bolting all over the place. An American owner living amongst us has been quoted as saying that in America no benefit had been derived from the use of the starting machine; but this statement, if ever made, is not in accordance with facts, for it has been demonstrated that the use of the starting machine at trotting meetings, notorious for the bad time kept, has brought about material improvement in

his respect. In India, where Englishmen race, the starting machine is found to fulfil its mission, and visitors to our race meetings from there are heard to marvel that we consent to work in the old unpractical lines. That the Jockey Club are fully alive to the situation is evinced by the arrangement of four more races to be started by the machine; but at the first attempt only one of the four filled. If owners, led by their trainers, determine to be obstructive, the only course left for the Jockey Club is to make up its mind in the matter. If the verdict is in favour of the machine, all that need be done is to state that after such and such a day, such and such races—a commencement being of course made with two-year-olds—will be started by machine. Trainers can then make their arrangements. When the machine has been in use a couple of seasons, we shall all be wondering how anyone could have opposed its introduction.

Lord Zetland's Retirement.—

The disappearance from the turf of Lord Zetland's colours will be very much regretted. Lord Zetland was not what we would call a thick-and-thin follower of the turf, but his jacket was nevertheless seen fairly frequently at one time, and when it did appear one was always mindful of the fact that it represented racing in the best sense of the term. Lord Zetland's stud fetched some very good prices at Newmarket on October 14th, the top sums being 2,600 guineas for Lucy Cross, by St. Simon out of Verdigris; 2,500 guineas for Santa Felice, by St. Simon out of Happy Hampton; 1,850 guineas for Pastorella, by Springfield out of Grisella; and 1,750 guineas for Red Shoes, by Galopin out of Red Spectre.

"Baily's Fox-Hunting Direc-

tory."—We shall publish on November 1st a book for which hunting men have long felt the need in our new "Fox-Hunting Directory." This work, which has been compiled by Mr. E. D. Cuming, under the supervision of the Editor of BAILY, will contain particulars of every pack of fox-hounds in the United Kingdom. A page or more is devoted to each hunt, and thereon will be found a brief description of the country, its characteristics, extent and geographical position; the towns in the country or upon its borders, with mention of the packs whose meets are accessible by road to residents. Where permitted, information concerning guarantees subscription, &c., is given. An outline history of the hunt, with a list of the masters who have held office and the periods of their mastership, is a feature which it is hoped students of fox-hunting history will find both useful and interesting; and, with an eye to the interests of farmers, much labour has been expended in procuring particulars of the sires standing in each country. The first issue contains, in addition, articles on subjects of hunting interest by Colonel Anstruther, Thomson, and other acknowledged authorities. Masters of hounds throughout the kingdom have almost, without exception, given the most cordial assistance in preparing the work, and we hope that the aid thus rendered may be held to indicate that the Directory is one that fulfils a want. Our annual Hound List will not in future be published, as the new Directory will contain all the information hitherto furnished in it and much more in addition. The price will be 5s.

Scent.—There are few things more puzzling than scent. This is a truism which we utter regu-

larly more than once in each recurring season. I have a theory, however, that we can form some idea of the prospects of the hunting season in this respect by an observation on the state of scent during cub-hunting. I have therefore collected as many statistics as possible from various hunts, with the result that I am able to offer the following facts. In the midlands, including the Belvoir, Cottesmore, Mr. Fernie's and the Grafton, scent has been steadily improving, the Cottesmore particularly having had a screaming scent in Wardley Wood early in October. It will be remembered that last season this pack suffered a good deal from lack of scent. The year before they hardly ever went out without a run, and personally I had the best sport with them of any pack within my reach. The Bicester, the Heythrop, and the Whaddon Chase have found scent only variable, with a tendency to improve as October was reached. The Brocklesby perhaps have experienced the greatest vicissitudes, ranging from a burning scent to none at all. In Wales scent has been good, and, generally speaking, it has been the same throughout the North. So far, therefore, we may look forward to the season which begins this month as likely to be a more than average one in the matter of scent, though it is to be feared there are indications that we shall be stopped altogether for some weeks by frost. *Absit Omen.*

The Craven and their Coverts.

—That Mr. Dunn should have had to reduce his days of hunting from three or four to two, because so many covert owners have excluded hounds until after Christmas, is ominous for hunting. The Craven is a country in which hunting has a long prescription, and which has a grand record

both of masters and hounds. It is bad enough to be prevented from teaching the cubs their duty early in the season, it is a far greater evil that coverts from which hounds are excluded should spoil sport for a large part of the country round. Nothing is more trying than to have to stop hounds continually when they are running hard because the fox has entered a forbidden spot. But I wish to ask covert owners a question—Is it necessary to forbid hounds to draw till coverts have been shot? Necessary, I mean, in the interests of shooting. Foxes and pheasants can and do live together, but I freely grant that they cannot inhabit the same coverts without some loss to the latter. But hounds are quite a different matter. No one would wish to draw coverts within, say, forty-eight hours of a big shoot, but otherwise surely it does little or no harm at all, and if I were not afraid of being accused of sophistry I would assert that it does good by making the birds rise better. Besides, the oftener hounds come the less likelihood of mischief. The birds get used to the pack after a time, and are forced to rise circle round and return almost before the hounds are blown out. Indeed, in one wood I know well they scarcely trouble to fly from one quarter to another. Thus it is not too much to say that, even granted some birds are driven away, they are so few as not to justify a course of action which is unneighbourly and selfish, and which must, if persevered with, spoil hunting in the districts where it is customary.

Cheshire.—It is pleasant to learn that the agreement come to last year between the Hunt and the Nantwich Farmers' Club seems likely to work well. The scheme itself is a reasonable one, but like

all such plans must depend on the spirit in which it is worked. If both parties wish it to succeed, it will do so; but unless this is the case no such scheme would suffice to prevent friction. Our hope for the future lies in the fact of a real desire of hunting men and farmers to live together in peace and unity rather than in any particular arrangement. This Hunt, fortunate in having found an acceptable arrangement with the farmers of the country, are unlucky in that Lord Enniskillen, their master, has met with a carriage accident, which, however, we may trust will not long keep him from hunting.

Farmers and Hunters.—An excursion through a certain hunting country with a view to picking up two or three useful horses, has caused the V.D. some thought. That hunter-breeding is a venture in which the risks are certain and the profits doubtful he has long known, but those farmers who raise a few hunters, or try to do so, appear to have a lack of system and of definite purpose that must destroy all chances of success in any industry. After seeing a considerable number of young horses in one district, the V.D. came to the reluctant conclusion that most of them were not worth their keep. Nice animals enough some were, but up to no weight, and a good many of them undersized, and while they were too small for hunters, were too big for polo ponies. Enquiry as to the horse used in breeding elicited that the choice of the sire had been very much a matter of chance, and neither master nor man in one case could tell the pedigree of a horse much used. At last, however, two fairly promising hunter-like horses were discovered, but then the prices asked were out of all proportion

to the value of animals, still somewhat in the rough. It is sufficient to say that horses of the same class could have been bought for less money from dealers with an established reputation to lose, and that the price asked for the better of the two would have enabled a purchaser to take his choice of any two of the seasoned animals sold annually at the close of the coaching season. Want of purpose and care in breeding, and an exaggerated idea of the market value of very ordinary animals, are among the stumbling-blocks which prevent many farmers and others from making money out of hunter-breeding. Two axioms are the foundation of all breeding for sale: one, to know exactly what you want to raise; the other, to take a reasonable profit where you see the chance.

Stag Hunting in Devon and Somerset.—Once upon a time I should have headed such a paragraph "The Devon and Somerset Staghounds," but now they are not the only pack chasing the wild red deer in the west country. Sir John Amory started a pack last year, of which Mr. Ian Amory is master and huntsman, and the Messrs. Las Casas whippers-in. These hounds hunt a limited country round Tiverton. Last season they hunted hinds chiefly, economy in the matter of stags being a necessity at present. Everything is thoroughly well done in this new venture, and all the old stag-hunting customs faithfully observed. These hounds are very popular, and it was natural being in the neighbourhood to wish to see them. Bad luck, however, always pursues the present writer when he essays the chase of the stag, and a bad deer and worse scent made the day chosen rather disappointing so far as riding was concerned;

but the pleasure which the patience of the master and the persevering hound work of the pack gave was quite enough to make the sport enjoyable. Nevertheless, it was not in flesh and blood to help feeling regret at not having been out some twelve days earlier, when the Devon and Somerset had that magnificent gallop from Cuzzicombe Post, which will become undoubtedly an historic run in the annals of hunting. Certainly twenty-four miles (some say twenty-seven) were covered by hounds and deer, and after all the gallant stag made good his escape. My host showed me his hunting map, with the run marked in red pencil upon it. The point was no doubt not a great one, as the course of the stag was a wide circle, with Hawkridge, Withypool, North Molton Common, Reach and Winsford as its chief land-marks. My friend only got about half-way, his horse being quite beaten by the time hounds came out of Reach Wood. This is what he told me after dinner: "The stag seemed to me to dodge about a good deal for some time round Hawkridge, and I know I did a fair bit of galloping in order to get a start. When he crossed the Barle below Withypool I was out of it for the moment, and this in reality was luck, for it gave my horse time to catch his wind and saved me a long loop which the stag and hounds made before they passed Withypool village. Here I got to them again and was alongside hounds when they raced over Brightworthy and later over North Molton Common. After this I got a little help from roads, but being on the outside of the turn when hounds begun to race again and the going being deep over North Molton, my horse was already showing signs of having

had enough. Luckily, hounds worked more slowly to Reach Wood, and then I was about beat, for the going was deep, but as the line of the stag (or rather of the stag and two couples which went away with him) led more or less in my direction, I held on, though slowly, to the road below Moland where I gave it up. Hounds still ran forward, and two and a half couples set up their stag in the Exe about 7.30 p.m." This was undoubtedly a grand run. It is, however, possible, though not certain, that hounds changed on to a fresh deer in Reach Wood.

Mr. Fernie's.—Cubs there are, as usual, in plenty, but perhaps that five should be bolted out of one drain on a cub-hunting morning is almost a record; yet this is what we saw at Rolleston (Lord Churchill's). I fear that on the brace killed there were some signs of mange.

The Grafton.—Generally twice in the year or so I see this good pack, and this year, as last, my first day's cubbing was at Salsbery. Early rising is no trouble to me; the only drawbacks to cub-hunting are finding the button-hook in candle-light and to get other people under way. It was a lonely ride to covert, the cool sweet autumn morning just shaded by a mist that was the precursor of a warm sun. Nor did we take more than two wrong turns in the twelve miles we had to go, and were only half an hour after time at the Forest. There I waited at the junction of two rides, trusting that the rising sun would warm the dew-sodden ground and improve the scent. As I stood by the horse I saw two fine cubs cross a ride, and then the crash of hounds broke on my ear with almost startling suddenness. A moment later hounds poured over the ride and turned

to the left in the under-growth. As I rode alongside and watched hounds tearing through the thin covert I felt that the season had begun. With what promise, too, for it is evidently a great year for foxes, and scent seems improving as the weeks draw on. To return to business, hounds soon settled down to hunt a stout cub whose morning lesson included a flash into the open and then to ground in a gravel pit. Then we trotted back to the nursery, which was by our presence to be turned into a school-room. The Grafton entry this year are more than useful and full of the characteristic drive of the pack. Not so much written of as some, I am inclined to place Grafton dogs and Cottesmore bitches for shape and work near the head of the class.

Sussex.—That Sussex is not a favourite hunting country no one needs to be told. The woods are big, the soil is deep and holding, and getting about by no means easy. Yet there are points—besides early association—that make hunting in Sussex better than its reputation, as many a good sportsman, driven by circumstances to winter in St. Leonards or Hastings, has found out. In the first place, it is a very good scenting country, and hounds can generally hunt and press their foxes. Then it has a race of the stoutest wild foxes, which take a great deal of hunting and show plenty of sport. Besides this it has few gates, but the fields are divided by "draw-rails," which must be jumped, and are just big enough to make one able to talk of timber afterwards, and not large enough to be really dangerous with a horse that knows his business. The Sussex men and women who hunt are in the matter of jumping a model to other hunts. They are not demoralised by gates. There

is a hunt I know, a great part of whose country lies over the estate of a sportsman now deceased, who loved hunting and hated leaping; so whenever on his own ground he came to a fence in the course of a run, he ordered a gate to be put up in that spot. But this has demoralised the local sportsman terribly, and he has become very fond of gates, though the sportswomen still prefer jumping.

Another Sussex attraction to the hound lover is the fine pack of black and tan harriers which hunt the BEXHILL country, and of which till lately Lord De la Warr was master. But lovers of hound history and lore will remember that they were for 55 years the property of, and hunted by, one man, that fine old sportsman, Mr. Brooks. They are big black-and-tan hounds with capital noses (I saw a couple and a half carry a line over a dusty road splendidly), and deep, musical voices, which you can hear a couple of miles down wind. The "Stud Book" harrier in which our friend the much-regretted Mr. Rickards took such interest, is a smart little hound, but I own to a great interest in and affection for our old breeds of harrier and beagle. By the way, it can hardly be called hunting, but I had a day's rabbit-shooting in Sussex over a pack of four couples of the old Sussex rough-haired beagles, a sport I have loved since boyhood and still think a fascinating form of amusement.

Sport at the Universities.—

Another October Term has rolled round, *ergo*—Light and Dark Blues are fast settling down to another period of exciting sport and pastime. Unusually large was the exodus of notable athletes last June, and the "survival of the fittest" process this year is

likely to prove especially trying. Luckily, both Oxford and Cambridge boast another fresh influx of "Freshmen," including—we are glad to say—very many Public School, and other, sportsmen already known to fame! Thus early practice and preparation has commenced; busy are the various college captains, and busiest of all the representative club authorities in every department of sport. The Coxwainless Fours and Trial Eights are the chief aquatic events of the Term, but "Lent" and "Torpids" work is also going on apace. "Wetbob" prospects are no end rosy either way, albeit Oxonians are again favoured in the matter of "Old Blues." Save ex-President Crum and poor Balfour, all their victorious crew of last year are again available, whereas the Cantabs will have to chiefly rely upon new blood. With plenty of ancient and modern talent to fall back upon, however, Presidents Philips and Dudley-Ward should be enabled to get together a couple of very powerful crews ere next spring. Sincere condolences with B. H. Howell, the Cantab "Old Blue," upon being "crooked" thus early in the season! Athletic prospects are also distinctly rosy. Several cracks will be sadly missed both ways, yet an appreciable number of old hands remain, plus a goodly number of capable newcomers—many of great repute. The Freshmen's sports and a sequence of college meetings are arranged for this Term, after which Presidents Fremantle and Carter will get their men to work in earnest. Cross-country work has been resumed betimes, in the face of the Inter-Varsity tussle at Roehampton next month. Here the Cantabs score heavily, boasting as they do (a) a separate and very flourishing organisation, (b) very

many old Parliamentary hands still *en evidence*. The Dark Blues have also a good few '96 competitors available, but they sadly lack the organisation and "go" of their rivals. Football has commenced under happy auspices as far as weather and zest are concerned. Both Rugby clubs suffer from a big departure of "Old Blues," however, and Messrs A. R. Smith and O. G. Maclean's office will be no sinecure this year. The Cantabs have six, and the Oxonians six—at least outside—of last year's team remaining. Luckily, again, have "skippers" have many Senior and capable Freshmen to depend upon.

Until after the Trial Match no possible criterion of respective strength can be afforded; but we see no reason why both Varsity ties should not eventually get thoroughly class fifteens in the field. Next month we trust to report a good deal of progress prior to the Queen's Club trial on December 15th. Oxford has the pull in Association, on paper at least, as nine of the 1896 conquering eleven are again available. With plenty of Seniors and many promising newcomers also, W. G. Adams, the new captain, has a fairly easy task before him. Only five "Old Blues" are in residence at Cambridge, although S. S. Taylor can again call upon Burnup and Simpson in case of need. This is hardly likely, however, as class Seniors abound, not forgetting very many Public School exponents of above-average reputation. *Festina lente* will doubtless be the motto of both captains, as the Inter-Varsity set-to takes place next Term, on February 19th. Capital cards have been arranged under both codes, and we predict further "footer" international honours.

for not a few sons of Isis and Cam. Golf, Hockey, Billiards, Boxing, and Fencing, etc., shall be treated of in due course. Our readers will be glad to hear that the old-time Christ Church (Oxford) and Trinity (Cambridge) Beagles have started the season very strongly, and that other packs have started up at either University. Our usual Long Vacation chat may be summed up very briefly. Cambridge asserted its supremacy at Bisley this year, whilst the Brothers Doherty of that ilk have swept the Lawn Tennis board of trophies galore, including the Amateur Championships. Both 'Varsities mourn the loss of E. R. Balfour, one of Oxford's best sons, and an all-round sportsman after the order of the late C. J. Ottaway. Another "Mind and Muscle" triumph was afforded in the result of the recent Home and Indian Civil Service Examinations, Oxford, particularly, showing up in immense form in both branches. Out of 30 first-class Indian clerkships, 26 of the successful candidates hailed from thence. Once again, Light and Dark Blues have been in the forefront of sporting fray during the summer months. Hardly a known sport or pastime at which they have not excelled. In conclusion, very hearty congratulations to Professor H. T. Pelham upon his election as President of Trinity College, Oxford. He is a perfect embodiment of the *mens sana in corpore sano* theory, and one of the keenest golfers in the kingdom. Moreover, his name spells popularity, and his taste is a synonym for perfection. The Universities have need of such Dons.

Golf.—The scheme for the constitution of a permanent committee representative of certain specified clubs, to deal with the

rules of golf and their interpretation, was revived at the autumn meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club, and on this occasion was met, not by a simple negative, but by a counter proposal of the greatest practical importance to golfers in all parts of the world. This proposal was to set up a committee composed entirely of members of the Royal and Ancient Club, giving it final authority in all matters of interpretation, and power to recommend to the Club by way of resolution changes in the rules themselves, or additions to them. So general was the favour given to this scheme that the other one was withdrawn, and the Club Committee there and then constituted and its powers defined. The Committee consists of Mr. L. M. Balfour-Melville, Mr. Ernley R. H. Blackwell, Mr. B. Hall Blyth, Captain Burn, Mr. H. S. Colt, Mr. H. S. C. Everard, Mr. J. O. Fairlie, Mr. S. Mure Fergusson, Mr. R. A. Hull, Mr. C. Hutchings, Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson, Mr. John E. Laidlay, Mr. J. L. Low, Mr. R. B. Sharp, and Mr. F. G. Tait. It goes without saying that no other club in the country could produce from its own ranks so strong a committee, whether the standard of strength taken be ability to play the game or representative character, and if the members go to work in a business-like spirit and make due allowance for golfers who are not favoured with a green like that of St. Andrews, they should in a very short time establish themselves as a respected final court of appeal, and do a great deal at any rate to set at rest the spirit of discontent which has got abroad in the golfing world in these recent years. Their playing strength is positively appalling. If they had been chosen as a team to represent the Royal

and Ancient against all other clubs there probably would not have been more than one or two alterations, and one has only to look at the results of the medal play on the day after the meeting to see what manner of men the Club has put upon its Committee. Only one of the fifteen returned a score above 89.

In connection with the Open Championship Regulations the meeting made one or two useful alterations. It decided that a limit shall be put upon the number of competitors who are eligible to play in the third and fourth rounds. The limit agreed to is subject to certain fluctuations, but its governing idea is that competitors who at the end of the second round are 20 strokes behind the leading score shall not play in the subsequent rounds. In this way it is hoped to give more elbow-room on the second day of the competition to men who actually have a chance of winning and also to increase the enjoyment of the spectators. It was further decided to limit the number of prizes to six, and to make only the first obtainable by an amateur.

This and other business having been disposed of on the Tuesday evening, the members turned out next morning on the links to compete for the King William IV. Medal and the Gold Medal of the Club. Unfortunately, they found wet and dismal weather awaiting them—such weather, in fact, as had not fallen to the lot of St. Andrews any day before during the month of September. All the same 65 couples made a start, some, it is true, to surrender to the elements before they had got very far from home. Early in the day there were hopes of a phenomenal score from Mr. F. G. Tait. Weather seems to have

little or no effect on this stalwart young player. At the Long Hole he had two enormous drives, and with his approach he lay within two yards of the hole, this enabling him to do the hole in 4 strokes. He followed this up with a 3 at the High Hole, getting down a long putt, and with 2 at the Short Hole. These remarkable performances coming after steady play at the earlier part of the round, gave Mr. Tait the outward journey in 36, so that he only required a moderately good return to get a total of well below 80. All went well with him until half way home, when he began the descent to mediocrity by missing a putt and wound up with a succession of sixes where he ought at least to have had fives. His score of 81, however, placed him second on the list, Mr. S. Mure Fergusson, one of the veterans of the Club, being first with 80.

The North Surrey Club has acquired a new ground on the Brighton road, about a mile to the south of Streatham. There are some 70 acres of it, and an 18-hole course has been laid out, which, though on the short side is not without its difficulties and features of interest. The Graveney River, familiar to members of the Tooting Bec Club at Furzedown, runs through the property, and as in the case of Furzedown, is frequently used as a hazard. The ground was formally opened with a tournament among professionals which was chiefly notable for brilliant play on the part of Taylor who did one round in 70, and a return to form of his old rival match play—Douglas Rolland.

The quiet enjoyment of the members of the Honor Oak and Forest Hill Golf Club was rudely interrupted one recent Sunday afternoon by the breaking in upon their ground of a great crowd

roughs. Not only was the fence enclosing the property torn up and some damage done to the club-house, but one of the members was knocked down and sustained considerable injury. It seems that the right of the proprietor to enclose the ground is questioned in the

locality, and that the incursion was the outcome of an agitation on the subject. However the case may stand, it is no affair of the Golf Club, who leased the ground in the usual way. On the following Sunday there was another attack on the property.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During September—October, 1897.]

WILLIAM NOBLE, who rode Lanercost and won the first Cambridgeshire, in 1839, died on the 19th September, aged 83 years, having been born on August 17th, 1814.

The death of Mr. W. C. Yates occurred on September 22nd, at his residence, Caton Green, Lancaster, after a long illness, at the early age of 46 years. Mr. Yates was a well-known master of otter hounds, and had a pack of hounds as early as 1880. Mr. Yates hunted many of the Lancashire and Cheshire rivers, and usually took his pack to Ireland for some weeks. Owing to failing health, the hounds were sold to Sir Henry Bromley, of Dallam Tower, Milnthorpe, master of the Kendal pack in 1896. Mr. Yates usually hunted his own hounds, and his knowledge of the character and of the habits of the otter was exceptional.

On September 24th a gathering of past and present members of the Enfield Chase Stag Hunt took place at Enfield Court, for the purpose of presenting a testimonial to Colonel V. P. Somerset, C.B., the Master. The presentation, which was made by Mr. Collings Wells, the Hon. Secretary, took the form of a portrait of Colonel Somerset, in hunting costume, painted by the Hon. John Collier. Mr. Henry Jones, an old member of the hunt, referred to the kindly, pleasant, and genial manner Colonel Somerset had always shown to those hunting with him. Mr. Jones also proposed the health of Mrs. Somerset, who has always shown a great interest in her husband's hounds, and who constantly attends the meets. Colonel Somerset, in returning thanks for the portrait, said he had been master of hounds twenty-two years, twelve of them as master of the Enfield Stag hounds, and until he started the pack, the country had not

been hunted since Queen Elizabeth's time, when she hunted the wild stag in Enfield chase. That is why he adopted the same uniform as the Queen when she lived at Hatfield.

The old Berkshire Hounds had a somewhat uncommon incident on September 27th, when they met at Farringdon Grove. A fox, which had made free in the school-master's poultry yard, was found close by, and, leaping into the playground, was pulled down and broken up while the scholars were out at play. The master, Mr. F. C. Swindell, presented the brush to the schoolmistress.

At Bingham, Notts, Lord Carnarvon's shooting party of five guns killed over 2,000 partridges in four days, September 28th, 29th, 30th and October 1st. The party consisted of the Earl of Carnarvon, Princes Victor and Frederick Duleep Singh, Mr. Alfred Cooper and Mr. J. V. Rutherford.

On September 30th the Australian starting machine was given a trial at Newmarket, the Welter Handicap being the race selected for the experiment. A large company was present, including the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Thomas Fielden, M.P., died very suddenly while out shooting in Perthshire on October 5th. Deceased, who was a fine shot and a good all-round sportsman, was found dead during a grouse drive; he was shooting tenant of North Alumbree.

William Martingell, who for the last thirty years had been engaged at Eton College, was buried at Eton Cemetery on October 5th. Born in 1818, Martingell was a Surrey man, and was probably the last relic of the old All England XI. cricketers.

A fire occurred on October 5th at Mr. John Thurston's kennels, near Colchester, when thirteen valuable greyhounds were burned to death.

The well-known coursing judge, Mr. James Hedley, met with an accident on October 6th, at the Lytham Coursing Meeting, owing to the breaking of a stirrup leather, which caused a fall and a severe shaking.

On October 8th the Earl of Warwick, fishing in the Earl of Ancaster's Stobball water, killed a salmon of 43lb.

Considerable interest obtained in the Duke of York Stakes, run at Kempton Park on October 9th, when the fourteen runners included the Australian-bred Maluma and the American-bred Diakka. The latter won somewhat easily by two lengths, the time occupied over the course, one mile, being 1 min. 44 sec.

It is reported that at the Framlingham School Sports, on October 9th, H. A. Jones covered 23ft. 6½ in. at the long jump, which equals C. B. Fry's record at Oxford in 1893. In the competition for boys under 15 N. C. Vidal did 17ft. 4 in.

The time occupied by Merman in covering the Cesarewitch course (October 13th), 2 miles 2 furlongs 35 yards, was 3 min. 59 2/5 sec., and the value of the stakes £985.

On October 14th the famous horse Persimmon, by St. Simon—Perdita II., left Newmarket for the Prince of Wales's stud farm, near Sandringham, where a special box has been built for him. It will be of interest to note the amount of stakes and the principal events credited to Persimmon during his racing career. Two-year-old season, £2,551—including the Coventry Stakes at Ascot and Richmond Stakes at Goodwood; three-year-old season, £19,490—including the Epsom Derby, Doncaster St. Leger, and Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket; as a four-year-old, £12,665—including the Gold Cup at Ascot and Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park. Total amount, £34,706.

Writing to the *Field* on October 14th, Mr. T. H. Mann, of Docking, Norfolk, gives an account of an extraordinary piece of retrieving:—

"Yesterday I had eight brace down in one drive, and on telling my dog Sweep to go and pick the birds up, he went off and picked up first one, and, instead of coming back to me, went on to where there was another bird, and packed that into his mouth; going a little further, he came to three partridges lying close together, and shovelled two of those in with

the first two, and, as if that was not enough for one dog to retrieve, he picked up a fifth bird by the wing, and brought all five to me without dropping one or hesitating at all. Sweep is a large, heavy, wavy-coated retriever, with a good deal of Newfoundlander blood in him. The occurrence can be proved by witnesses."

During the early part of October the Prince of Wales enjoyed good sport. In the west, at Clarendon Park, near Salisbury, some 400 brace of partridges were killed in two days. In the eastern counties, at Stowlangtoft, eight guns accounted for 983 brace of partridges.

During the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Lord and Lady Tweedmouth, at Guisachan House, forty-one stags were killed in the Forest of Guisachan and North Clannacroch. They were accounted for in three drives.

While on a visit to the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, at Gordon Castle, Mr. Craven landed a big salmon from the Gordon Castle water in the Spey. The fish weighed 53lb., and is reported to be the heaviest of the season. It measured 49½ in. long, and 29 in. in girth. From the same water the Earl of March recently killed a fish of 43lb., and Lord Alington Gordon-Lennox one of 44lb.

Writing to the *Field*, "J. H. C." reports the following curious incident:—"Shooting with a friend the other day not far from Lancaster, a curious incident happened. We were ferreting a rabbit burrow in the corner of a field. The ferret was put in, and there boiled in the order named, one rat, three rabbits, and one cat. The last-named again went to ground, and was bolted by the same ferret a second time."

The retirement is announced, after twenty years in office, of Mr. Henry Perkins, the well-known secretary of the Marylebone Cricket Club.

Mr. Stanley Mead, of Henley-on-Thames, killed an enormous chub in the Thames near Wargrave. The fish weighed 7 lbs. 1 oz. and was 24 in. long. It is many years since so large a chub has been taken in the district.

Mr. Donald Mackintosh, the champion pigeon shot of Australia, who has been in England and on the continent for two years, won during that period a sum of £3520, including the value of books and trophies.

A large pike weighing 27½ lb. has been killed in the lake at Blenheim. The fish is a record for the season.

Capital sport was experienced by the Viscount Grey de Wilton's shooting party at Houghton Hall, Norfolk. The Duke of York was one of the party, and the bag numbered 4,500 partridges, besides other game, in four days.

On Cesarewitch day twelve thousand telegraphic messages and sixty thousand words of Press matter were despatched by the postal telegraph staff from Newmarket. Between the hour of 3 p.m. and 4 p.m. the number of messages despatched averaged 40 per minute.

The death is announced from Belgium of Peter, the well-known son of Hermit and Lady Masham. Peter was twenty-one years old, having been bred by Lord Glasgow in 1876. Sold at the Doncaster sales as a yearling, he won the Middle Park Plate the next season. On the death of General Peel he was sold to Mr. J. T. Best, and as a three-year-old won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood, carrying

8st. During his four-year-old career he became the property of the late Sir J. D. Astley, and it was in the "Mate's" colours that the horse achieved his most wonderful performance. While running in the Royal Hunt Cup, for which he started favourite, stopping to kick, he allowed the field to head him about 200 yards, but on starting again, notwithstanding the big weight of 9st. 3lb., he picked up and won in a canter. Peter also won the Hardwicke Stakes at the same meeting. In 1882 he again changed hands, Mr. H. Coombe being the purchaser at £6,000, and eventually, after some few years at stud, he was sold to Belgium. Houndsditch, who won the Great Yorkshire Handicap, and Papyrus, winner of the Goodwood Stakes, were probably the best of his stock.

A party of seven guns secured 814 brace of partridges in two days on Mr. Arthur Blyth's shooting, at Stansted, Essex.

TURF.

BIRMINGHAM.—SEPTEMBER MEETING.

Sept. 21st.—The Solihull Nursery Plate (Handicap) of 258 sovs.; five furlongs.

Mr. A. Stedall's ch. f. Oceano, by Ocean Wave—Virtus, 7st. 9lb. S. Loates 1

Mr. T. Hinton's b. Filly, by Surefoot—Loversall, 8st. 2lb.

O. Madden 2
Lord Ellesmere's ch. f. Hedge, 8st. 2lb. T. Loates 3
6 to 1 agst. Oceano.

The Great Midland Handicap Stakes of 680 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. Theobald's b. c. Phœbus Apollo, by St. Simon—Polynesia, 4 yrs., 8st. 8lb. Allsopp 1

Lord Ellesmere's b. f. Miss Fraser, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb. T. Loates 2

Mr. D. Seymour's b. m. Angelina, 6 yrs., 7st. 6lb. S. Loates 3
10 to 1 agst. Phœbus Apollo.

WINDSOR.—SEPTEMBER MEETING.

Sept. 21st.—The Longest Reign Handicap of 359 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. W. M. Clarke's ch. c. Prince Barcardine, by Barcardine—St. Olive, 4 yrs., 8st. 8lb. N. Robinson 1

Mr. E. J. Rose's b. c. Brechin, 4 yrs., 8st. Rumbold 2

Prince Soltikoff's br. g. Amberite, 4 yrs., 7st. 12lb. C. Wood 3
11 to 8 agst. Prince Barcardine.

MANCHESTER.—SEPTEMBER MEETING.

Sept. 23rd.—The Michaelmas Plate of 441 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. J. Daly's b. c. Succoth, by Enthusiast—Millwheel, 8st. 7lb. Rickaby 1

Mr. H. McCalmont's b. c. Argosy, 8st. 4lb. M. Cannon 2

Captain Greer's ch. c. Bittern, 9st. 5lb. J. Watts 3
10 to 1 agst. Succoth.

The Autumn Breeders' Foal Plate of 800 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Captain Greer's ch. c. Wildfowler, by Gallinule—Tragedy, 8st. 12lb. J. Watts 1

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. f. Nun Nicer, 8st. 12lb. Calder 2

Mr. J. B. Leigh's b. c. The Wyvern, 8st. 4lb. M. Cannon 3
5 to 2 agst. Wildfowler.

The De Trafford Handicap of 437 sovs.; one mile and a quarter.

Sir E. Waldie Griffith's b. f. Asterie, by Tristan—Sonsie Queen, 3 yrs., 8st. 11lb. Rumbold 1

Mr. W. Chatterton's b. m. Grasp, aged, 8st. 5lb. Weldon 2

Mr. Booth's b. g. First Foot, 4 yrs., 8 st. 2lb. Lane 3
9 to 2 agst. Asterie.

Sept. 24th.—The Lancaster Nursery Handicap Plate of 437 sovs., for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Mr. A. Stedall's ch. f. Oceano, by Ocean Wave—Virtus, 7st. 5lb. S. Loates 1
Mr. J. H. Betts's ch. c. Bicorniger, 8st. 10lb.Rickaby 2
Mr. W. Sanderson's b. c. Cutler, 7st. 3lb.Harrison 3
4 to 1 agst. Oceano.

The Palatine Handicap of 437 sovs.: five furlongs.

Mr. L. Pilkington's ch. f. Canonbury, by Crowberry—Canoness, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb.T. Loates 1
Mr. Mills's ch. f. Othery, by King Monmouth—Clarice, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.Rawlinson †
Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. f. Omladina, by Royal Hampton—Geheimniss, 4 yrs., 8st. 8lb. Toon †
6 to 1 agst. Canonbury.

The Prince Edward Handicap of 1,820 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. H. T. Barclay's b. or br. c. Ashburn, by Bel Demonio—Cecropia, 3 yrs., 7st. 11lb. S. Chandley 1
Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Minstrel, 3 yrs., 7st. 11lb. O. Madden 2
Lord Stanley's ch. f. Birch Rod, 4 yrs., 8st. 13lb. (car. 9st.) J. Watts 3
11 to 2 agst. Ashburn.

IIURST PARK CLUB.—SEPTEMBER MEETING.

Sept. 25th.—The Bushey Handicap of 288 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. E. J. Rose's b. c. Brechin, by Barcaldine—Distinguee, 4 yrs., 7st. 13lb.Allsopp 1
Mr. Murray Griffiths' b. or br. c. Orestes, 3 yrs., 6st. 8lb. J. Hunt 2
Lord Ellesmere's br. c. Mac-kimmie, 3 yrs., 7st. 4lb. Lounie 3
11 to 4 agst. Brechin.

NEWMARKET.—FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

Sept. 28th.—The Granby Plate of 260 sovs., for two-year-olds; Peel Course (six furlongs).

Mr. H. McCalmont's b. c. Argosy, by Suspender—Ethel, 8st. 5lb. (car. 8st. 6lb.)M. Cannon 1
Mr. R. Sherwood's br. h. The Khedive, 8st. 10lb.Rumbold 2
Mr. T. Jennings' ch. f. Deezie, 8st. 2lb. (car. 8st. 4lb.) Bradford 3
6 to 4 agst. Argosy.

The First Nursery Handicap of 25 sovs., for two-year-olds; last five furlongs of Ab. M.

Mr. C. D. Rose's ch. c. The Convict, by Van Dieman's Land—For Ever, 8st. 3lb.S. Loates
Lord W. Beresford's ch. f. Barbarde, 6st. 10lb. (car. 6st. 11lb.) N. Robinson
Lord W. Beresford's b. or br. c. Meta II., 7st. 9lb.Allsopp
5 to 1 agst. The Convict.

The Forty Eighth Triennial Produce Stakes of 531 sovs., for four-year-olds; T.M.M. (1 mile 7 furlongs 203 yards).

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. p. Yorker, by Saraband—Princess Arena, 9st.Calkin
Mr. W. Whiston's b. c. Knockin, 9st.B. Matthews
5 to 1 on Yorker.

The Buckenham Stakes of 300 sovs. each, h. ft., for two-year-olds T.Y.C. (five furlongs 149 yards).

Prince Solytkoff's b. c. Leisure Hour, by St. Simon—Love is Idleness, 9st.C. Wood
Mr. R. Lebaudy's b. g. Chon Kiat, 9st.S. Loates
Duke of Westminster's Ameer, 9st.M. Cannon
5 to 4 agst. Leisure Hour.

The Great Foal Stakes of 905 sovs. A.F. (one mile and two furlongs).

Mr. J. H. Houldsworth's Rapallo, by Bend Or—Napoli, 8st. 2lb. (car. 8st. 5lb.)M. Cannon
Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. or br. c. Merle, 8st. 6lb.Rumbold
Duke of Westminster's ch. c. Orelia, 8st. 2lb.K. Cannon
8 to 1 agst. Rapallo.

Sept. 29th.—The Second Year of 3 Forty-Ninth Triennial Produce Stakes of 10 sovs. each, h. ft., 17 300 added; A.F. (one mile 7 furlongs).

Lord Alington's b. c. Butter, by Springfield—Margarine, 9st. 5lb. M. Cannon
M. R. Lebaudy's ch. f. Dalkra, 8st. 11lb.S. Loates
Prince Solytkoff's ch. f. Therphane, 8st. 11lb.C. Wood
6 to 1 on Butter.

The Hopeful Stakes of 25 sovs. and 10 ft., with 200 sovs. added, for two-year-olds; last five furlongs of Ab. M.

Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. f. Nicer, by Common—Priestess, 9st. 2lb.Calkin

Mr. Douglas Baird's b. c. Cap
Martin, 9st. 2lb. Rickaby 2
Lord Wolverton's ch. f. Woodbury,
8st. 7lb. O. Madden 3
6 to 1 agst. Nun Nicer.

The Great Eastern Railway Handicap,
a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each for
starters, with 500 added; Bretby
Stakes Course (six furlongs).

Mr. E. Melly's br. f. Bewitchment,
by Juggler—Stolen Kisses, 3 yrs.,
6st. 8lb. H. Jones 1
Lord Stanley's br. c. Melange,
4 yrs., 8st. 7lb. Rickaby 2
Sir S. Scott's bl. f. Ardvoirlie,
4 yrs., 7st. 5lb. K. Cannon 3
7 to 1 agst. Bewitchment.

The Second Nursery Handicap of 5
sovs. each for starters, with 200
sovs. added; D.M.

Lord Durham's b. c. Lupin, by
Peter Flower—Lunettes, 7st.
N. Robinson 1
Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. f.
Pie Powder, 7st. 4lb. T. Loates 2
Lord Zetland's b. g. Pinfold, 7st.
5lb. S. Loates 3
2 to 1 agst. Lupin.

The Newmarket October Welter
Handicap of 500 sovs.; R.M. (one
mile 11 yards).

Mr. C. Morbey's b. c. His
Reverence, by St. Simon—Miss
Middlewick, 4 yrs., 8st. 12lb.
C. Wood 1
Lord Stanley's b. c. The Guide,
3 yrs., 7st. 5lb. N. Robinson 2
The Prince of Wales's b. g. Safety
Pin, 4 yrs., 8st. 11lb. M. Cannon 3
4 to 1 agst. His Reverence.

The Snailwell Stakes of 10 sovs.
each for starters, with 200
added; Rous Course (five fur-
longs).

Captain Greer's br. h. Kilcock, by
Kilwarlin—Bonnie Morn, 5 yrs.,
9st. 8lb. J. Watts w.o.

Sept. 30th.—The Jockey Club Stakes of
8,190 sovs.; A.F. (one mile two
furlongs).

Mr. Hamar Bass's ch. c. Love
Wisely, by Wisdom—Lovelorn,
4 yrs., 9st. 7lb. Rickaby 1
Lord Rosebery's b. c. Velasquez,
3 yrs., 9st. 7lb. J. Watts 2
Lord Rosebery's b. f. Chelandy,
3 yrs., 8st. 9lb. C. Wood 3
5 to 2 agst. Love Wisely.

The First Year of the Fiftieth Triennial
Produce Stakes of 10 sovs. each,
h. ft., with 300 added, for two-year-
olds; T.Y.C.

Mr. M. Dawson's b. c. Longtown,
by Necromancer—Bride of Neth-
terby, 9st. 10lb. C. Wood 1
Mr. F. V. Gooch's ch. c. Lipsalve,
9st. J. Watts 2
Mr. F. Alexander's ch. f. Dirce,
8st. 11lb. K. Cannon 3
11 to 8 on Longtown.

The First October Two-Year-Old
Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 200 sovs.
added; Rous Course.

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's br. f. St.
Ia, by St. Serf—Berengaria, 9st.
2lb. T. Loates 1
Lord Crewe's br. f. Bend Sinister,
8st. 11lb. C. Wood 2
Mr. J. Barker's ch. f. Lady Chibby,
8st. 11lb. K. Cannon 3
7 to 4 agst. St. Ia.

Oct. 1st.—The Newmarket St. Leger
Stakes of not less than 500 sovs.,
for three-year-olds; last mile and
three-quarters of the Cesarewitch
Course.

Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Lysander,
by Sheen—Love in Idleness,
8st. 10lb. Rickaby 1
Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Re-
stored, 8st. (car. 8st. 2lb.)

Calder 2

Mr. Blackwell's ch. c. Luffenham,
8st. 5lb. S. Loates 3
100 to 7 agst. Lysander.

The Bretby Welter Handicap of 5
sovs. each, with 200 added. Bretby
Stakes Course (six furlongs).

Mr. Wolf Joel's b. c. Waldron, by
The Baron—Nutbrown Maid, 3
yrs., 7st. 12lb. C. Wood 1
The Prince of Wales's b. c. St.
Nicholas, 3 yrs., 7st. 5lb.

O. Madden 2

Mr. H. Sandgate's br. f. Sweet
Jessie, 3 yrs., 7st. 5lb. Allsopp 3
7 to 1 agst. Waldron.

The Rous Memorial Stakes of 15
sovs., with 400 sovs. added, for
two-year-olds; Rous Course.

Duke of Devonshire's b. f. Elf, by
Galopin—Queen of the Meadows,
8st. 10lb. O. Madden 1
Duke of Westminster's b. c. Cal-
veley, 8st. 10lb. M. Cannon 2
Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Greenan,
8st. 10lb. Calder 3
11 to 2 agst. Elf.

The Rutland Stakes of 15 sovs. each,
with 200 sovs. added, for two-year-
olds; Criterion Course (six fur-
longs).

Captain Greer's ch. c. Wildfowler,
by Gallinule—Tragedy, 9st. 3lb.
J. Watts 1

Sir J. Miller's b. Filly by St.
Simon—Sanda, 8st. 7lb.
S. Loates 2
The Prince of Wales's b. f. Little
Dorrit, 9st.M. Cannon 3
3 to 1 on Wildfowler.

NOTTINGHAM.—AUTUMN MEETING.

Oct. 4th.—The Nottingham Handicap of
535 sovs.; once round and a dis-
tance (one mile and a half and a
few yards).

Lord Stanley's b. c. Chiselhampton,
by Hampton—Merry Misers, 4
yrs., 9st.Rickaby 1
Lord Durham's b. h. Son o' Mine,
6 yrs., 8st. 8lb.C. Wood 2
Mr. Peard's ch. h. Minstrel Boy,
aged, 8st. 13lb.W. Taylor 3
5 to 2 agst. Chiselhampton.

Oct. 5th.—The Welbeck Stakes (Handi-
cap) of 225 sovs.; the Straight Mile.

Captain F. Forester's br. f.
Tender and True, by Veracity—
Pales, 4 yrs., 8st. 1lb. C. Ward 1
M. R. Lebaudy's ch. c. Kopely, 4
yrs., 8st. 8lb.S. Loates 2
Mr. C. S. Newton's b. h. Dumbarton,
6 yrs., 8st. 13lb.Bradford 3
7 to 1 agst. Tender and True.

LEICESTER.—OCTOBER MEETING.

Oct. 7th.—The Leicestershire October
Handicap Plate of 283 sovs.;
second receives 10 sovs.; the
Straight Mile.

Mr. A. Cockburn's b. c. David
II., by Tenny—Quesal, 3 yrs.,
6st. 13lb.Toon 1
Captain Greer's ch. f. Stormy
Petrel, 4 yrs., 7st. 7lb. Rossiter 2
Mr. B. S. Cooper's b. f. Cloon, 4
yrs., 7st. 11lb.F. Finlay 3
10 to 1 agst. David II.

KEMPTON PARK.—OCTOBER MEETING.

Oct. 8th.—The Richmond Plate (Mid-
weight Handicap) of 470 sovs.;
one mile and a half.

Lord Stanley's b. c. Chiselhampton,
by Hampton—Merry Miser,
4 yrs., 8st. 10lb.Rickaby 1
Mr. W. M. Redfern's b. h. Father-
less, aged, 8st. 2lb.Woodburn 2
Lord Cowley's br. c. Bravo, 4 yrs.,
8st. 7lb.M. Cannon 3
9 to 2 agst. Chiselhampton.

The Imperial Produce Stakes of 2,569
sovs., for two-year-olds; six fur-
longs.

Duke of Devonshire's ch. c. Dieu-
donne, by Amphion—Mon Droit
9st.J. Watts 1

Mr. C. D. Rose's ch. c. Cylene,
9st. 10lb.S. Loates 2
Lord Alington's b. f. Nota Bene,
8st. 11lb.M. Cannon 3
6 to 1 agst. Dieuodonne.

The Stanley Plate of 490 sovs.; Jubi-
lee Course, one mile.

Mr. Dobell's b. g. Dolabra, by
Emperor—Dolinka, 5 yrs., 7st.
12lb. (car. 7st. 13lb.)...C. Wood 1
Prince Soltykoff's br. g. Amberite,
4 yrs., 8st. 9lb.M. Cannon 2
Mr. Creswell's b. or br. c. Hamp-
ton Wick, 3 yrs., 6st. 8lb. Jones 3

7 to 2 agst. Dolabra.

The Walton Welter Plate of 265
sovs.; one mile on the Rowse
Course.

Prince Soltykoff's ch. f. Theophane,
by Gold—Argo Navis, 3 yrs.,
8st. 11lb.M. Cannon 1
Mr. C. J. Blake's b. c. Arezzo, 3
yrs., 9st.S. Loates 2
Captain Laing's br. g. Kirkwall,
3 yrs., 8st. 11lb.Bradford 3
10 to 1 agst. Theophane.

Oct. 9th.—The Middlesex Selling Plate of
390 sovs.; Jubilee Course (1000
miles).

Mr. P. Croft's br. h. Friedrichs-
dor, by Kisber—Formica, aged,
10st. 1lb.W. Taylor 1
Mr. G. F. Fawcett's b. f. Tintagel,
4 yrs., 9st. 7lb.Calder 2
Mr. E. J. Hobbs' Peopleton, 3
yrs., 9st. 12lb.T. Loates 3
7 to 1 agst. Friedrichsdor.

The Kempton Park Nursery Handicap
Plate of 335 sovs.; six furlongs, on
the Straight Course.

Lord Durham's b. c. Lupin, by
Peter Flower—Lunettes, 7st.
7lb.Allsopp 1
Mr. Martin D. Rucker's b. c.
Royal Sport, 8st.C. Wood 2
Mr. T. Worton's ch. f. Celada, 7st.
6lb.Sharples 3
100 to 6 agst. Lupin.

The Duke of York Stakes (Handicap)
of 1,740 sovs.; Jubilee Course, one
mile.

Lord W. Beresford's b. c. Diakka,
by The Sailor Prince—Rizpah,
4 yrs., 8st. 4lb. (car. 8st. 5lb.)
M. Cannon 1
Mr. Houldsworth's b. h. Laveno,
5 yrs., 7st. 13lb. (car. 8st.) Calder 2

Duke of Devonshire's br. c. Min-
strel, 3 yrs., 7st. 7lb.
O. Madden 3
7 to 2 agst. Diakka.

NEWMARKET.—SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

Oct. 12th.—The Clearwell Stakes of 747
sovs., for two-year-olds; T.Y.C.
(five furlongs, 140 yards).

Mr. L. Brassay's ch. c. Orzil, by
Ayrshire—Merry Miser, 9st. 5lb.
Bradford 1
Mr. Larnach's ch. c. Jeddah, 8st.
10lb. O. Madden 2
Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. f. Ayah,
9st. 2lb. T. Loates 3
11 to 8 on Orzil.

The Champion Stakes of 885 sovs.;
A.F. (one mile and two furlongs,
straight).

Lord Rosebery's b. c. Velasquez,
by Donovan—Vista, 3 yrs., 8st.
5lb. C. Wood 1
Mr. L. Brassey's b. c. Bay Ronald,
4 yrs., 9st. Bradford 2
Captain Machell's b. c. Dosser, 4
yrs., 9st. G. Chaloner 3
2 to 1 on Velasquez.

The Newmarket Oaks of 475 sovs.,
for three-year-old fillies; T.M.M.
(one mile, 7 furlongs, 203 yards).

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. f. As-
terie, by Tristan—Sonnie Queen,
8st. 10lb. Rumbold 1
Duke of Westminster's b. f. Blue-
water, 8st. 10lb. M. Cannon 2
Lord Ellesmere's b. f. Fortalice,
8st. 10lb. C. Wood 3
5 to 4 agst. Asterie.

The Royal Stakes of 1,200 sovs., for
three-year-olds; A.F. (one mile
and two furlongs, straight).

Duke of Westminster's ch. c.
Orelia, by Bend Or—Lily Agnes,
8st. 2lb. (car. 8st. 5lb.)
M. Cannon 1
Mr. R. Lebandy's b. f. Simola, 8st.
7lb. S. Loates 2
11 to 10 on Orelia.

A Maiden (at entry) Stakes of 202
sovs., for two-year-olds; Rous
course (five furlongs).

Mr. Russell's br. f. Thimble, by
Galopin—Chatelaine, 8st. 11lb.
White 1
Lord W. Beresford's ch. f. Bloozen,
8st. 11lb. Allsopp 2
Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. c. Devon,
9st. Calder 3
100 to 12 agst. Thimble.

The Select Stakes of 270 sovs.; R.M.
(one mile eleven yards).

Captain Greer's br. h. Kilcock, by
Kilwarlin—Bonny Morn, 5 yrs.,
9st. 6lb. J. Watts 1
M. R. Lebandy's ch. h. Count
Schomberg, 5 yrs., 9st. 9lb.
S. Loates 2
2 to 1 on Kilcock.

The Cesarewitch Stakes of 985 sovs.,
for three-year-olds and upwards;
Cesarewitch Course.

Mr. Jersey's ch. h. Merman, by
Grand Flaneur—Seaweed, 5 yrs.,
7st. 5lb. J. Sharples 1
Mr. Dobell's ch. h. The Rush, 5
yrs., 8st. 3lb. C. Wood 2
Mr. J. L. Dugdale's ch. h. Carlton
Grange, 5 yrs., 8st. 2lb.

S. Loates 3
100 to 7 agst. Merman.

The Second October Nursery Stakes
(Handicap) of 281 sovs., for two-
year-olds; Rous Course (five
furlongs).

Mr. C. D. Rose's ch. c. The Con-
vict, by Van Dieman's Land—
For Ever, 8st. 9lb. S. Loates 1
Lord Cadogan's b. f. Cranborne
Chase, 6st. 2lb. N. Robinson 2
Mr. Jersey's bl. f. Canter, 7st. 2lb.
J. Sharples 3
3 to 1 agst. The Convict.

The Autumn Welter Handicap of 240
sovs., Dewhurst Plate Course (seven
furlongs).

Lord Durham's b. g. Not Much,
by Minting—Drizzle, 3 yrs., 7st.
11lb. H. Jones 1
Major Fenwick's ch. c. Barford, 4
yrs., 7st. 10lb. O. Madden 2
Mr. S. H. Burns's ch. m. Easter
Gift, 6 yrs., 8st. 9lb.

M. Cannon 3
10 to 1 agst. Not Much.

Oct. 14th.—Renewal of the Bretby Stakes,
a Post Stakes of 500 sovs., for two-
year-old fillies, 9st. each; Bretby
Stakes Course (six furlongs).

Duke of Westminster's ch. f. Or-
pah, by Orme—Ruth, 9st.

M. Cannon 1
The Prince of Wales's br. f.
Mousme, 9st. J. Watts 2
11 to 8 on Mousme.

The Welter Selling Stakes of 330
sovs. Bretby Stakes Course (six
furlongs).

Mr. Wolff Joel's b. c. Waldron, by
The Baron—Nutbrown Maid, 3
yrs., 9st. 8lb. Bradford 1
Mr. Gurry's b. c. Eccles Cross, 2
yrs., 8st. S. Loates 2

Mr. W. Homfray's b. c. Bantry
Bay, 3 yrs., 9st. 8lb.
M. Cannon 3
3 to 1 agst. Waldron.

The Lowther Stakes of 480 sovs.
A.F. (one mile two furlongs).

Mr. L. de Rothschild's b. c. Gulistan, by Brag—Guinevra, 4 yrs.,
8st. 13lb.T. Loates 1

Mr. J. G. Joicey's ch. c. Silver Fox,
3 yrs., 8st. 7lb.S. Loates 2

Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Minstrel,
4 yrs., 8st. 12lb. (car. 8st. 13lb.)
J. Watts 3

11 to 4 agst. Gulistan.

The Prendergast Stakes of 972 sovs.,
for two-year-olds; T.Y.C. (five
furlongs, 140 yards).

Mr. Martin D. Rucker's b. c. Dunlop, by Ayrshire—Fortuna, 8st.
10lb.C. Wood 1

Mr. Douglas Baird's hr. f. Simylla,
8st. 13lb.Calder 2

Mr. Houldsworth's b. c. Greenham, 8st. 11lb.M. Cannon 3
1 to 4 agst. Dunlop.

The Heath Stakes (Handicap) of 209½
sovs.; Ab. M.

Mr. Schwabe's b. c. Marton, by
Hampton—Lady Marion, 4 yrs.,
8st. 2lb.S. Loates 1

Lord Cadogan's b. f. Lowly, 3 yrs.,
7st. (car. 7st. 2lb.) ...K. Cannon 2

Mr. Dobell's b. g. Dolabra, 5 yrs.,
7st. 6lb. (7lb. ex.)T. Loates 3

5 to 1 agst. Marton.

The Challenge Plate of 290 sovs.;
Bretby Stakes Course.

Captain Greer's br. h. Kilcock, by
Kilwarlin—Bonnie Morn, 5 yrs.,
9st. 8lb.J. Watts w.o.

NEWMARKET.—SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

Oct. 17th.—The Middle Park Plate of
2,505 sovs., for two year olds;
Bretby Stakes Course (six furlongs).

Duke of Devonshire's ch. c.
Dieudonne, by Amphion—Mon
Droit, 9st. 3lb.O. Madden 1

Mr. Walter Johnstone's br. c.
Disraeli, 9st. 3lb.Allsopp 2

Captain Greer's ch. c. Wildflower, 9st.J. Watts 3

100 to 7 agst. Dieudonne.

GATWICK.—OCTOBER MEETING.

Oct. 19th.—The Surrey Nursery Handicap
of 435 sovs.; (five furlongs).

Mr. W. B. Purefoy's b. g. Prossset,
by Sweetheart—Fair Edith, 8st,
9lb.Bradford 1

Lord Cadogan's b. f. Cranborne
Chase, 7st. 8lb.H. Jones 2

Mr. Lehmaier's b. or br. c. ~~Waldron~~
some Lad, 7st. 11lb. (car. 7st. 12lb.)
.....C. Wood 3

9 to 2 agst. Prossset.

The Horley Handicap of 203 sovs.
one mile.

Captain Macell's b. c. Swords,
by Rathbeal—Gipsy, 3 yrs.,
7st. 4lb.O. Madden 1

Mr. George Lambton's b. h. ~~Red~~
Hat, 5 yrs., 8st. 2lb.Calder 2

Mr. A. J. Schwabe's b. c. Marton,
4 yrs., 9st. 7lb. (inc. 5lb. ex.)
M. Cannon 3

4 to 1 agst. Swords.

Oct. 20th.—The Gatwick Handicap
825 sovs. (one mile and a half)

Lord William Beresford's b. c.
Nunsuch, by Nunthorpe—
Morlaye, 3 yrs., 7st. 11lb.O. Madden 1

Lord Durham's b. h. Son of
Mine, 6 yrs., 6st. 13lb.F. Jones 2

Major Westenra's b. c. Up
Guards, 3 yrs., 6st. 8lb.J. Watts 3

Sydney, 3 yrs., 6st. 8lb.J. Watts 3

100 to 30 agst. Nonsuch.

FOOTBALL.

October 2nd. At Blackheath, Blackheath v. Bristol, former won by 9 points to 0.*

October 2nd. At Richmond, London Scottish v. Marlborough, London Scottish former won by 9 points to 6.*

October 2nd. At Marlow, Marlow v. Clapton, former won by 3 goals to 1.*

October 2nd. At Richmond, Royal Engineers v. Richmond, latter won by 1 goal to 0.*

October 2nd. At Woolwich, Royal Military Academy v. Old Foresters, each 1 goal each.

October 7th. At Tufnell Park, Casuals v. 2nd Batt. Coldstream Guards, former won by 2 goals to 1.*

October 9th. At Blackheath, Blackheath v. Old Leysions, former won by 9 points to 0.*

October 9th. At Bristol, Bristol v. Casuals, latter won by 3 goals 6 tries to 0.*

October 9th. At Caledonian Park, London Caledonians v. Casuals, latter won by 6 goals to 0.*

October 16th. At Leyton, Old Foresters v. Old Etionians, latter won by 6 goals to 2.*

RACQUETS.

October 16th. At Queen's Club, F. W. Latham (champion) v. G. S. S. (for the championship of the world)

Latham won the first match of 3 games to 1.

* Under Rugby Rules.

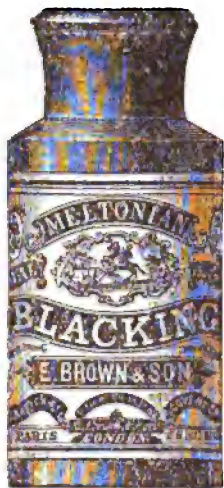
† Under Association Rules.

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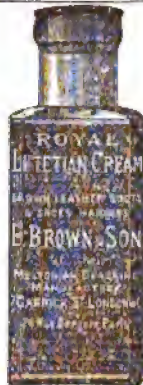
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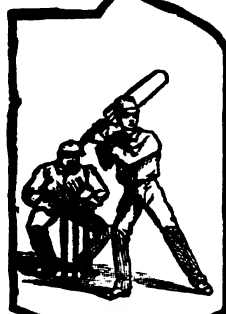
SPORTS and PASTIMES

DECEMBER, 1897.

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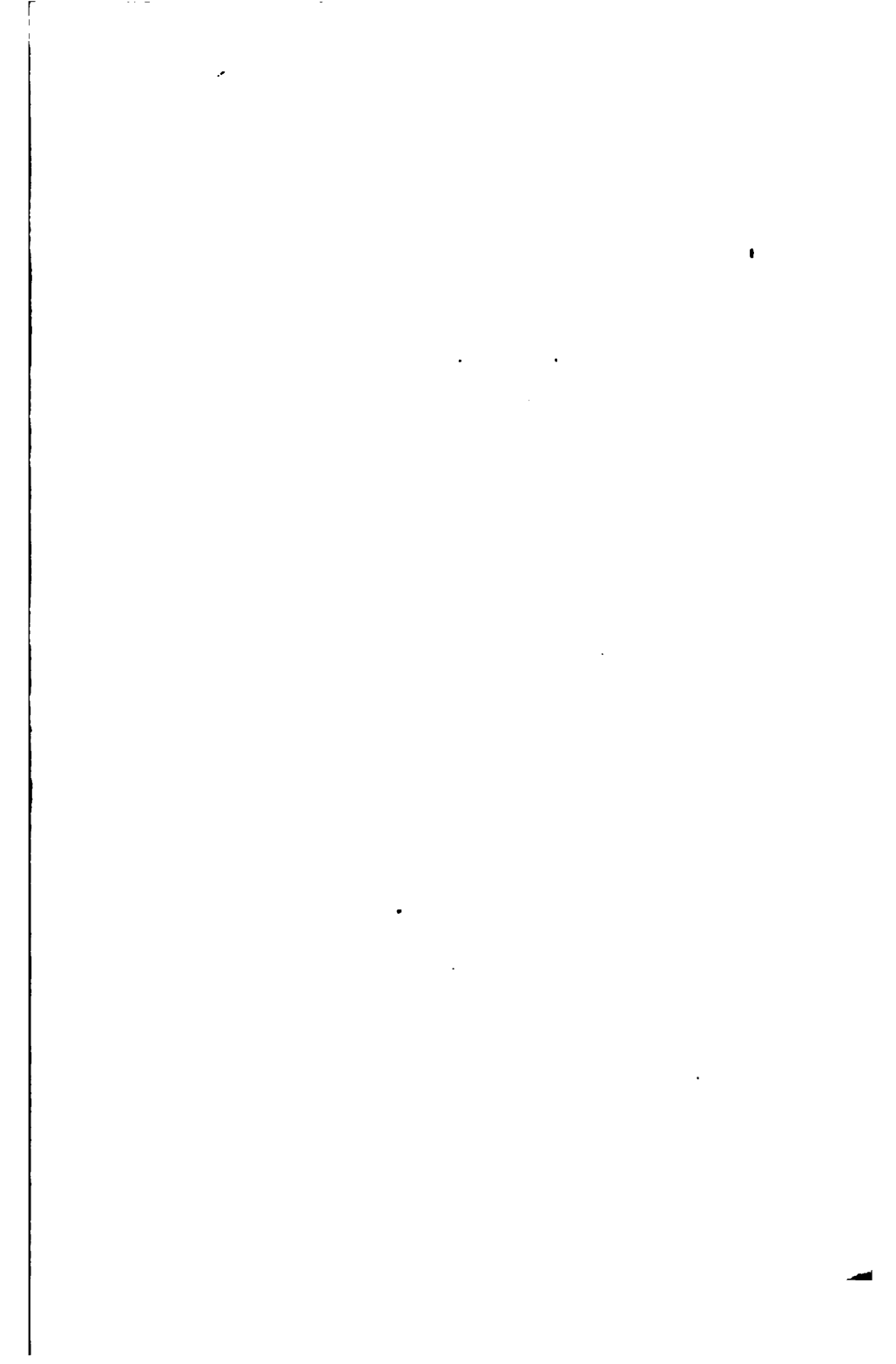
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SPORTS AND AMUSEMENTS

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY BAILY, SON & CO., 15 NASSAU ST. 1877.

1877.

THE MAGAZINE IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AND IS THE ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND IN THE UNITED STATES.

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BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

NO. 454.

DECEMBER, 1897.

VOL. LXVIII.

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WITH

Steel engraved Portraits of CAPTAIN E. G. WYNYARD and EVAN WILLIAMS.
Engravings:—THE EARTH STOPPER, DEAD GAME, AND THE VILLAGE FORGE.

Captain E. G. Wynyard.

AMONGST the many debts of gratitude which this country owes to its Army, by no means the most inconsiderable is the number of fine sportsmen to be found amongst our gallant defenders. We doubt if any one class in England furnishes so many first-rate horsemen as are to be found in the Service, whilst "Soldier-Cricket" is possibly the most sporting and enjoyable form of the noble game.

The exigencies of military service and the high pitch to which

first-class cricket has been carried nowadays render it an extremely difficult task for a soldier to win the highest honours at the national game; indeed, so far as we are aware, the honour of representing England against Australia had never fallen to the lot of a soldier, until Captain E. G. Wynyard in 1896 gained a place in what was known as the third test match.

He was, moreover, invited by Mr. Stoddart to form one of his team at present playing in Australia, and but for the fact that the

War Office exercised their privilege of first call upon his services the Hampshire Captain would doubtless now be busying himself upon the run-getting wickets "down below."

Although not yet thirty-seven years of age, Captain Wynyard has managed to crowd a large amount of sporting and exciting details into his career. Tradition has it that he gained his colours for Football at a more tender age than up to that time any other Carthusian had done, and in later years at centre-forward he was one of the most brilliant of amateurs, and in 1881-2 he had the satisfaction of being one of the Old Carthusian team which won the Football Association Challenge Cup; an invitation to represent England against Ireland in the same season had to be declined, and thus Captain Wynyard narrowly missed the distinction accorded to so few of representing his country both at football and cricket. However, in the way of cumulative honours he can make the unique boast that he was captain of his county at cricket, football, and hockey. As recently as 1893 he was to be found in the ranks of the celebrated Corinthian Football Club.

Although an adept at every kind of sport, it is perhaps with cricket that the name of Wynyard is most intimately associated.

Previous to 1890, the greater part of his time was spent on foreign service, and whilst he was with the 8th King's Regiment in India we believe that they only lost one match between 1883-90, and this is easily understood when we learn that the Old Carthusian averaged 100 runs per innings to his own bat. At "Naughty Naini Tal" it was in 1885 that his name was added to the select list of those who have scored two

separate centuries in the same match, and the Residents must have seen quite enough of their warlike Visitor by the time that he had scored 121 and 106. Captain Wynyard was a fairly useful member of the Mess at this time, as he formed a regular member of the regimental Polo team, in addition to discharging the function of whipper-in to the regimental pack of hounds.

It was not, however, entirely a life of pleasure that he led in the gorgeous East, and 1885 saw the King's Regiment ordered to the front in Burmah, an opportunity being afforded to Captain Wynyard of gaining distinction in encounters more serious than those of bat and ball and stick; the young officer was not slow to avail himself of this opening, and not only was he twice mentioned in despatches, but for conspicuous bravery, displayed in leading his men amidst a scene of carnage into a walled pagoda strongly held by the enemy, he received the coveted D. S. O.

Just as bad health had prevented him from actually gaining his cricket colours at Charterhouse, so again at this eventful period of his career he had the misfortune to be invalided from service in India, and although the year 1888 found him as Adjutant of his regiment at Lucknow at his old game of flogging up innings of over 200, his health was again the cause of his return to England in 1889, and since that time his appointment as Instructor at Sandhurst has turned his sword for the nonce into something more like a cricket-bat than a plough-share.

Captain Wynyard certainly is an apostle of the precept, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might," and during a temporary sojourn at Davos Platz in 1893 he speedily became

proficient at the sport of the country, and carried off the International Tobogganing Championship. Another honour which he brought back from Davos was the Royal Humane Society's medal for his gallant attempt to rescue a Swiss peasant who had been drawn under the ice by a mountain torrent, an attempt which almost resulted in the loss of two lives.

During the last few years Captain Wynyard has fortunately been able to play a fair amount of cricket, and the Hampshire County Club, of which he has been successively President and Captain, owes a vast deal to his services, and since the inclusion of that county in the first class he has been universally regarded as one of the leading cricketers of the day.

In 1894 he topped the century in three consecutive county matches, one of the occasions being against Sussex, when Hampshire succeeded in making the runs against time after the Sussex

captain had declared his innings closed. Amongst many fine batting performances his score of 268, made off the Yorkshire bowling at Southampton, ranks as his best effort.

It is not only as a batsman that Captain Wynyard is worth his place in any team, he is one of those rare and invaluable cricketers who gladden the hearts of captains because they cannot be placed wrong in the field; he is an excellent field anywhere, and for some years admirably filled the post of wicket-keeper for his county. Moreover, recent years have witnessed the development by the Captain—and we sincerely trust that it was not inspired by a whiff of middle-age—of a scientific style of lob-bowling which is reported to be as good as it is successful. However, without insisting upon his merits as a bowler, we think we may fairly say that this month our green covers enclose the portrait of one of the best all-round athletes of the day.

The Army Medical Service.

WITHIN the last few decades England has thrown off the lethargic indifference as to her real fitness to defend her interests in wars which so long lay upon the country. The easy confidence and feeling of security, born of her naval and military victories in the great struggles of the beginning of the century, was rudely shaken by the Crimean and Mutiny experiences, and several years later panic after panic passed in waves over the island people when they saw developed in continental campaigns a previously inconceivable perfection of military organisation and hosts of perfectly armed,

equipped and trained warriors in previously unheard-of numbers easily put into the field and easily manoeuvred. Every part of England's national armour has, within the last quarter of a century, been carefully scrutinised, and every organisation for offence or defence has come in for more or less criticism and comment, which have in all cases produced vast change, in most cases undoubted improvement. There is one department, however, of the country's defences, and that by no means the least important, whose development and improvement have not for various reasons aroused the same

popular enthusiastic interest as others, but which now very specially demands that its present condition should be widely known, and that the causes of that condition should be rectified.

The Medical Service of the Army has been losing popularity very seriously within the last few years, so much so that it now fails to attract a sufficient number of qualified young men to fill its vacancies, and, unless something is done and done soon to remove the prejudice now existing against service in the Army Medical Department, the efficiency of that Department will be very gravely compromised.

It is not without interest to consider briefly what is the history of medical attendance on soldiers, and what is the special history of that which is now called the Army Medical Staff of England's forces.

However far we penetrate into the mists of antiquities, we find indications that medical men, equipped with the science of their time, accompanied armies. Even in the Hindu Vedas it is very distinctly laid down that skilled medical attendance was to be provided for the sick and wounded, and there is a tablet, now preserved in the Newcastle Museum, which was erected by the Roman masters of Britain to the memory of the medical officer of the first Tungrian cohort, a body of soldiers known to have served in the north of England and the south of Scotland. Other tablets also exist in which the medical officer of a legion is mentioned, and there is one referring to the medical officer of a trireme, so the Romans must have had naval as well as army surgeons. In mediæval wars surgeons were not unknown among military staff but their services were almost entirely

devoted to the great men and leaders. It was considered cheaper when an ordinary man at arms was wounded, to dismiss him with a small gratuity, to find his way home as best he could, than to be at the expense of curing and caring for him. And probably the men who were so discharged, whether they lived or died, were thus spared a vast amount of torture for the surgical treatment of the time was barbarous in the extreme carried out by men upon whom the light of science had not begun to shine.

It was not till the end of the 16th century that military surgery made several most important forward steps, as it was practised by Paré in France, Clowes in England, and Peter Lowe, a Scotsman. Then in the days of the Commonwealth came Woodall, who still further advanced the art of healing, and, in Charles the Second's time, Richard Wiseman, who has been termed the father of English surgery. During Marlborough's wars we find the care of sick and wounded taking a more prominent place than had ever before been conceded to it. People began to discover that, irrespective of the considerations of humanity, the individual trained soldier could not easily be replaced, and that, if he was temporarily incapacitated, it was better policy, in an economic point of view, to restore him to efficiency than to discharge him and enlist another to take his place. Towards the middle of the 18th century the medical service of our army was for the first time placed upon a footing in some degree approaching to its condition to-day by Sir John Pringle, who served with distinction as Principal Medical Officer in Flanders and at Dettingen. He set himself with success to combat the hospital fever and dysentery which,

ill his time, had made such savages among the sick of all armies.

The man, however, to whose professional skill, genius for organisation, and vast experience gained in many countries and in many campaigns, England must ever owe a debt of gratitude as the founder of a complete system of care for her soldiers' health, was Sir James McGrigor, the trusted friend and adviser of Wellington in the Peninsula. By his exertions and by the excellence of the methods that he originated and employed, thousands of sick and wounded soldiers were returned to the ranks of the army, and were made available for service in the great battles which crushed the power of France and scattered her previously invincible legions. In peace as in war, he gave to the department of which he was long the head the importance and influence that are rightly its due, and provided that its members should be so professionally instructed and qualified that they were worthy of the interests committed to their charge.

While we think of the great English army surgeon, we must not, however, forget how much humanity was served by his able and gallant contemporary in the army of the first Napoleon. During the long series of campaigns from Egypt to Waterloo in which the military genius of the great conqueror led his countrymen from victory to victory and finally to shattering defeat, Baron Larrey was the Emperor's constant companion, friend and favourite. And well he deserved to be so. Whether in the battlefield performing delicate operations under fire, or saving wounded men by his own personal exertions; in times of want and exposure providing for the crying

necessities of his helpless sick; or in organising new schemes and methods of reaching and providing for human suffering, Larrey was ever brilliant in thought, decided in character, dauntless in courage. He was the first to invent the flying ambulances by which wounded soldiers were picked up on the field of battle and almost under the enemy's fire, and well deserved the encomium of his master, who said, "Your work is one of the happiest conceptions of our age. It will suffice for your reputation." In the will of the great Emperor, too, made at St. Helena, Larrey was thus specially mentioned:—"I bequeath to the Surgeon-in-Chief of the French Army, Larrey, 100,000 fr. He is the most virtuous man I have ever known."

When the epoch of great wars closed in 1815, all the military science of our country fell into desuetude. Our army nominally remained, but it was merely a collection of regiments, magnificent in material, high in spirit, but altogether lacking the many departmental services which are indispensable to bind together the component corps of an army and make them into a whole really fit for war.

In a small way the Medical Service became a reflex of the Army itself. It was composed of carefully selected men, well-grounded and enthusiastic in their profession and quite ready to sacrifice themselves at the call of duty. But the construction of the Department was inelastic and cumbrous. It practically consisted of the medical officers alone and possessed few or none of the various adjuncts, staff of nurses, ambulances, field hospitals, &c., without which the efforts of the best science in the world are nearly neutralised. And, when the time of trial suddenly came

in 1854, the consequences were terrible to the Army and disgraceful to the State whose misplaced economy had allowed matters to come to such a pass. The medical officers, as they have always done, nobly vindicated the honour both of their original profession and of that to which they were affiliated, but their best efforts were vain to combat the evil and the authorities woke to the knowledge that like so many other departments the Medical Service of the Army must be wholly reorganised.

Before passing to the great changes and improvements which have now been made, let us look at the medical officers as they were disposed of in the Army before the Crimean War and until 1872. In those days two and sometimes three surgeons were gazetted to individual regiments and remained with them till they were promoted. They were a component part of these regiments as much as any other officer or man and they had all the social privileges and prestige belonging to the corps. Their duties in time of peace were light and easily performed and they could and did join in all the sports, pursuits and interests of their regimental comrades. Professionally, from their long and intimate association with officers and men, they became more like confidential family physicians than anything else and were able to be peculiarly efficient in treating sickness and managing the constitution of patients whom they knew so well. Socially their education and abilities gave them a position and an influence that were frequently invaluable in all grades of regimental life, for, occupying as they did a sort of neutral standpoint, they could act as advisers and friends in circum-

stances where other brother officers would have been unsuitable.

Most old soldiers of all ranks must certainly recall with pleasure the memory of regimental surgeons who were skilful, kind and tender in sickness, genial friends and good comrades in all relations of military life. And to the medical officer himself the intimate association on equal terms with the combatant officers was often of the highest value, particularly on first joining the service. Like all young men when they first put on uniform or indeed commence any career it was a good thing for them to be "licked into shape" in ideas and manners and nowhere was this more effectually done than in a good regiment. Then, in many cases for they made influential friends who stuck to them as medical advisers and were of essential service in helping them to form a civil practice when, as sometimes happened, they tired of soldiering.

We must not leave the old regimental surgeons without recalling some of the remarkable characters among them, remarkable we mean in other than a professional sense. How many men, who served in the Crimean and Mutiny Wars must remember "Peter" Wilkin, who began his military career as an assistant surgeon and accepted, as a reward for specially gallant conduct, a combatant commission. No officer of his rank in the English cavalry did more brilliant service than he and those who knew him best thought that it was but meagrely recognised by a brevet majority. After some years of staff service at home, he retired and the Army was the poorer by his loss. Then there was the surgeon of a well-known light cavalry regiment who was more *farouche* and military in appearance and man-

ners than any other man in the corps. Not even the colonel had more to say in all regimental questions and, in an ultra lively mess, he more often than not led the revels. Peace to his ashes! He was a better boon companion than a surgeon,—though it must not be supposed that he was ever considered to have failed in his professional duties.

It is many years ago now since an extraordinary person died in high rank in the Medical Department, who after death was found to have been a second edition of Chevalier D'Eon. It was a woman who for many long years had served with the highest credit in many positions of importance. Of course the peculiar appearance and voice of the deceased Inspector General Barry had often been remarked, but the sex was not suspected. This medical officer had, as might possibly be expected, a somewhat captious and irascible temper and had fought two duels in early life. Perhaps the most remarkable discovery was that not only was the personage a woman but that she had, at some time or another, been a mother.

How many surgeons were among the best military sportsmen of their day! As a rule, they were not men of sufficient wealth to keep large studs of hunters, but, when they were able to take the field, they generally held a very forward place and showed a real knowledge of *vénérie* that few of their comrades could equal. It was in shooting and fishing, however, that the old regimental surgeons, when they were sportsmen, usually made their mark, and the soldier, who can go back in memory thirty or forty years, must recall many who were the neatest shots and threw the lightest fly in the corps to which they belonged. We will

not now record the names of some that occur to our mind, but we may say that, while never neglecting their professional work, they were always a potent influence for good in spreading and encouraging the love of field sports which has ever done so much for the British Army.

Of course, besides the regimental surgeons, there were a large number of medical officers on the staff, who were in charge of stations or were employed in departmental or administrative work. But the regimental and staff medical officers were all on the same list for promotion and were interchangeable until they arrived at such a seniority that they were employed on administrative work alone. Without in the least depreciating the old medical officers who elected to spend most of their time in staff work, there is little doubt that their department was best known to the Army and the world at large through the regimental surgeons and its reputation could not have been in better hands.

That the old organisation had its merits, some of which we have mentioned, no one can deny, but, as we said above, it was inelastic and cumbrous. In times of stress the regimental surgeons could not be made use of outside their corps and the work of the department was thus gravely hampered. Then, when a man remained for a long time with one corps, he was perforce cut off from much experience and much opportunity of keeping his professional knowledge abreast of contemporary advance. To their credit be it said, many surgeons, indeed we may say most, did, by their private exertions, quite maintain the high standard of attainments that is the pride of the English medical profession. Cases were

not unknown in which regimental surgeons were not only not encouraged but were actually impeded by the commanding officers, under whom they served, in their efforts to gain outside experience. There was an unreasonable jealousy which desired to keep the work of the medical man for the use of the regiment alone, forgetting that the regiment must profit by every bit of experience gained by the medical man. A case in point occurred to a surgeon who since most deservedly attained to the highest rank. He was much sought after as an adviser by civilians dwelling in a certain military station and his colonel complained to the very distinguished general in command on the subject.

"Well Colonel —, does Dr. — neglect any of his regimental work for his private practice?"

"No. He is always most careful and attentive."

"Then, let me tell you that neither you nor I have the power to interfere with him in any way and, what's more, I think he is doing the best thing possible for the Service by gaining outside experience."

We fear, however, that all authorities were not always as sensible as the General in question.

Perhaps the most important part then of the re-construction of the Medical Department was that carried out in 1872, when the system of gazetetting surgeons to individual corps was done away with. All the medical officers in the Service became, as the Army Medical Staff, available wherever their services were required and assumed a separate existence as purely departmental officers, having no connection with any other branch of the Service except the

temporary relations which exist of professional employment. The purely regimental hospitals were done away with, no combatant officers, such as commanding officers of regiments, had as before anything to say as regards provision for the sick, but all sick men were received into special hospitals where they were seen and absolutely under the control of the Medical Department.

The net result of this reconstruction, as far as our country service is concerned, has been a vast saving of expense, for every surgeon came directly under the control of his own departmental superiors, his services could be utilised whenever they were required and that without throwing any undue stress of work upon individuals. When the sick were collected in special hospitals, it became much easier to provide them with continuous professional supervision and training and, above all, a stimulus was given to professional self-improvement, both by the increased variety of experience which all gained and the emulation that was introduced among men who felt that their conduct was being keenly watched by equals and seniors. Nearly parallel in time with the re-construction of the Army Medical Staff was the institution of the great military medical school and hospital at Netley, which, it is not too much to say, takes rank among the noblest scientific institutions of our country. There are received for treatment invalids from every distant corner of England's wide empire, and there they receive the benefits of the latest scientific discoveries. There the abilities of all medical officers are tested and there they have the opportunity of familiarising themselves with the special diseases and casualties

which they may be called upon to treat in the course of their service. At Netley too is trained the valuable corps of lady nurses and the whole routine of hospital management can be and is exemplified in its highest efficiency.

It is unnecessary to say more here of the great and very perfect organisation of the army medical service of to-day; the provision of field equipment, the elaborately thought-out arrangements not only for meeting all the multitudinous necessities of campaigns abroad, but also for the provision of skilled attendance on every item of our armed forces in the (it is to be hoped) remote contingency of a general mobilisation in defence of our own country. Let us rather consider the circumstances which very unfortunately are now making service in the army unpopular with the medical profession at large and are preventing good men from coming into it in sufficient numbers to fill its vacancies. The whole may be summed up shortly as consisting in the reluctance that exists both in high administrative quarters and among the so-called combatant branches of the army to give to military surgeons a definite status as soldiers, comrades and social equals. It is too commonly thought, not only by inexperienced boys but also by men whose judgment might have been presumed to be less warped, that the medical officer is simply a "practitioner dressed in uniform, a sort of necessary incumbrance like a hospital wagon or a litter, in case any one should fall sick or be wounded; that he should have the working of a complicated military system, requiring powers of organisation and command; that in fact he should be an officer of a scientific corps of the army is a view of the case that seldom crosses the average . . . mind."

It has even been said that the medical department "is not composed of soldiers but only of attendants upon soldiers," and it has been realised by few, very few, that it is an essentially important piece of the country's armour, a defensive weapon which, in the fulfilment of its office, guards the most vital parts and, in doing so, receives as many blows and dints as any other portion of the panoply of war.

It has been noted what was the social position of the surgeons in the old regimental days. Then the greater number of them definitely belonged to various corps and shared to the full the social and military prestige and status of all officers. Undoubtedly they were then generally happy and contented and the service attracted a sufficient number of the best men from the great medical schools. Now, however, under the new *régime*, medical officers lead a separate and departmental life. They live together, possibly mess together, and, except in isolated cases, do not join in the social life and pursuits of the combatant officers. They are no man's children and the status and consideration due to their noble profession have not been universally granted to them. High authorities have snubbed them and other soldiers of their own standing have treated them with cold indifference, if not with actual slight. They have not been recognised by English society as an integral part of the army, deserving as much social countenance as horse, foot or artillery, and, even in military clubs, they have been subjected to a sort of ostracism. What wonder if the medical officers of the army are sore and discontented with their position and the treatment that they receive! What wonder if the great medical profession of

England has taken up their cause and will not encourage as in old days the best of its young members to join the army. It must, in justice be admitted that some medical officers have, by injudicious conduct and want of tact, aggravated the situation very considerably, but this has arisen to a great extent from the condition in which they have found themselves. They have not met with recognition as the soldiers that they really are and, resenting this want of recognition, they have shown their resentment, sometimes by undue assumption of dignity, sometimes by excessive officialism. Another circumstance has prevented some of them from showing themselves the good fellows which they may be at bottom; they have not had the "licking into shape," which junior surgeons shared in old days with all the youngsters who entered the army.

It certainly seems to us incomprehensible why the Medical Department of the Army should not be held to be soldiers to as full an extent as the officers and men of all the other great departmental services. The officers, besides their purely professional duties, are put in active military command of the non-commissioned officers and men belonging to the Medical Staff Corps, who are armed and equipped and, on occasion, may have to fight as soldiers. The Army Medical Staff will be indeed under the protection (so far as it goes) of the Geneva Convention in European War, but our wars are for the most part with savage people to whom the Geneva Convention is unknown and, in them, besides the tremendous exposure incurred in attending to the wounded under fire in action, every surgeon carries his life in his hands at all times quite as much as any other officer.

The duties of a soldier are to promote, directly or indirectly, the success and well-being of the force to which he belongs at the hazard of his own life, and who shall say that the surgeons do less than any other men to make success possible for an army and to provide for the safety of their comrades when death has already stretched out his hand? For they do this at the hazard of their own lives is very sufficiently proved by the extraordinarily large proportion of killed and wounded among them and the number of valorous deeds which they have performed, so distinguished in their brilliancy that they have perforce been rewarded by the Victoria Cross. Yes. The rescuing from death of the sorely hurt during the heat of action, the provision for the sick and wounded in the course of a campaign and the sanitary measures for the prevention of disease in the field are not only conspicuously of the first moment on the score of humanity, but have a military consequence that cannot be minimised in maintaining the efficiency and raising the *morale* of any large body of troops and thus ensuring victory. The men who accomplish this are most assuredly soldiers and are entirely justified in claiming the full status as such.

What is demanded and what must be granted, if the medical service of the army is not to remain in its present condition of unpopularity, securing only a most inadequate supply of recruits, and those by no means the best men who have passed through the medical schools, is that the officers (the Army Medical Staff) and the rank and file (the Medical Staff Corps) should be combined into a Royal corps with some title such as "Royal

Medical Staff Corps." This corps should have its recognised military status, in the same manner as the Royal Engineers or the Army Service Corps. The present cumbrous and ill-judged titles of rank now borne by the medical officers should be changed for something more simple, even to the adoption of the ordinary military titles, colonel, major, &c., &c., as has been done without creating any confusion in the Egyptian army, in the American army, and the armies of some Continental States. Such an arrangement could be made perfectly easily without in any way taking medical officers out of their proper sphere of duty and without investing them with any authority which would in any way clash with the duties and authority belonging to the combatant officers. Those grievances which are now felt so sorely and which are so deleterious to the service would be obliterated and the Army Medical Service would be confirmed publicly in the position long ago assigned to it in the minds of all thinking men, that of an honourable, essential and glorious part of England's line of battle.

The tremendous duties and responsibilities of medical officers during a campaign have been very briefly alluded to, but a word must be said of the daily and hourly work and anxieties of an army surgeon. He is constantly face to face with the great enemy Death and, even on home service, has from time to time severe calls made upon his nerves and judgment. But the periods of home service that fall to the lot of one of the Army Medical Staff are comparatively few and far between. A very large portion of his life is spent in foreign stations, in most of which the

very existence of the troops, certainly their existence in efficient condition, depends upon his unceasing vigilance. Our troops serve in every climate of the world and the guardians of their health must be familiar with every insidious influence that can poison the stream of life or irrevocably cut its course. Their duty it is to advise as to the sanitary conditions of barrack, cantonment or camp and the smallest disregard of these conditions 'is, they know, like the opening of a breach in a great dyke which will allow the tiny stream to pass and rapidly to swell into the flood that shall overwhelm the lives committed to their care.

Round every station where British troops maintain the honour of their country's flag, there is constantly at the gates a shadowy crowd of foes which are seeking admission, and woe to that station when every postern, every inlet is not carefully guarded. And when, in spite of all precaution or because from unavoidable conditions precaution has been impossible, the foe has established himself in the midst of helpless victims, what a grim battle has the medical officer to fight. Then may the youngest in the department be called upon to show qualities of nerve, coolness, determination and resource which could not be more than equalled by the greatest soldier that ever writ himself general. Maintaining a cheerful countenance in the most dispiriting circumstances, struggling, it may be in single combat, with death in his most appalling forms, oppressed by overwork and bodily weakness and knowing that he himself is doubly and trebly exposed to the shafts, whose wounds in others he strives to staunch if he cannot ward them off altogether, who can

gauge his dogged pluck, the magnificent professional pride that forbids him to yield, the determination with which he uses every weapon in his armoury and, when weapons are, as alas they must often be, wanting, the initiative that he displays in supplementing deficiencies, in utilising previously unthought of methods of defence or schemes for undermining the attacker's force.

In illustration of this, let us recall the story of an epidemic of yellow fever in the West Indies. A battalion had lately arrived from Canada and, as is usually the unfortunate case under such circumstances, was accompanied by a large number of women married to the rank and file but not officially on the strength of the corps. These wretched creatures, for whom of course there was no room in barracks, had to find such poor lodgings as were possible in Coolies' huts scattered for miles round. The unhealthy rainy season was approaching and the one young surgeon, who happened accidentally to be in sole charge of the troops, heard the gruesome report that cases of yellow fever had appeared in the neighbouring town. He was instantly upon the alert and gave minute and hourly attention to every sick person who showed the smallest feverish symptoms. For some days the dreaded visitor did not appear but at last the surgeon thought he identified four cases. He had never met "Yellow Jack" before so he wished to confirm his diagnosis by the opinion of the local practitioner. That hardworked man spared a few minutes to walk through the military hospital and at once pointed to the four suspected patients as undoubted cases. The young surgeon collected himself for the struggle before him and, remaining himself

in the isolated hospital with victims of his formidable enemy, advised that the battalion should be sent into camp. On the very day of the move the rainy season broke in all the terrible power of a tropic storm. The camp ground was turned into a pool of water and the drenching gave the men added vigour to the maddening pestilence. Everywhere the disease gained ground and the worst sign of all to men familiar with its ravages, even the mules and keys were smitten with it and died by hundreds in the neighbouring woodland. Not only the sick belonging to the regiment who alone were officially under his charge, appealed to the young surgeon for care but the multitude of women furnished many cases and his kind heart and professional zeal bade him do for them all that was in his power. By day and night with few and broken periods of rest, he passed from one sick bed to another, travelling miles daily to treat case after case as it appeared. Nor did he confine himself to his medical duties alone. He knew, better than any other, how the mind acts upon the body and how sickness may be ward off by preventing men from brooding over melancholy surroundings and their own personal risks. The surgeon had always been a leader in sport and amusement and now he gave all the energy that he could spare to initiate cricket, quoiting matches, concerts and theatricals. Needless to say that his ideas were well taken up and carried out by the battalion officers, but his was the mind that advised, his was the energy that gave the stimulus. How difficult was the task may be realised from the grim fact that, for the theatricals, two actors had to be cast for each character, for no one could reckon with certainty

on a day's immunity from disease. Great was the reward to the gallant man's exertions. The men felt that he was sturdily fighting their battle and they gave him that complete confidence, which is the best assistant to a physician, and thus went halfway towards their own cure. For three months the trial lasted, then the fever, subsiding in virulence with the advancing season, took a modified form and at last disappeared. What the surgeon's work had been in that three months is

shown by its effect on a man of by no means a very burly frame. He had lost three stone in weight!

What would the lot of the afflicted battalion have been, if it had not been in the care of a man, trained in the brave and honourable traditions of the Army Medical Service; and who can, with any generous and soldierly feeling or even with any common sense of justice, consent that a department which produces such men should be in any way depreciated? C. STEIN.

Autumn Quail in Egypt.

EVERYONE has heard of Aboukir. To a British ear, the name smacks of victories by land and sea, and the relics that still come to light among its shifting sand - hills, skeletons, old buttons, rusted bayonets, battered shakos with crests of both French and English patterns, bear eloquent testimony to the tough fighting by which those victories were won. In these settled times, Aboukir draws its reputation from a more peaceful, if not from a more bloodless source. It is one of the favourite landing-points of the migrant birds that reach the Egyptian coast from Europe in the autumn months.

The little Arab village of Aboukir is placed on the western promontory of the bay, whose name Nelson and Abercrombie have made so famous. It lies in a strip of billowy desert that divides the sea from the salt lakes and the green, fertile flats of the Nile Delta. Ismail's dismantled forts frown along its shore, rising amid mounds of silted earth and broken pottery, the remnants of a desolation a hundred times more ancient than their own, the rubbish heaps of one of the largest cities

of a bygone age. Just a few scattered palm trees break the monotony of the glaring yellow sand. Here and there the industrious Fellaheen have coaxed into existence a vine-patch or a fig-tree, which struggles for life in the shelter of a trench, watered only by the dew, and protected from the drifting sand with a screen of feathery reeds. Otherwise, all is dull and colourless. It is not a cheerful prospect, that Aboukir has to offer. But the bright blue sky and blue sea make up for a good deal, and then, even on the hottest days of a hot Egyptian summer, a fresh breeze from the water sweeps the summits of its dunes, and therefore, the railway brings out scores of health-seeking holiday folk from the stuffy streets of Alexandria, some ten miles away. Villas are commencing to spring up, and the Khedive himself has built a summer palace not far off, where he can practise his engineering hobbies unobserved by the curious eye of the ubiquitous Unbeliever. In time, no doubt, Aboukir, as a fashionable suburb, will rival the vanished glories of

old Canopus of Cleopatra's days. Meanwhile, there is another attraction, beside the bracing sea air, that draws Cosmopolitan Alexandria to this inhospitable patch of desert. It is the happy hunting-ground of the local sportsman. Few places in Egypt offer such a variety of wild birds, in their peculiar seasons. From late summer until spring, duck and geese flight over from the bay at sunset, on the way to their pastures round the salt lakes. In winter time, snipe haunt the water meadows, a mile or two inland; the autumn dove perches in the palm groves, and, most popular of all, the migrating quail love to drop and rest on the projecting headland, the nearest spot they reach after their long fly across the Mediterranean.

September is the month in which they elect to arrive, a season marked with red in the Aboukir calendar, for it brings a substantial harvest to the native population. "Summan," the "fat one," the Arabs have aptly named him, and they have a thorough appreciation of the plump little bird. For weeks in advance, preparations are made to welcome him. As the time of the autumn flight draws near, wandering Bedouins begin to come in from the surrounding country, and pitch their ragged tents on the sand. A feeling of excitement creeps over the village. Even the subject of current prices loses its enthralling interest in the social circle at the little café, and nothing is talked of but the probable date of the quail's arrival. There is a little uneasiness. Last season they were here a whole week earlier, and this year not one has yet turned up. Can it be possible that something has happened to them in Europe? "Perhaps Allah has destroyed them,"

suggests a despondent philosopher "as a judgment on Egypt for its evil deeds of the infidels there." "God forbid!" murmur his hearers piously.

Their prayer is answered, for at last, one morning, an Arab, morning watchfully about the dunes in search of a breakfast, puts up a quail in his vine-patch. In a moment the joyful news runs round the country side. Confidence is restored. The quail have come!

Poor quail, he has at least a cause to complain of the warmth of his reception! There is scarcely a yard of the shore that does not carry a net for him to rest in. Even the ramparts of the forts are crowned with these implements of the chase. Such nets, too, set on great poles is feet high, and arranged in skilful angles to suit every possible vagary of the wind.

The Arabs have a favourite proverb, "To step into a snare is easy enough; to get out again takes some reflection." Their quail nets are notably constructed on this principle. The actual net is made some five feet higher than the poles. This extra width is divided midway into two ample pockets, above and below, that billow in the wind. Anything that strikes the net must fall into one pocket or the other, and they are lined with tiny nooses, which hopelessly entangle the feet of the struggling victim. The unwary bird, sweeping blindly in shore before the wind, drops into the net to stay. It requires more reflection than his foolish little brain can manage to get out again. He usually waits until he is picked out by the triumphant owner.

Fortunately for the shooters, a high wind and a muscular pair of wings carry a good proportion of the quail over the nets, into the

ground beyond. Here is constructed a second line of defence, almost more formidable than the first, to prevent the coveted prey from passing on their onward journey.

Every likely piece of ground has been carefully prepared. Screens of reeds and dry palm branches are planted in rows, tempting places for a quail to pitch, exhausted by his long travel. Every low palm-tuft is half covered with a hand-net. Most wily of all are the sheaves of reeds, arranged like corn at harvest time, with a snug little shelter underneath. What nicer nook for a tired bird to creep into when he hears a disturbing footstep? Surely no one can see him there, and besides, he can always run out at the other entrance if the footstep comes too close. Alas, that other entrance is closed with the fatal netting, he notices it too late! There is no way out but the way he entered by, and a great man creature is standing over it. A boot crashes into the sheaf. "If I stay, I shall be squashed," thinks the poor bird. "If I fly, I have at least a chance." Out he goes. Bang! and another victim falls to human cunning.

These "cailleries," as they call the patches of desert thus prepared with artificial cover, are let out at good prices by the natives, to European sportsmen from Alexandria; keen fellows, though their ideas of sport do not quite coincide with ours. The ground is more jealously preserved than an English pheasant cover. Notice boards in every language warn off the casual gunner, and there is generally an Arab squatting near his patch to keep away trespassers.

The quail begin to arrive before daybreak, and rest some hours

before passing on—those who are left, at least—towards their winter quarters. Consequently, the bad habit of late rising receives very little encouragement at Aboukir during the month of September. The sluggard is wakened betimes by a fusillade that might well make him dream another Abercrombie was landing an army on the shores. Before sunrise, the Bedouins and the Fellaheen are hard at it, taking the first fruits of the night's harvest. Then the early train from Alexandria arrives, bringing troops of bourgeois gunners, Greek, French, Italian, in a quaint variety of "high life" sporting rigs. They scatter over the sand-hills, and shots follow in quick succession from all sides. "Cailleries" are beaten, palm groves explored for dove, every nook and corner poked out on the chance of a bird. If the quail are not numerous this morning, never mind; there is plenty else to shoot. The quail brings with him a tremendous following of migrants, doves, hoopoes, blue jays, golden orioles, and a troop of smaller varieties. All are fair game to the Arab and the Alexandrian sportsman, and you may be sure the citizen father does not return to the bosom of his family without a bagful of something, if it is only "cockyolly birds," larks and sandpipers and crested wagtails, and such small fry, "Beccapico," they call them in the restaurant menus.

Before long the detachment of British soldiers from the regiment in Alexandria turn out of camp to their rifle-range, and add their quota to the general din. It is a bad lookout for anyone in Aboukir with a headache at these times. Towards mid-day the Europeans return to their business in town, and the firing slackens. It does not cease altogether, for the Arabs

are going over the ground once more to pick up anything the "Afrangi" may have left. Others squat drowsily among the palms, hoping perchance some dove may come along to see if the dates are ripe. One or two lie about the shore on the chance of a stray hoopoe, a much-prized bird. Possessed of many estimable qualities, both alive and dead, is "Hoodhood" the hoopoe. The ancients knew him well; King Solomon never went travelling without one. It was solely through the intelligence of his hoopoe that he made the acquaintance of the Queen of Sheba. Amongst other virtues, "Hoodhood" can "perceive water hidden beneath the earth as a man looks at his face in a mirror." No wonder the blood of this far-seeing bird is an infallible potion for weak eyes.

But this is all only by the way. The Arab is resting in the shade through these hot mid-day hours, with just one eye open for the opportunity for a shot. At sunset things liven up again. There are a few quick volleys round the shores of the bay as the duck flight over to the lakes; afterwards a sputtering fire at "Abu Noom," "father of sleep," the night-jar, who chooses this evening hour for his arrival from Europe. Then it becomes too dark to see, and all turn in for a few hours' sleep before starting the real business of the following day, the hunting down of the fresh flight of quail that the dawn will bring.

There is something particularly charming to the pot-hunter about this form of sport. No need to leave this cover untouched to-day, or to avoid that field, for fear of spoiling to-morrow's shoot. No dread haunts his mind that he may deplete his preserves. "Kill all you can this morning," is his

motto. By to-night what remains will have passed on, and to-morrow nature will have restocked the ground, "In sha Allah," as liberally as to-day.

If the Arab is, by necessity, a pot-hunter, he is at least a keen and hardy sportsman, both a tent-dwelling Bedouin and an agricultural Fellah. Every man has his gun, of sorts. English control has managed that for him. Nowadays it is worth his while to put by, since he knows a Pasha can grab his little boat. Very likely he has kept his wits on lentils and water-melon in months to save money for a "bundook." When he does see it he soon learns to use it.

Perhaps he stalks a quail rather too much as if it was a tiger or an antelope, according to our English notions, but then powder and shot are dear in Egypt, and every charge is expected to do something for the pot. Besides, if the stalks fail, and the bird gets away too soon, our "Gippie" will nevertheless make a bold bid for him. "He shoots like an Arab," say the natives of a man they wish to compliment, and, though modesty is by no means a prevailing virtue in those parts, I must say I have seen a Bedouin with an ancient Belgian percussion gun, make shooting no Purdey need have been ashamed of. What with natives and continental Alexandrians, it may be imagined that not much is left for the Englishman, as represented chiefly by the British subaltern. By the time his day's work is finished the ground has been already three or four times searched, and he searches again in vain. Rarely does he get a shot at the game little bird. Well might the merry sound of its whirring wings, as it rises from a reed bed, console the exile for the loss of the grey

partridge of his home, but it is not to be. Perfidious Albion may have allowed herself into the high places in the land, but here at least the shooting rights, usually claimed as the heritage of her sons, are denied her. Many of these same quail, however, find their way, in the long run, down English throats. Hundreds of the netted birds are packed alive into long wicker cages—each in his own compartment, for they fight to the death—and are shipped off to Europe to figure in aspic on London dinner tables. A few are reserved for a quicker, if a less certain fate, for what the natives call “the gambling sport.” As the pigeon at Monte Carlo, so the quail at Aboukir. Sunday brings a plethora of citizen gunners to the sandhills. The day’s flight of quail will not go round; and, besides, paterfamilias boasts the proportions due to his years and dignity, and too much walking does not agree with him. So the wily Arab provides a substitute. The sportsman stands by the seashore in the cool shadow of a palm, and the birds are thrown up for him by trap or hand. Should he hit he pays a piastre and takes his bird; a miss costs a franc, and the quail escapes, only to fall, probably, to the surer gun of some native standing near. Perhaps there is a sweepstake on the result as well to add an extra charm to the proceedings. What pleasanter way of getting the fun without the exertion, with a nice bunch of birds to

take home to the admiring relations.

For some six weeks the quail continue to land at Aboukir, and undergo this systematic hunting down by the sportsmen of many nations. Whether by less populated routes, or by pure force of numbers, a good many somehow struggle through and pass on, fired at all the way, to tracts where guns are scarcer, and powder must be paid for in gold. No doubt they will turn up once more next spring, as cheery and as numerous as ever, to glad the heart of the soldier and the winter tourist. For then comes the Englishman’s turn. On their spring journey back to Europe the quail travel slowly down the Delta, feeding as they go. There native hunters are less prevalent, and the continental sportsman penetrates not. The work of getting the birds out of the clover fields involves more patience and more stiff walking than he cares for, and the quail are left to more athletic hands.

Well may we repeat “Poor quail.” Everywhere he goes the fatally attractive bird is ruthlessly hunted down. In Africa, the Mediterranean islands, Greece, Italy, France, whichever he chooses as his temporary resting-place, he is destroyed by net and gun with unsparing avidity. Surely it cannot last for ever. Surely some day, and that not far off, the much-enduring race of quail must yield to the march of civilisation and become extinct.

HUGH MARTIN.

The Earth-Stopper.

THE accompanying engraving by N. Green, from a picture by N. Drake, was published "according to Act of Parliament" on the 1st of August, 1767, and therefore takes us back a long way in the history of fox-hunting. The subject of the sketch is Arthur Wentworth, of Bulmer, near Castle Howard, Yorkshire. He is said to have been the son of a game-keeper, and then to have tried his hand at farming; but like a good many more, his love for hunting overcame his business arrangements, and he at last settled down as an earth-stopper, in which capacity he combined business with pleasure.

In the far distant days in which Arthur Wentworth lived, hunting countries were of far wider extent than they are at present, and the masters under whom he served hunted a very wide territory. Arthur Wentworth did the earth stopping for Charles, Earl of Carlisle, whose hounds hunted over a district now divided between Lord Middleton, the Holderness and the Badsworth. There is, however, some difficulty in recording dates. The accompanying picture was published, as already mentioned, in 1767, and the subject of it had then been in the service of Lord Carlisle, Mr. H. Brewster Darley, Mr. Tuffnell Joliffe, and Mr. Horsfield, and as Wentworth was 75 in 1767, it is clear that fox-hunting, even in Yorkshire, is of older standing than we think. Nothing whatever is known about Mr. William Tuffnell Joliffe or Mr. Horsfield as masters of hounds; but Lord Carlisle, of Castle Howard, kept hounds in Yorkshire after Sir Thomas Gascoigne, the Duke of

Hamilton, and Mr. Fox Lee. But inasmuch as Sir Thomas Gascoigne is supposed to have been a master of hounds from 1764 to 1773, it appears to be pretty obvious, if Arthur Wentworth's credentials are to be taken as valid, that an earlier Lord Carlisle must have kept hounds in Yorkshire. It is not, however, possible with any accuracy to carry hunting history in Yorkshire further back than about 1764.

In the days of the subject of the illustration, and indeed for long afterwards, an earth-stopper was as much a functionary of a hunt as the huntsman himself. He was a salaried official, and rode about his district on his pony carrying his lantern and spade, and accompanied by his terriers. The earth-stopper, knowing a vast extent of country, was a most useful man in the hunt; he knew the run of the foxes, and was conversant with every drain in the neighbourhood. Modern developments, however, caused him to be disestablished. In due course hunting and shooting clashed, and hunting men came to be to a great extent dependent upon the game-keeper for the supply of foxes, consequently the stopping was entrusted to the keepers, who are now in most countries paid a certain fixed sum for every fox found on their respective beats, but the sum is usually forfeited if the fox gets to ground in any earth which ought to have been stopped. In some countries the keepers are paid a fixed salary like the earth-stoppers of old, but as a rule payment by results is found to work best, and this is the plan commonly adopted.



N. Drake, pinxt.

THE EARTH STOPPER.

[Engraved on wood by F. Dabbage.]

My Grandfather's Journals.*

1795-1820.

[Being episodes in the military career of Colonel Theophilus St. Clair, K.H., formerly of the 145th Foot, and some time Assistant in the department of the Quarter-Master-General.]

EXTRACTED BY MAJOR ARTHUR GRIFFITHS.

V. — THE STORY OF "HATIM TAI."

I REMAINED in the West Indies nearly four years. It was an uneventful period in garrison at Trinidad without active work, and I was wretchedly unhappy when I heard of Wellesley's expedition to Portugal, and thought I was left out in the cold. But there was good news as the autumn drew on, for in September I received an official from the Horse Guards notifying my appointment to the Staff of Sir John Moore, in Spain. There were others from High Wycombe, Hardinge, Durban, Murray, were already serving with Moore, and my orders were to proceed direct to Vigo and report myself to the General commanding with the least possible delay.

The Admiral of the station was about to despatch a gun brig, H.M.S. *Rattler*, to join the fleet off Spain, and he kindly gave me a passage; at the same time I wrote home to England begging my father to send my Arab charger to meet me by the first opportunity.

In the early days of December the *Rattler* ran us into Corunna Harbour, a small and sheltered haven where some shipping was already collected, for the town was now the base of supply to the British forces in the North of Spain. There was a dépôt here under a commandant with a gar-

rison of one battalion, and the usual crowd of sutlers and non-combatants that hang about the rear of an army in the field.

"Captain St. Clair?" said the commandant when I reported myself early one morning, "we've been expecting you; you'd better get on at once to the front. Sir David Baird is at Astorga, he will give you your definite instructions."

"How shall I get on? Have my horses arrived?"

"Indeed, yes, and every one envies you that chestnut Arab; you might sell him twenty times over."

Hatim Tai, my well beloved Arab steed. How great was my joy at meeting him again! His, I believe, was even greater. At the first sound of my voice when I entered his stable he cocked his ears and looked round with a low whinny of delight, pawing the ground with his forefoot. I coaxed and made much of him, fed him out of my own hand, and saddled him myself. When he was ready for the road and I once more mounted him, he shook his head gaily and settled at once into the smooth even canter of the desert born.

They gave me an orderly dragoon returning to his regiment which was with Baird's division; he was to lead my second horse, a stout English cob, bought for me by my dear father, which carried the kit I most urgently needed. The rest I left at Corunna.

It took me just five days to

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reach Astorga, about a hundred and fifty miles of rough wild country; a stony road with deep ascents and descents over monstrous mountain chains, through deep gorges, across raging rivers. Hatim Tai never faltered or made a mistake; he kept up the same even pace, despite the difficulties of the way, anxious only to please. The pace we travelled did not suit my orderly quite so well.

Sir David received me charmingly. His deep voice, that could be rough enough when he was roused, especially at what he deemed neglect or injustice from those above him gave me the heartiest of welcomes; his large handsome face beamed when he shook me by the hand.

"Why, laddie, you're very late in joining us. Well, well, it's a far cry from the West Indies and you've got here now. That's the principal."

"What is to become of me, Sir David? Any orders?"

"I'd gey like to keep you with me, but Sir John Moore wants all the staff with him up at the front, and I'm to send you on. There's a job you might do by the way, tho'. I kenspeckle you speak Spawnish? Yes? I thocht it. Then we'll send you round by Romana's at Leon, thirty miles beyond. Stay with him as long as he'll let you, at any rate till you find what like his army is. Its not worth two baubees its my deeleerate opinion, but form your own. Find out his exact numbers if you can, in men, horses, and guns, and what they're worth in looks, and armament equipment, and general efficiency. Then ride on to Sir John and report; he's most anxious to learn whether these Spanish allies can be depended upon."

"Can you give me any notion, sir, where I shall find Sir John Moore?"

"Somewhere between Romana and the Carrion. He's marching north to attack the French under Marshal Soult. I believe, and we're all to co-operate. Hope and myself and Romana—he's good for aye. That's what he'll want your report. Are you well mounted?"

"I've that same chestnut Arabian General, that carried me on to Nile."

"You're a lucky mon then. I wish he was mine. Give him an extra feed and see you get him by daylight. Of course you'll dine with me to-night. Urro! No dinner, but the best I have to give you."

At daylight next morning I rode to Leon alone, carrying a few necessities in my wallets. I was wishing to be delayed by an orderly or baggage. It was going, through a fairly flat country, but the weather was atrocious: torrents of rain with sleet showers, and always bitterly cold. My generous Arab made as light of it as he had of the stony mountain paths, and I rode into Leon hardly drawing rein.

My red coat gained me prompt attention, and having first seen that Hatim Tai was stabled, fed, and rubbed down, I went on to present my credentials to the Spanish General.

"You air welcome, sare," he began in broken English, for the Marquis Romana had recently visited England, and was proud of what he had learnt; but when he found I could speak Spanish he changed willingly to his native tongue.

"*Que milagro!*" he said. "You are acquainted with our noble Castillian, the language of kings. You have read our splendid literature? Cervantes, Quevedo —"

I ventured to bring him back to more practical matters, and asked

him the present strength of his army.

"There are 22,000, I have heard, and more coming in, they say," he answered, indifferently. "And the *Romancero del Cid*? You know that, and the comedies of Lope de Vega?"

"I met two batteries, your Excellency, outside the city, on the march. How many guns have you?"

"Ah! *caballero oficial*, these are trifles; you can judge for yourself. To-morrow I shall hold a review. Meanwhile, let me recite you some lines from the *Cancionero General d'España*. It is plain they are of Eastern origin, inspired by Arabian poets."

It was with difficulty that he let me go, but when at last I was free I set about seeing and judging for myself, and soon found that Romana's force hardly deserved the name of an army. I visited the encampments beyond the gates, infantry and artillery, and saw men in rags, nearly naked indeed, wretchedly equipped, arms miserably out of order, guns deficient of everything, ammunition soaked with rain and actually rotting. Next day's parade more than supported my first impression. I rode with General Romana down his lines and saw a mere rabble; militia, untrained peasantry, with ignorant and indifferent officers, few even of the highest rank who could handle troops; guns without horses; only a handful of the most irregular cavalry. And for numbers, the 22,000 of the day before had dwindled down to less than 10,000. But Romana was very proud of his show.

"Tell your excellency, Moore, I will come to his assistance wherever and whenever he may wish. Alone he may be unequal, but together we will vanquish

and drive out the French as Don Fernando did the Moors."

I was sickened by this wretched bombast, and felt that the general, if he trusted to the Spaniards, would indeed be leaning on a broken reed. It was my duty to set the truth before him with all despatch. That same afternoon I left Leon. Sir David Baird had mentioned Toro, eighty miles, as a point where Sir John Moore might be met with. With Hatim Tai, a horse of such rare endurance and pluck, I could count on covering that distance in a couple of days. True, I did not know the country, but a guide would have hindered and delayed me. It would be enough to take a general direction, trusting to my field compass, and correcting myself, if necessary, by information obtained on the road.

I made first for Valderas, twenty miles distant, a town on the river Cea, where I had thought to pass the night. But I reached it so early that I crossed and pushed on, encouraged by a report that some English scouts had been heard of on the farther side. The army might be nearer than I expected. But darkness came on apace, and I had ridden some distance before I guessed that I was going astray. Taking out my compass I struck my tinder-box, and by the light saw that I had been riding eastward, not south, a direction that might perchance lead me dangerously near the French outposts. So I pulled up at the first village I met, dismounted, and sought shelter in the *posada*, a poor sort of inn and post-house, where I found but sorry refreshment for man and beast, then turned into bed, being careful to keep the key of Hatim Tai's stable under my pillow.

I was roused from heavy sleep by a loud altercation under my

window, and looking out—it was broad daylight—saw an officer in a strange uniform, no doubt French, who had been dragged off a reeking horse and was standing in the centre of an angry throng of Spaniards, all gesticulating fiercely, and threatening him with their weapons, hatchets, forks, and long-bladed knives. Just then the quarrel reached its climax, and some one felled the poor Frenchman to the ground.

Shouting out in eager protest, I rushed down to interpose, if I could, but before I reached the spot a dozen cruel knife thrusts had stabbed the life out of him, and I might easily have shared his fate; but the landlord knew me, and shouting to the others to forbear, explained what had happened. "This accursed Frenchman, without formality or politeness," had demanded a fresh horse, because he was carrying his Emperor's despatches; and as he spoke the landlord held out a sabretache which had fallen to his share in the prompt despoilment of the dead man.

I guessed that it contained important papers, and after some haggling became its possessor for five and twenty dollars. It was worth it, for the first document I extracted was a large square missive sealed with the Imperial arms, and bearing the superscription—"Cabinet de l'Empereur. A son excellence le Maréchal Duc de Dalmatie, Grande urgence—vite, vite, vite."

Should I break the seal? I hesitated, and then concluded that I ought to know the contents. I might lose the letter. It might be taken from me forcibly, but at least I should keep the information. So I read it, every line, and learnt that the Emperor had ordered a general concentration of troops, four whole army corps

to be used by Soult "in driving the English out of North Spain."

Once more we took the road, my Arab and I. The game horse had now done upwards of two hundred miles, travelling day after day without intermission, for a week. Yet I felt that I must make a still greater demand upon him, for it was of the utmost importance now that we should join Sir John Moore. I spoke to Hatim when we started, and he answered as though he understood me perfectly, cantering on freely and without a check for a couple of hours; then he washed his mouth, loosened his girths, and let him stand for half an hour. Lastly, just before we took the road again, I unsaddled completely and let him roll on a sandy spot that I hope reminded him of his desert home. He needed no more incentive but a few encouraging words, and resumed his canter as gaily and evenly as if beginning his journey.

His work was nearly ended. Within an hour, somewhere about Villapando, I fell in with a cavalry patrol, some of the 10th Hussars, and heard that General Moore was with the advance only two or three miles to the rear.

It was the first time I had stood before this distinguished soldier, on whom hard fate was soon to bear so heavily. Yet he met me as a friend, an old valued friend, and I was won at once by his gentle penetrating voice, his noble look and gallant bearing; his dark piercing eyes were yet kindly and full of sympathy, and he made me pleasantly conscious that I had done him excellent service.

"I owe you a great debt of gratitude, Captain St. Clair," he said, frankly and unhesitatingly. "I have never till now estimated the Marquis de Romana at his true value. But that is nothing

o this intercepted despatch, which will probably change all my plans. I know now what I never knew before, what I might never have known until too late, that the enemy's strength is too formidable for attack, and that I must begin to think of my line of retreat."

After this I was put in orders as D.A.Q.M.G. to the force, and appointed to the especial business of reconnaissance. My knowledge of Spanish was highly useful; although I was strange to the country we had good maps, and I was soon able to stretch out far to the east and south, trying to penetrate what was in progress behind the line of the enemy's picquets.

A day or two before Christmas Day, escorted by a squadron of Hussars, I had made a long reach to the south as far as the river Douro, which I touched at Toro. Sending out patrols up and down the river, I was presently warned that a small body of French cavalry, half a troop of Lancers, had crossed at Castro Nuño, and were pointing for either Medina or Valladolid. The river makes a deep bend at Castro Nuno, and as I had the shortest road to travel I was enabled to cut these Lancers off. A brisk charge dispersed them, but they left several prisoners in our hands.

Imagine my astonishment at hearing, when I had questioned these men, that they belonged to Napoleon's advanced cavalry, the head of an army of 50,000 men coming up from Madrid to reinforce Soult. Moore was now in extreme danger, he was threatened and might be enveloped by an overpowering enemy numbering at the lowest computation some 80,000 men in all.

He decided to retreat instantly, and fell back the same afternoon behind the Esla; not a day too

soon, for the French, under the personal control and extraordinary impetus of that stupendous mind, were already in hot pursuit.

I had read that a retreat was the most trying of all military operations, that a general who could conduct one to a successful finish had given higher proof of excellence than in winning victories. But now for the first time I took part in a retrograde movement made under the worst conditions, through a rugged and inhospitable country, by mountain roads and at the worst season of the year, in snow and frost and torrents of rain. Officers were disheartened and exercised no proper authority over troops sullen and insubordinate. The men easily broke out into terrible excesses at the slightest check or excuse, and never before had I witnessed such shameful scenes. There was widespread drunkenness, for those who were frost-bitten and half-starved did not hesitate to plunder every wine vault, and drinking recklessly they strewed the streets in thousands, speechless and incapable, a disgrace to the clothes they wore.

Others there were, weak and helpless, who inspired pity, not scorn. The troops in their advance, both Moore's and Baird's, had carried with them all the women on the strength, a number of soldiers' wives and families, poor coarse creatures, perhaps, but of a sex little inured to the hardships or horrors of war, little able to make a forced march, a terrific incumbrance to the army, a burthen to it and a curse to themselves. Many of these had been collected together in a great barn-like building, part of a disused convent, a little out of Astorga, our last point of evacuation, and still held by the rear guard.

Before they could be withdrawn

and in the midst of the movement the enemy had come up from Palacio; cavalry, and with them a couple of batteries of horse artillery. Seeing a concourse of people about the convent, the guns had unlimbered, come into action, and had dropped several shells at the place with no accurate aim or exact range as yet, but the fire would no doubt improve in precision.

"Captain St. Clair," said General Craufurd, who commanded the rear guard, riding up to me—"Take a flag of truce, with a trumpeter and a couple of dragoons. Go back and explain that they're only massacring non-combatants. They may not desist, but at least they shall know what they are doing."

Some shots were fired at us as we approached the French outposts, but I could see an officer striking up the firelocks of his men, and he apologised very civilly for their violation of the custom of war.

"Your flag was not distinguished at first, monsieur. That is our excuse. But what message do you bring?"

I told my story, but no one short of the general in chief command, Marshal Ney, could give orders in the case, and I was led before him where he sat amid his staff, all cloaked and travel-stained.

"How am I to know, sir, that what you say is true?" he said, turning on me abruptly, and with a stern, contemptuous stare.

"Because I say it, Monsieur le Marechal. I am an English officer, and a gentleman."

"The *riposte* is fair. I should not have doubted it. Still— Ride forward, one of you, and use your glasses, and let the firing cease for a time."

At this moment an aide-de-camp rode up, and said shortly:—

"His Majesty the Emperor wishes to see the *parlementaire*."

I could hardly believe my ears, nor realize my luck in being the brought face to face with one who was undoubtedly the greatest man alive; his name, his prowess, his strange rise, on every tongue. Indeed I could not bring myself first to look at this small pale-faced man sitting crosswise on a kitchen chair in the *patio* of a common cottage, with chin resting on his closely buttoned collar, his cocked hat drawn down over his eyes, eyes grey and marvellously penetrating, that he presently raised and bent on me, seeming to read me through and through. I was so impressed, taken aback, at finding myself thus unexpectedly in the presence of Napoleon, that I stood there shame-faced and tongue-tied.

"What brings you into my lines? Speak. Do you hear my question? What was the object of the flag of truce? To gain time? Bah! It is useless. I shall crush your Moore, destroy him and his army utterly by sundown to-morrow. What brings you, I say? Answer: *cognez*!"

He sprang from his chair and stamped a foot so fiercely that lumps of crusted mud and snow fell upon the stone floor.

At last I found courage to explain my mission.

"Bah! It was unnecessary. I had only to know. I do not war with women and innocent children—no; not though you English people and your scurrilous English prints me an ogre, a monster, a fiend in human form. Is it not so? Speak, sir."

"By no means, sire. Some of us, we soldiers at least, respect the greatest master of war the world has seen." I said it eagerly and in all honesty as a scholar to the master and professor.

"Psha! You can flatter." But the terrible look melted out of his face in the warmth of an inexpressibly sweet and winning smile. "You have served? Where?"

"In India, sire; at Seringapatam. In Egypt, and in the West Indies."

"*C'est du luxe, jeune homme.* In the four quarters of the globe, already. And your grade? Capitaine d'etat major? No more? No decorations? With me you would have been a general of brigade, and with the Cross. That will do. Stay."

With a quick, sudden movement he took a ring from his finger.

"Wear this, Captain, in token of my esteem. I, too, appreciate the good opinion of a courageous enemy. Good-day."

I said nothing of my interview with the great emperor when I rejoined General Craufurd, neither to him nor to my comrades. Indeed, I had no time or opportunity to talk on anything but business, for the next fortnight was the most arduous if not the most eventful in my whole military service. Now with the rear, now with the advance, helping to blow up bridges, for our force was very deficient in engineering skill, to organize depôts of supply, to see to the destruction of what we could not use or carry off, rounding up like a sheep-dog the stragglers that constantly fell out upon the line of march: my office was one of varied and incessant occupation. Twice we faced about to fight, and then only the true spirit of the British soldier regained its proper ascendancy; disorder ceased, as if by magic the ranks filled with sturdy, self-reliant men prepared to hold their ground against any odds. The first occasion was at Lugo, where our position was so strong and our look so

determined that Soult would not attack; the second and final stand was at Corunna, the first battle in which I had been engaged.

I was with the staff near our gallant leader Moore when he was struck by a shot on the left breast, and was sent off to look for Baird and inform him he must take the command. But Sir David had also been removed, wounded, from the field, and I went on to General Hope, whom I found on the left gaining ground. Our centre too, had advanced; we had reserves still untouched, and we might now have driven the French back in great disorder. But evening was falling fast, and the general thought it best to carry out the embarkation under the cover of the night, and the army was gradually withdrawn.

It was now for the first time that I learnt that I must part with my staunch friend and comrade, Hatim Tai. No one but the general officers could be permitted to take chargers on board ship. There was barely room enough for the troops. The cavalry and artillery horses had already been killed to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. I might choose between shooting my faithful Arab or leaving him to be the prey of the first Frenchman that passed.

At least I would stick to him to the very last. I rode him all through the night, for we staff officers were busily employed in superintending the embarkation. Towards morning I was sent out to bring in the picquets, which had kept up large fires during the night to deceive the enemy, and were now in their turn to go on board. I rode behind them, over the crest of the last hill which the road to St. Jago crosses, and at the base of the inner slope dismounted, took a pistol from my

holster, and prepared to do the fell deed.

It was simply impossible. Again and again I raised the pistol, again and again I let my hand fall paralysed by my side. When I met his great mild almost human eyes fixed on me so trustfully and unflinchingly, I felt like a murderer, a criminal about to take the life of his best friend.

Then while I still stood irresolute and absorbed in grief, I was startled by the rattle of steel, the clatter of hoofs, a few triumphant shouts, and I was surrounded by a party of the enemy's cavalry, some of Franceschi's Hussars, who were scouting over the country we had just abandoned.

I was at once seized, and very roughly; my pockets were rifled in a twinkling, everything was taken from me, money, watch, compass, even my handkerchief—one sharp eyed ruffian had caught the glitter of my ring, the Emperor's gift, and snatched at it to tear it from my finger. I struck him down, a comrade, with an oath, drew his sabre, and would have made short work of me, when I was rescued by an officer.

Halte là. Brigands! Coquins! Scelerats!" he cried, as he cleared them away unceremoniously with

the flat of his sword. Then his fierce voice suddenly changed, and with a short "*Tiens! C'est lui!*" he jumped to the ground, and after the French manner catching me in his arms, he kissed me on each cheek.

It was Etienne Dubois, now a major commanding this squadron, whose exuberant joy at our meeting I could hardly share.

"This is my friend, my brother, a good comrade who helped me over yonder in Egypt when I was blind and helpless. Let him remount his horse. Restore his property to him. Whoever hurts or harms him will have to do with Etienne Dubois."

I was a prisoner, yet my dear Hatim Tai was saved, and with a sudden inspiration I saw how I might assure his future, even though I must be parted from him.

I would give him to Dubois.

"No, no, dear friend," he protested, "I will not take him, you shall not be separated from him. I too have been in the East, and I know what a priceless possession is an Arab of Nejd, a true desert born; know how strong is the bond of affection between master and horse. You shall keep him, and ride him, I promise, whatever your destination may be."





Animal Painters.*

XLVI.—EDMUND BRISTOWE.

XLVII.—BENJAMIN BLAKE.

BY SIR WALTER GILBEY, BART.

EDMUND BRISTOWE was born at Windsor on the 1st of April, 1787. The son of an heraldic painter, he was thus brought up in an atmosphere not devoid of art: whether he continued to live with his parents when he reached man's estate we are not told, but it seems certain that he passed his whole long life in the neighbourhood of his birthplace. His disinclination to go afield may no doubt be attributed in some degree to the Royal patronage which was bestowed him while he was yet a youth. At an early age he had the good fortune to attract the notice of the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV.; and the pictures mentioned below are in the collection at Windsor Castle, namely: *Coast Guard*, a Newfoundland Dog, will be seen hanging in the Winchester Tower; *Beauty*, a favourite hound belonging to George III., is in the Round Tower, and *The Pensioners* will be seen in the Lobby, Prince of Wales's Tower.

Bristowe did not confine himself to the portrayal of animals, though in this department of art he perhaps attained his highest excellence, displaying great artistic ability, imaginative power, and intimate technical knowledge. He painted also sporting subjects, pictures of rural life, interiors and studies of still life; while his

talent for portraiture is sufficiently proved in his numerous sketches of well-known characters in Windsor and Eton. His pictures are usually painted on a small scale, cabinet size finding special favour with him, and these have often all the finish and delicacy of miniature work: among the best of his horse pictures special mention may be accorded his *Cart Horses*, *Barge Horses*, and *Horse Summering*, which are life-like in their pose and treatment and admirable in composition.

His success as an animal painter was greatly due to his intuitive sympathy with beasts; his remarkable gift for rendering their characteristic movements and expressions was partly innate, but it plainly owed much to his close and careful observation. Admirable as are his pictures of horses, his delineations of monkey, cat, and dog life and character display equal merit. There is no higher test of an artist's ability than the opinion his contemporaries entertain of it; and of Bristowe it is recorded that he was on terms of intimacy with Sir Edwin Landseer, who freely accepted suggestions from him.

Bristowe could not have been ambitious of public recognition: the catalogues show that he sent only seven pictures to the Royal Academy, and these at irregular intervals, as appears from the list given below. The probability is he was satisfied with the distinction that the patronage of Royalty conferred upon him: but apart

* Under this heading will be continued monthly the series of brief articles connected with the lives of painters whose works appertain to animal life and sport and who lived between the years 1600 and 1860.

from this it would seem that he had some of the eccentricity of genius. He would not work to order, but only when the spirit moved him; in this he resembled many other painters whose works have attained to wider fame, though in some cases at least not more deservedly. His indifference to money, and affection for some of his own creations are shown by the circumstance that he sometimes refused to sell his finished pictures.

His works were appreciated and sought for by those residing in the immediate locality of his studio, and there can be seen in private collections in Windsor and Eton many excellent examples from his brush.

He was an occasional contributor to the exhibitions of the British Institution and to the Society of British Artists; the latter had the honour of including in its exhibition of 1838 the last picture by Bristowe that was ever sent to a public gallery. This was his painting of a *Donkey Race*. Although he lived for thirty-four years after the date named and painted many pictures there is no record of his having exhibited again.

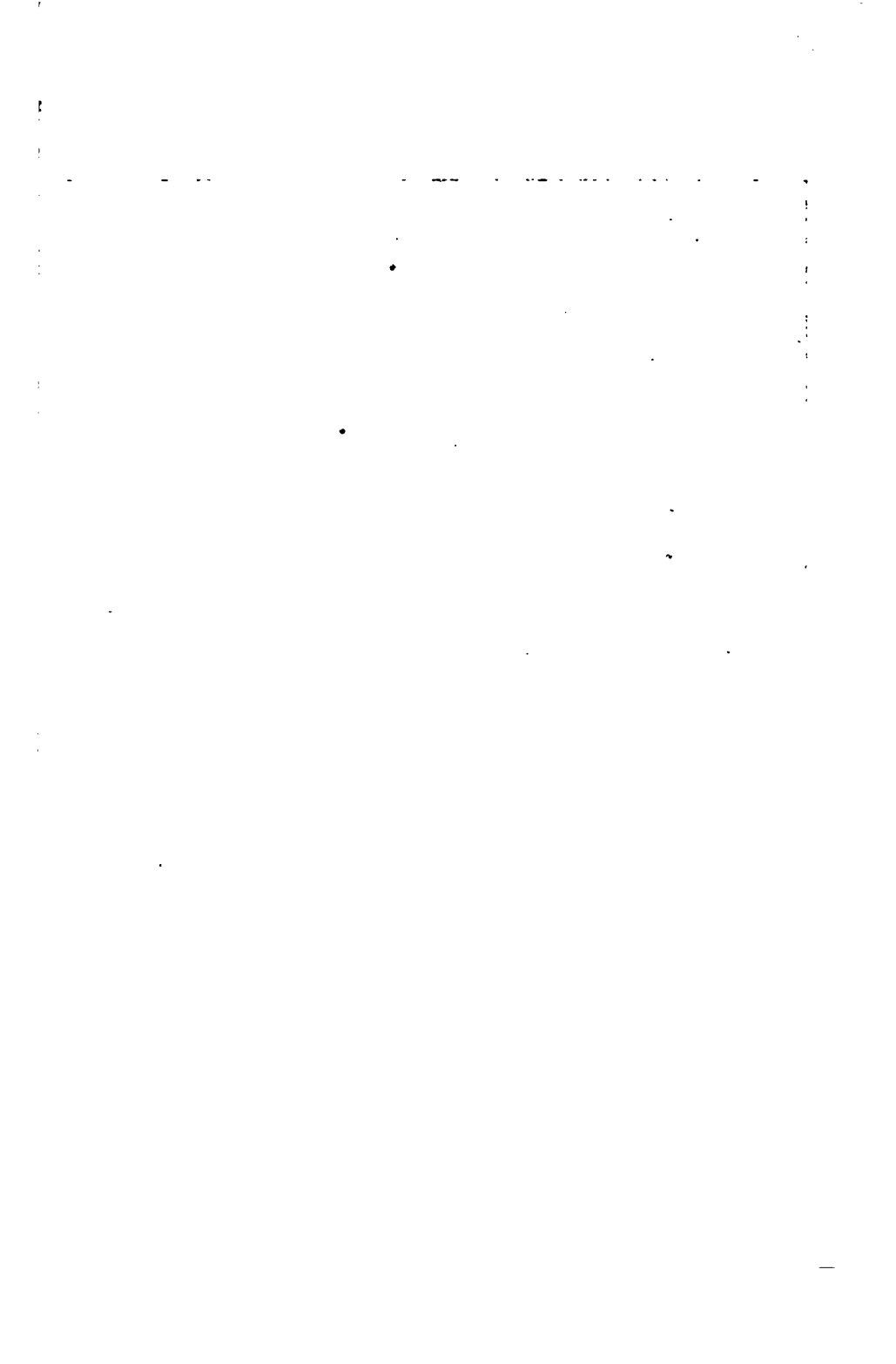
Two of his sporting pictures, *Sportsmen Refreshing* and *Pheasant Shooting*, were executed in the year 1816 for Thomas Gosden, the well-known sporting character, bookbinder and publisher of sporting works, whose name has more than once occurred in this series. Gosden is now remembered for his exquisite bindings, which realize high prices when they come into the market. The intimate friend of contemporary painters of sporting subjects, among them Ben Marshall, Philip Reinagle and John Scott, it was only in the natural order of things that he should have been acquainted with so notable a man

as Edmund Bristowe. The picture of *Pheasant Shooting* referred to, is one of the painter's best efforts: it is a view from Datchet Bridge, two sportsmen carrying guns, one pulling a boat along the sedgy bank, while a brace of spaniels hunt the long grass. The work was beautifully engraved by John Scott. Size of plate, 6 inches by 4½ inches; *vide* the *Sports Magazine* for 1816.

A Sportsman and Gamekeeper was engraved and published in 1836 by Gosden, who purchased the picture from the easel. *Greyhound*, the property of Prince George of Cambridge, was engraved by E. Beckwith, and the plate was published in the *Sporting Magazine* in January, 1836. In the foreground of a pretty landscape the dogs are held in leash by a boy, and on the grass lies a dead hare at which a terrier is sniffing; the composition of the work is excellent. In a sporting review of the pictures shown at the exhibition of British Artists, this painting is the subject of favourable comment:—

"The painter, who appears to possess considerable talents, if we may judge from the present specimen, has never, we understand, voluntarily exhibited any of his pictures. Having met with considerable patronage from several branches of the Royal Family, he has hitherto quietly pursued his studies at Windsor, and we believe this is the first of his pictures which has been engraved; and for it we are indebted to the gentleman for whom it was painted."

Coursing is another of Bristowe's pictures which was engraved. The scene is Bagshot Heath: two greyhounds in charge of a boy fill the foreground, a dead hare lying close by. A plate from this work appeared in the *New Sporting Magazine* for 1832. The same publication in the following year gave a plate engraved by A. Duncan from Bristowe's *Dido*, the portrait of a setter belonging to Mr. Graham; and also an engraving by R. Parr from the artist's





picture of *Bang*, a retriever bringing a partridge to hand.

Worthy also of special mention are the two following :—

The Shoeing Forge, painted on board: size $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches: date 1847; and *Summer*, also painted on board, of similar size and in the same year. The former work is reproduced to accompany this article; the companion picture represents two horses with pigs and poultry in the foreground. The date on these two works mark the period to which Edmund Bristowe's artistic career can be traced, though he lived to the ripe age of 89 years, dying at Eton on the 12th February, 1876.

Reference has already been made to the distinctive qualities of Bristowe's work; the handling is always masterly and the finish exquisite, resembling in many respects the paintings of the old Dutch masters.

It is surprising that so little should be known of this painter's life and works; his disinclination to court public notice by exhibiting his pictures may in some measure account for it, though this cannot wholly explain the total neglect of a painter whose best works surpass those of many foreign artists to whose lives and achievements the compilers of various dictionaries give favourable attention.

Pictures by Edmund Bristowe exhibited at the Royal Academy:—

Year.

- 1809 (1) *Smith shoeing Horse.*
- 1820 (2) *Portrait of Jefferies*: for many years earth stopper to the Berkeley Hounds.
- (3) *Portrait of a Hunter.*
- (4) *Portrait of Mr. Norman as Don Quixote* in the pantomime at Covent Garden Theatre.
- 1823 (5) *Portraits of men employed in the nursery gardens at Slough.*
- (6) *The Parish Clerk, Saturday evening.*
- 1829 (7) *Portrait of Shamrock*, the property of C. T. Gaskell, Esq.

BENJAMIN BLAKE was a contemporary of Bristowe, having been born about the year 1780; concerning his parentage, birthplace, and early life nothing can be ascertained. Though not an animal painter in the exclusive sense of the expression, his frequent choice of subjects pertaining to field sports justifies notice of his works in this series: and to his works indeed our remarks must be confined in the absence of any record of the painter's life. In his case again the Biographical Dictionaries are silent; it is singular that these compilations should rarely fail in justice to foreign artists, while British painters equally, or often more, deserving, are wholly ignored.

Blake dealt with various subjects, showing a preference for landscape; but as he had few private patrons and did most of his work for dealers we may conjecture that in selecting subjects for his brush he was influenced less by personal inclination than by the wishes of those who commissioned pictures or purchased them. His works display great ability and most careful execution; the latter quality being one which is found at its highest in the pictures of artists who paint on a small scale. Blake was one of these; his paintings were most usually done on boards of small (cabinet) size. He was a skilful copyist and devoted a good deal of his time to making copies of the Dutch masters: he did many of these, and with such nice appreciation of style and character as to deceive even connoisseurs in art.

He lived a very retired life, and there is nothing extant to show where he dwelt: in 1807 we find him in Winchester Row, Paddington, from which address he sent his first picture to the Royal Academy; but it is not likely that

a painter whose works include so many landscapes passed any considerable proportion of his time in the metropolis. Between the years 1807 and 1825 inclusive, he was represented at the Royal Academy by thirteen pictures shown at eight exhibitions. His first exhibit was the *Portrait of an Artist*; on subsequent occasions his name occurs in the catalogue as painter of a *View near Amesbury* (1808); *View at Great Durnford, Wiltshire* (1811), while two landscapes painted respectively near Amesbury and Great Durnford, shown at the exhibition of 1812, suggest that if he did not for a time at least reside in that locality it had special attractions for him. In 1816 he was represented at the Royal Academy by a *Sketch from Nature* and a *Landscape with Figures*; while in 1817 he reached his maximum in a single year with three pictures on the Royal Academy walls. In 1821 he exhibited one study of *Dead Game* and in 1825 two similar works.

At other galleries he exhibited more largely. In 1824 he was one of the foundation members of the Society of British Artists and contributed 17 works to the annual exhibitions of that body; while at the Suffolk Street gallery he showed 19 pictures. Many of his paintings are to be seen in private collections and occasionally they come

into the market. A few examples of pictures which fall within a scope may be described:—

Dead Game, painted in 1821; subject picture; a pheasant on a partridge on a table; a beak hanging up by the feet with loosely extended wings. On board size 19½ inches by 13½ inches. This is an admirable specimen of Blake's work and is reproduced to accompany this article. *Dead Game* painted 1828; partridges and wild duck. On board: size 10 inches by 8 inches. *Dead Game and Cold*, painted 1830; the game is hanging, the fish, with vegetables of various sorts, lies on a table. On board: size 11 inches by 9 inches.

Several of Blake's pictures were engraved; in the *Sporting Review* for 1843 we find a plate engraved by Westley from one of his beautiful studies of *Dead Game*.

Nothing can be discovered to show even the approximate date of Edmund Blake's death; the last trace of his artistic career occurs in the year 1833 when a picture from his easel was exhibited in one of the London galleries. His age would then be about 53 years, and concerning his subsequent career nothing can be ascertained. There is nothing in the *Sporting Review* of 1843, which contains the plate above mentioned, to show whether the artist was alive in that year.

Old Memories.

I BELIEVE that old memories of very many years ago are the most truthful records of days gone by. It is a fact that a large majority of younger men of the present time are apt to accept or reject facts according to taste and fancy. Jones, or Brown, or Robinson of to-day pulls up his collar and cocks his hat when some old patriarch points out an ugly corner in the hunting field, and says, "That was the very place where your grandfather 'set the field' on his old hunter, Cannon Ball, and took the double ditch and bank—aye, and there were a low flight of rails then on the top; and that spot is called 'The Squire's Leap' still; and he were one of the best cricketers I ever see." To this, Young England will probably say, "Ah! my grandfather, whom I remember, when I was a little boy, had some fine hunters, and kept a good open house; but he would be no good as a *cricketer* in *these* days." Such is life, and so it will always be.

These old memories are very precious to men who are going down hill; and those who are of an even temperament should make up their minds to remain quite unruffled by the contradictions of Young England, and utterly refuse to entertain any comparison as regards men of past or present. The simple fact is that in all generations there have been men of superior excellence in all paths of life—in sport, pleasure, or business—though in these days of rapid communication, when all English-speaking nations, at home and abroad, have become almost one family, as many thousands come to the front now as there used to be hundreds in days gone by. Everything almost is known now within twenty-four

hours or less of its happening. Say that we go to bed at 11 o'clock p.m.—a common hour for the easy-going world—and that we get the morning papers at 7 a.m.—also a common hour—and that some important event has taken place in some remote part of the world—say Simla, or New Zealand, or California—*after* we were in bed, we shall read the telegraphic message before we get *out* of bed at 7 a.m. In Canada, on the Derby Day, we heard of the result of the race at *breakfast* time, as soon as the horses were past the post; there being a little difference of seven hours in the clocks, our 8 o'clock a.m. being 3 o'clock p.m. in England.

Now, the state of the world even half a century ago is exactly "topsy turvey" as compared with that of the present. Fifty years ago we were "groping in the dark"; now we have almost "omnipresence"—by deputy—and "omniscience"; and a precious bore it is sometimes. This truth is proved at once by those who have crossed the "herring pond" on hearing the common remark in the smoking-room, "Well, thank Heaven we have no posts, no telegrams, and no newspapers here." Judging from the "high faluting" style of many modern writers as regards the doings of men of present, who do the hero-worship business, or, on the other hand, who do the pessimist view, I fancy that the actual truth of things of the past is best preserved by records of men now alive who witnessed them or who received the records from well-known people of the long past who handed down the records to the speakers of to-day.

If you only read in the Radical and Tory papers of half a century

ago exactly, the story of the Corn Bill struggle, and also of the Railway mania, you cannot get the actual truth. Both sides were writing entirely for party. At that time (1846) I made my *débüt* in Parliament Street, and was in the Committee Rooms and in the Lobby daily, and all the magnates of the political and railway world were as common to me as the butcher-boy or postman of everyday life; and I was in Parliament Street and about the House continually for forty years until 1886, and was in daily contact on business with very many of them. I fancy the Right Hon. Charles Villiers, who was one of the leaders on the Repeal of the Corn Laws, is now almost the only survivor in the House of Commons of the Corn Law and railway mania era; and he is over 90 years of age. I saw all the struggle through, and I fancy that the opinion of most of those who had the same facilities of personal daily experience as I had, and who witnessed the subsequent career of statesmen on either party in after years, came to the conclusion that there were faults on both sides. I have outgrown politics, and if I had any, I should not trouble the "old green cover" with them.

Reverting to the old memories. It is a great pleasure to me now to think that I heard from Mrs. Sawbridge, of Olantigh Towers, near Wye, Kent (the mother of the late Mr. Sawbridge Drax), who died in 1862, *at* 93, the full accounts of the Gordon Riots in 1780, and how, when her father's house in Mayfair was marked by the rioters for destruction with a red chalk-mark, she followed the example of Morgiana in the "Forty Thieves," and marked the houses on either side with a similar sign. Her father was a Member of Parliament and

a man of considerable importance in his politics were objectionable to the mob, and he had a number of friends who volunteered to the aid of the servants, who were all well armed, to protect the house. It required no small pluck in a young girl of twelve years to do what she did. Again, I learned from her how she was presented at Court to Queen Charlotte when 18 years old, and she travelled the Continent—made the Grand tour, I suppose—with her mother afterwards, and was invited to rather had a command, to attend a State Ball at the Tuileries, when she was presented to Marie Antoinette, and had the special privilege of dancing in the same room with her. I knew Mrs. Sawbridge some years; had the fish-market the park; and I believe everything she told me.

Again, it is a great pleasure to remember that I heard from Elizabeth Woodfall, the daughter of the printer of "Junius's Letters"—John Woodfall—and more especially "Memory" Woodfall, who published the Parliamentary Debates from memory, and was constantly in hot water with the Government on that account, how she saw Newgate burnt down from the roof of her father's printing house in the Old Bailey, in 1780, and remembered the nursery blinds being pulled down when the rioters were taken out in carts to be executed in different parts of London. She, like Mrs. Sawbridge, was born in 1769, and the memory of both these old ladies was equally wonderful. I dined with Miss Woodfall, in Dean's Yard, Westminster, on her 93rd birthday, when she had fourteen people to dinner and sat at the head of her own table, and after dinner "hummed" the tune of the Gavotte, and then showed us the steps. She told me how, when about eight years old, her

father called her into the counting-house to introduce her to Dr. Johnson, who came to ask him to sign the petition against the poor clergyman being hanged at Tyburn (Dr. Dodd, in 1777), and the Doctor patted her on the head and called her "a comely little lass."

Again, when old John Bowyer, who died, *etatis* 90, in 1880, told me about his first match on Mitcham Green, in 1805, when a boy of fifteen, when Lord Nelson was there with Lady Hamilton in a carriage; and about his first coming out at Lords' with Mr. William Ward five years later, in 1810; and also about the old Hambledon men, with whom he had often played, I believed it all, for I knew the old man for the last fifteen years of his life, and had often taken him to the Oval, and found him to be an admirable judge of the game. And I believe every word I heard when old Tom Crib, whom I knew very well and often met during the last two years of his life, when he was much at Tom Spring's, in the middle of "the forties," told me about his first fights at a coal wharf when a boy, one Sunday morning, and how he polished off three fellows running, older and bigger than himself, at a crown a battle, owing to the insufferable bullying which he had suffered from them. Then he gave me also a long account of his two fights with Molyneux, the black, the last of which took place at Thistleton Gap, in 1811.

I have no reason to believe that my grandfather drew the long bow when he told me how he and his father rode twenty miles across the downs to Odiham, in Hampshire, to see Humphrey and Mendoza fight—now nearly 110 years ago.

And now I must quote myself, which I seldom do. When I was asked to write "Country Cricket" in the Badminton Library series, I gave an account of the first match

I ever saw, in the year 1830, when seven years old, and which match I witnessed from a stand erected by the gardener in the Vicarage garden, who sat by me all day and explained it to me. In that paper I described the match and gave the names of many of the players and their position in the field, and spoke especially about the hard hitting of Charles Smart, a tall young fellow, son of a rich farmer, and Billy Wakley, a very stout, tall, young farmer. A short time since, I was in Kent, and met an old friend of mine, a solicitor, and he told me that he had some business with an old farmer at Gravesend, the same Mr. Smart, now about 84 years of age, who asked him if the writer of "Country Cricket" was the son of the former parson at Rainham, in 1830. On finding that I was, he added, "The book was lent to me the other day, and I will swear that every word is true, as the writer not only had the names of the players and their characteristics, but put them in their places, true to the life."

Now, I claim no credit for this, as no man deserves any credit for telling simple truths of what he actually saw; and it would be better for this generation if all writers would be content to do the same. There is too much "shoddy" about sometimes, and too much cheapening of warriors of the past, in all sports especially. I think, myself, that, in the past, when sports and amusements were less frequent than now as public exhibitions or in any other way, those who followed them were better taught as regarded "the grammar of the game." No matter what sport boys followed, whether shooting, cricket, riding, fishing, or what not, they had to learn the thorough "drill" of a gun, how to carry it, and how to

shift it without endangering any one's life or limb; how to clean it; and to learn and study the habits and customs and haunts of game in all places and in all weathers. In cricket they had to learn how to make a pitch and pitch a wicket and mark the creases; and there being no professional aid, they had to learn how to bowl to the best of their power, and to throw and catch and qualify for any place in the field. They had to attend real match practice, and to play for places in an eleven. In riding, boys had to begin on a pad, or horsecloth on a donkey, probably, first, and afterwards on a pony, and were not allowed stirrups until duly qualified. And boys had to learn how to harness and clean a pony, and how to feed him, as frequently they might have to do it themselves. And it must be remembered that local help was all that they had to depend on, as most of the world were stay-at-home people, and there were not the same facilities for getting about as now, and, moreover, locomotion was very expensive. So I think it fair to impute to the present generation that all they know has been handed down to them by their forefathers, who, under many difficulties, mastered the mysteries of things, and laid a solid foundation for enlargement of the theories which they taught.

Take cricket, for instance. It is just fifty years ago since William Clarke, the celebrated slow bowler, brought round him some of the finest players in England, and travelled the country with his elevens, and opened up all England, so to say. In 1861 the England eleven first went to Australia—and see the result. The constant communication with Australia has produced as fine cricketers as

ever were seen among elevens. Probably there was never a finer wicket-keeper than Mr. Blackham, or a more accurate or fairer bowler than Spofforth, or a more brilliant man than Mr. Murdoch, or the best; and the seeds of the success came from English cricketers whom Young England says would be of no use to the bowling of our days. A question was asked when I was telling my cricket story to a public audience. Who would Pilch, and Mynn, and others of that class be to the modern "demon bowlers"? and I answered the question by asking another, and it was this:—How many of your modern men would like to have faced the demonstration of Alfred Mynn and Red of the past, previous to 1841 (when pads first came in), as your fathers did *without* pads, and the law of l. b. w. was ruled by a hand in a line from the bowler's hand to the wicket? How many of them would run all their lives out—no boundaries, except the pavilion or tent, being allowed, and make the long scores of to-day on grounds which were fair as green swards, with short grass on the surface,—and not billiard-tables denuded of grass, as is the fashion of to-day,—so that the bowler had a fair chance of a good break? When men like Lord Bessborough left it on record that the long scores are attributable to the easy wicket, the pad, and application of the modern law (or rather adaptation of it) of l. b. w.; and also has recorded his opinion that "the Doctor" and A. G. Steel can demonstrate the full value of the fair batting of the past by showing "the old fashion of timing the ball and seeing and playing it correctly after the rise from the ground, and of the knowledge how to make exceptions to the rule."

at sense is there in Younger England saying the men of the past would be of no use now? The class who say such things are men who know nothing but "records," and "averages," and newspaper slang, and who never in their lives probably have ever shed a shilling on the wicket to the best modern bowlers. It was just fifty years ago last June since Alfred Mynn and Felix played their single-wicket match at Lords', and I should like to know how many men of the present would have surpassed Felix's display? True, he only got three runs, as most of his bats were behind the wicket; but he received 247 balls of Mynn's terrific bowling, and never made a mistake in his second hands.

The constant crying-down of the old school, whom Young England never saw, is simply conceit and vulgarity—harmless, but annoying, like the buzz of a blue-bottle fly in a bedroom at night, when one can't get to sleep. It is not worth while to get up to put him out. Young England of to-day is much better off than his forefathers in some things, and in certain respects the age is much better than that of the past. We lived in days when we had to "dodge the governor" and smoke on the sly; when tobacco was thought almost a crime; when no one dared to light a cigar in the

hall after a dinner-party on going away; when it was thought effeminate for young men to learn music and to sing; and so on. Now Paterfamilias does not check his son of 17 or 18 years old if he openly smokes his pipe; when, after a cricket match, a smoking concert brings out numerous volunteers who can play the piano and accompany the singers, and we have madrigals and glees well sung instead of the ditties of the past, which could not be sung if the windows were open; when young ladies, instead of being harassed by chaperons and governesses, come out and play croquet, or lawn tennis, or golf, and are not the least alarmed at men smoking a cigarette or cigar; when parsons openly smoke a briar-root pipe on a cricket ground. But both in the ladies' cart-wheel hats and flower beds and undertakers' plumes on them, history repeats itself. When I was a boy, ladies wore balloon sleeves, as they do now, and my mother had such a monstrous hat that the shop-people had to open both doors of the shop to let her out.

As a last word, I maintain that men of the past could ride, shoot, play cricket just as well as the men of the present, though perhaps in a different way, and *without* "swagger."

F. G.

Fox-hunting in the Olden Time.

AMIDST the various accounts which abound in every sporting paper of the perfection to which the chase has now been brought, by every improvement and care that human skill can bestow, regardless of all expense, it may not be uninteresting to the rising generation of sportsmen to revert to the state of the pastime in bygone days, at the beginning of the present century, when things were done in a very different style from the magnificence and brilliancy now to be seen at the covert-side. It is a well-known fact how much the face of society in general has changed with the last half of the nineteenth century, and how essentially the hours and habits of the present generation vary from those of their ancestors, who thought nothing of turning out between four and five o'clock of a morning, and were at the covert-side by six; and by this means, if the fox had been abroad during the night, hounds were enabled to come upon his drag while warm. Consequently, they in general avoided the trouble and saved precious time in drawing a covert which might have proved tenantless, though we confess, for our own part, a good find is not only a beautiful and exhilarating ceremony, but also very conducive to the day's sport, since a fox well found is, as the old adage has it, half killed. By this means of coming upon the line in the open, hounds generally got well away together, which, to them, was by no means a matter of small importance, as the number of hounds that constituted a pack in those days was very much smaller than in the present, and these not under such perfect discipline, which, no doubt, might in many countries have been accounted for by the

custom of hare-hunting during the early part of the season with these same hounds. Besides, the early hours gave them another most decided advantage over poor Reynard, by coming upon him before he had digested his evening meal. he was blown sooner than is his species of the present day, who is never roused now before 10.30 or 11 a.m. at the earliest, and without this point in their favour the inferior breeding of the hounds of bygone years would have stood little chance of coping with him.

Yet, despite all these disadvantages, and being taken so often unawares, what wonderful stories foxes the race of that era must have been? True, the pace that hounds travelled in the days of yore would hardly enable us to keep ourselves warm; still it is more than probable that, slow as they were, had the foxes of that day been the miserable, degenerated, spinney-bred mongrels so common and so numerous at present, the number of masks on the kennel doors of our ancestors would have quite equalled the number counted at the end of each season in our own day. There are some lineal descendants of these "ancient top-sawyers" yet left in Great Britain we are all well aware, and we thank our stars it is so; but, alas! how few and far between do we find them. Take a whole season through, and how many really good runs of more than an hour's duration do we enjoy? Two or three at the most, whilst the generality of them are not above thirty minutes, and a great many not even for that time. Now and again one hears of such a wonderful run as that which the Quorn had on December 14th, 1894, and as that really extraordinary one which

fell to the share of the Radnorshire and West Hereford Hounds in February, 1889, which we know for a positive fact was over thirty miles in length, of over four solid hours' duration, and with the same fox; and if such a fox can be found to stand up so long before the high-bred hounds of the present period, what did the foxes of the ancients do? Of what were they capable?

It is, we know, the fashion of the rising generation to cry down the sports of their forefathers, and to say that "hunting in those days must have been very slow and beastly rot." It may have been the former, for with the march of improvement—high farming, the straightening of fences, the highly-bred horse and hound—fox-hunting has of recent years naturally made giant strides, and things are done very differently; but let the young Rapid of 1897 not forget that, though old-fashioned and plainly dressed as his ancestor who hunted in 1796 may have been, he was still a thorough sportsman—a man whose eyes and ears could tell him when hounds were upon a scent, and when not, and could hear when a fox was found without being told of it; a man who could ride over a country without a flower in his button-hole or a pendant eyeglass, finding his way without a contemptuous look at those who could not go so fast; not with dangling toes out, and spotless whites glued to the saddle, with reins hanging in one hand and the quizzer in the other; spurning deep furrows and blind fences, with prayers for a bullfinch and widest ditch to match the powers of his steed; but with a steady fixed determination to note what hounds were doing, ready for a change of ground, looking out for sound soil and clear

places, and turning as hounds turned. Of such men were our ancestors comprised, and proud indeed should their descendants be, for it is from such men as these our sporting instincts were nurtured, grew and triumphed, until the love of the chase may be said to be screwed into the soul of us Britons, and become our second nature.

Turning over an old *Racing Calendar* for 1809 the other day, I came across the following account of a run which took place in Ireland in that year. As the language is so quaint and so different from the present-day style, and as one of the best lady riders in Ireland at the present time is a direct descendant of one of the brave spirits who took part in this wonderful hunt, and as we learn that the narrative has more truth than fiction in it, I give it as an illustration of the capabilities of the vulpine race in the days of yore. The extract is as follows:—

"A DESPERATE FOX-CHASE.

"Lower Ormond,

"December, 1809.

"A chosen few alone the sport enjoy,
Nor sink beneath the drooping toil.

"On December 4th last Col. Eyre's foxhounds had one of the most desperate runs ever recorded, of one hour and fifty minutes, desperate from its length, desperate from the pace kept up, and desperate from the dreadful storm that raged for nearly the last hour, and in the very teeth of which Reynard ran. With the exception of one short check, the chase was maintained with unabated fury all through; to choose a leap was to be thrown out. At half-past eight o'clock in the morning they drew over the old earth of Coolgchoran for the spotted fox. Tony, the huntsman, knowing well his abilities from former runs, matched

his chase hounds the day before, and fed them early. He calls this pack the *Light Infantry*, to distinguish them from the slack, heavy draft that were lately sent from England. I was on the earth a little after eight; it was rising ground, and as the dawn broke, it was cheering to behold the fox-hunters, faithful to their hour, approaching from different directions, and as they all closed to the point of destination, the pack, 'in all its beauty's pride,' appeared on the brow of the hill. The taking of his drag from the earth was brilliant beyond common fortune; like a train which runs off in a blaze, they hardly touched it till they were out of sight.

"Madman, that unerring finder, proclaimed the joyful tidings; each foxhound gave credit to the welcome information, and they went away in a crash. It was a perfect tumult in Mr. Newstad's garden; then the villain was found, and we went off at his brush.

'Where are your disappointments, wrongs, vexations, sickness, cares?

All, all are fled, and with the panting winds lag far behind.'

"In skirting a small covert in the first half mile we divided on a fresh fox; it was a moment of importance; nothing but prompt, vigorous, general exertions could repair the misfortune; it was decisive, and he now faced the Commons of Carney. Broad and deep was the Bounds drain, but what can stop fox-hunters? The line had been maintained by five couple of hounds; they crossed the road; and, finding themselves on the extensive sod of the common, they began to go *the pace*. A scene now presented itself none but a fox-hunter could appreciate, for its beauty was indiscernible to an inexperienced eye. At this period the chase became a complete

'split'; the hounds, which had changed, and had now from different directions gained the Commons, could not venture to run in on the five couple without losing ground, and, to maintain it, instinct directed them to run on credit, and flanking the five couple the whole pack formed a chain of upwards of 200 yards in breast across the Commons; but as the chase varied through the hollows and windings of this beautiful surface, the hounds on the wings in turn took up the line and maintained their stations as the others had done, so well was the pack matched. Here we crossed walls that on common occasions would have been serious obstacles. The second huntsman on a young one following Lord Rossmore called out, 'What is at the other side, my lord?' 'I am, thank God,' was the answer. We now disappeared from the Commons of Carney, and at this time the pack was hunting so greedily that you would think every hound was hitting like an arrow; he now passed by Carrig-a-gown for the woods of Peterfield, in the teeth of the most desperate storm I ever witnessed of rain, hail, and wind. Distress was now evident in the field; for, notwithstanding the violence of the gale, the pace was maintained. This was the most desperate part of the chase, and, as the foxhounds approached the covert, I thought they had got wings. The rain beat violently; with difficulty we could hold our bridles, the boughs gave way to the storm, the *Light Infantry* were flying at him, and the *crash* was dreadful. The earths in Peterfield were open, but Reynard scorned the advantage, and gallantly broke amain. He now made for the river Shannon—

'Where will the chase lead us bewildered?'

Some object afterwards changed

his direction, and away with him to Clapior. He crossed the great drain of the Lough, and here we left young Burton Persse sticking (who had come all the way from Galway) to enjoy a regular cold bath; he went down tail foremost, and no blame to him—there was no time for ceremony; but Tony, who knew the depth of the bath, took his leave of him, roaring out ‘I’ll never see your sweet face again;’ but ‘by G—,’ says the Colonel, ‘you were never more mistaken; I never saw him more regularly at home in my life; he is used to these things, man!’ And truth requires me to say that he ran and away by the old Castle of Averony, famous in the annals of hunting, and all over its beautiful grounds, and over the great Bounds drain into Coolaghgoran again, for poor Reynard had now cast a forlorn look towards home at last. There was now a disposition to give him his life, but what could we do? Old Winner was at his brush, His Majesty’s Guards could not have saved him.

“Thus ended a chase during which we traversed about twenty-five Irish miles (making thirty-two English) of the fairest portion of Lower Ormond. In running in, Messrs. Fitzgibbon and Henry Westenra took a most sporting leap. A gentleman of jockey

weight, but who rode well through the chase, wishing no doubt to show us the length of his neck, craned at it, and swore it was the ugliest place in Europe, and that a flock of sheep might be regularly hid in it. There was a very numerous field at finding during this most desperate fox-chase. George Jackson rode as usual with the hounds, as did Lord Rossmore, Colonel Eyre, Messrs. Fitzgibbon, Henry Westenra, Richard Faulkner, and Burton Persse all through.”

Such was fox-hunting in the olden days, and, even allowing for the somewhat artificial style of bygone sporting correspondents, who—able men as they were—thought it necessary, as even do some of our present-day writers, to adorn their pages with a great sprinkling of poetical licence—nevertheless, the actual sport then differed in reality very little from that of the present time, though if a comparison could be instituted between the season of 1795-96 and that of 1896-97, and the *pros* and *cons* of each fairly weighed, and a balance struck, we are inclined to believe that the ancients would come out at the head of the poll. Why? and the answer would be, “Partly because of the stoutness of their foxes.”

PHIROZE.

The Old Mare's Story.

AND you are the hack pensioned off by your master.
Ah, yes, I remember, he lived in the vale,
A friend of our house—yes, that was a disaster.
He fractured his thigh coming over the rail.

And I! if you wish it I'll tell you my story,
But look at the foal I have bred, see him pass.
His father's career was a record of glory
In racing; see there! how he moves on the grass.

My mistress, the wife of my master, you know her,
As good as an angel, as bright as the day.
No horse that was bred could disturb her or throw her,
How gamely she rode when the hounds were away.

Well, when she was younger her parents insisted
On making a match with a low, drinking peer.
She loathed him, poor girl, and stood out and resisted;
But no, it was useless, he filled her with fear.

My master, the man she loved dearly, was frantic,
And swore a round oath he would bear her away.
We lived at the time by the mighty Atlantic,
Where leagues of bright sand made a fringe to the bay.

And weird was the night, while the moonlight was falling,
Across the grey waters, so silent and still.
And weird was the way where the seagull was calling
His mate from the cavern, down under the hill.

But hush! see the face at the window appearing
All hooded and veiled: "Are you ready? Then spring,"
"My darling, my darling," and soon we're careering
Along the bright sands with a stride and a swing.

And I! Yes, I feel it, their true hearts are beating
In time to the strokes of my stride as I fly.
Her arms are around him, I hear the sweet greeting
He gives her, and know there's a light in his eye.

Ten miles! they are light, and the sands are good riding;
But still, it's an effort with two on your back.
On, onward we go, and on, on we are striding,
The blood of old Stockwell still tells on the track.

On, on, yes, I know it, their lives are depending
On me, the dumb steed, I'll be true to the end.
I'll make a game effort, I know I'm defending
The right; yes, at least I'll be counted a friend.

On, on to the hamlet, the grey dawn is breaking
O'er the church where the marriage is quietly read.
The good ship is anchored, e'en now she is shaking
Her sails to the breeze that springs up overhead.

Away o'er the waters the good ship is sailing,
Away from a lifetime of trouble and care.
See now ! how the sailors are grouped—they are hailing
“ Three cheers for the chestnut, three cheers for the mare.”

And now I have told you the whole of my story
I'm glad you are pleased, it is pleasant to tell.
There's a touch of romance and a flavour of glory,
But here comes the man with the corn—through the dell.

W. PHILLPOTTS WILLIAMS,
Author of “ Poems in Pink,” “ Plain Poems,” and
“ Over the Open,” a sporting novel.

Cricket.

VISITORS to Lords' Cricket Ground next season will miss a familiar figure from the secretary's office. We regret to learn that Mr. Henry Perkins has resigned his post of secretary to the Marylebone Cricket Club.

It was more than twenty years ago when Mr. Fitzgerald, the honorary secretary of the Club, was prevented by illness from attending to his duties, that Mr. Perkins consented to give his services until Mr. Fitzgerald should be restored to health ; and when unfortunately it was found that Mr. Fitzgerald had to resign his post, Mr. Perkins was persuaded to accept the official post of salaried secretary. Mr. Perkins was at that time a rising barrister, and those who were best able to judge of his ability considered that he was sacrificing great prospects by deserting the Bar. Mr. Perkins, however, has the satisfaction of knowing that he has done splendid work for the premier Cricket Club, and he may well look with pride upon the extent and condition of the Club at the present time after his intimate association with it for the past twenty years. Mr. Perkins as an active cricketer was

mainly identified with the University and County of Cambridge at a time when the county team contained some famous players, and as a batsman and underhand bowler he was most useful ; his cricket experience, coupled with his legal training, and a mind strong in the courage of its own convictions, made him just the man for the post which he is about to vacate, and the Club will indeed be fortunate if they can find a successor to adequately fill his place. To cricketers there can scarcely be a more familiar figure, not excepting the champion himself, than that of Mr. Henry Perkins, and although he has sought a rest from the arduous duties of secretary to the Club, it is to be hoped that he will spend a good part of the summer in the pavilion which would certainly not seem quite itself without him.

Cricket has recently blossomed out on the contents bills of the evening newspapers in bolder type than ever. Before the last visit of Mr. Stoddart to Australia in 1894-5, the matches played by English teams in Australia were doubtless followed with interest by cricketers on this side, but the

cricketers had to search the columns of the sporting Press for details of the play; now, however, each evening newspaper contains very full details of the day's doings, and it is impossible for the man in the street to be oblivious of the fact that Stoddart is ill or that Ranji is out; and this excitement, too, is over the preliminary matches against the chief colonies, we wonder how it will be possible to work up any extra enthusiasm over the test matches with a big T. There are to be five of these Test matches, each of which, if the weather is fine, is not unlikely to last a week, so we are going to get some cricket to talk about during this winter, anyhow.

It was not the most brilliant start that our representatives made at Adelaide against South Australia, and the match, which was left unfinished in order that the cricketers might get to Melbourne in time for the "Cup Day," will chiefly be memorable for the fine score of 200 made by Clement Hill, the young left-hander, on the South Australian side, and the 189 subscribed by Ranjitsinhji when things were going all against his side. This reminds us of his great effort at Manchester in 1896, when he struggled manfully to save the English team from the defeat which ultimately overtook them, and considering that it was his first appearance on Australian wickets, and that he was reported to be far from well, we may well discount the many chances which are reported to have been given. Jones, the fast bowler, is said to have bowled with very bad luck, but it must not be forgotten that with a bowler of his pace dashing the ball down upon a lightning wicket the men fielding in the slips must be something more than mortal if they are

going to grasp even a large percentage of the snicked balls which come spinning along at express speed. As cricket is played to-day upon Australian wickets there is no great prospect of dismissing the best batsmen except by catches in the slips and behind the wicket. We notice, however, that in the early matches of the present Australian season several batsmen have been complaisant enough to save the bowlers a vast deal of trouble by running themselves out—surely the most unsatisfactory course it is possible to adopt on a perfect wicket.

So Jim Phillips has no-balled Jones upon his own ground at Adelaide on account of his doubtful delivery. All credit to the umpire who has been honest enough and courageous enough to enforce the law; we only hope that other umpires will have the pluck to do the same. There are far too many doubtful actions going about in the cricket world nowadays, and this in the teeth of a law which is admirable in its drastic severity. For the Marylebone Club have instructed umpires to call "No ball" not only when they are satisfied that the ball is thrown or jerked, but whenever they are not satisfied with the absolute fairness of the delivery. Surely we can only reconcile this condition of the law with the present condition of the bowling world by imputing gross neglect of their duty to those who are entrusted with the administration of the law, the umpires. There is a subtle humour to our mind in this recent occurrence at Adelaide, for whilst the last fifteen years have seen England well armed with bowlers of doubtful deliveries, there has never until quite lately been a word breathed against the fairness of Australian bowlers, and yet it is an Australian who has

been no-balled by an Australian upon an Australian ground.

"The champion cricketer of Australia," George Giffen, was missing from the first match, because, so we are told, he was not content with the financial terms offered him, and thus we find the Australian authorities brought face to face with the question that was raised by some of the English professional cricketers upon the occasion of the England and Australia match at the end of 1896 at Kennington Oval.

It will be fresh in the memory of most of our readers that upon that occasion immediately invitations to play for England were received by five of the leading professionals they sent a joint reply to the secretary of the Surrey Club, explaining that they must decline to play in this match at the ordinary fee of ten pounds, as they considered that this was inadequate payment for their services in such a big match. How the Surrey Club resented this step upon the part of the professionals, and how some of the five abandoned the position they had taken up and apologetically accepted the terms offered by the Club, while some did not, is now ancient history. The matter was discussed in a general sort of fashion, and as a rule ignorantly, and was then allowed to drop; but with the development of cricket as a spectacular display, it appears obvious that this question must be faced. It is a fact patent to everybody interested in cricket that of late years the crowds that attend the big cricket matches have become larger and larger, the obvious consequence of this is that the gate money taken has become a more and more important item in the accounts, and it is not unnatural that the professional players who provide the enter-

tainment by which all this money is realised should ask themselves whether they are receiving their fair share of the proceeds.

The match against Victoria gave Mr. Stoddart's team victory by the narrow majority of two wickets, a result mainly due to the batting of Mr. Mason and Storer. It was a good performance of the new captain of Kent to score 128 runs in the last innings of the match, and Storer's contributions of 71 not out and 47 run out were extremely valuable.

As was the case at Adelaide in the first match of the tour, a left-handed batsman made top score against the English bowling, W. Bruce showing good form for 88.

The finish of the first day's play at Sydney saw 304 runs on the board for the loss of but 5 wickets of the team representing New South Wales, and considering that two of the batsmen were run out the English bowling must have looked fairly simple on the good wicket, at any rate to Donnan, who scored 104; Iredale, who made 90 before he was given out leg before wicket, and Mackenzie, who fetched 80. The following morning saw a marked change in the game, as the last 5 wickets fell for an addition of but 7 runs, the innings realising 311 runs, of which number three men had actually subscribed 274. Before stumps were drawn for the day the visitors had put up 324 runs for 7 wickets, Mr. Maclaren subscribing a fine score of 142, while Storer was again to the front with an invaluable 81.

The ability of the Englishmen, or at least two of them, was demonstrated when in the fourth innings they went in against 237 runs and got them for the loss of but two wickets. To Ranjitsinhji and Maclaren belongs the credit of this. The former joined the latter

at the fall of the first wicket with only 12 runs on the board, and before they were separated the score had reached 192, when all anxiety as to the result of the match was at an end and when Maclaren had succeeded in scoring for the second time in the match a three-figure innings. By following up his 142 of the first innings with 100 in the second, Mr. Maclaren established, so far as Australia is concerned, a new record; it is true that Mr. Eady, who visited England with the last Australian team, once made two centuries in the same match for Tasmania against Victoria, but this was against such a weak team that the match could scarcely be ranked as first-class. With this exception, Mr. Maclaren is the first to score two centuries in a first-class match in Australia, and can now pride himself upon holding two cricket records, for he also has credited to him the highest individual score made in

a first-class match, namely, 414 for Lancashire against Somerset at Taunton three years ago.

It speaks well for the batting strength of Mr. Stoddart's team that of the seven individuals who have attained the distinction of scoring two separate centuries in a match, no fewer than four figure in his ranks, for Stoddart himself, Ranjitsinhji and Storer have all accomplished this feat. The three others are Mr. W. G. Grace, who has thrice succeeded in so doing, Mr. George Bram and Tyldesley, the Lancashire professional. Ranjitsinhji's innings of 112 not out is reported to have been a very fine one, and it contained no fewer than twenty boundary hits. The Indian gives every promise of proving a huge success in the Colonies, and has already scored nearly 500 runs in just the first three matches. It is not surprising to read that he "receives an ovation wherever he goes, being so easily recognisable."

Sporting Bores.

BORES are so rampant in the world just now, and so many people who write articles in the reviews and newspapers are so obviously of the number, that to put pen to paper at all requires a certain amount of courage, and to try to describe other bores is surely nothing more nor less than foolhardiness tinged with conceit. Yet it is much easier to describe a large than a small class, and even if bores are a little more numerous than the equanimity of mankind requires, they are often good fellows for all their defects. And it is a thousand times better to be a sporting bore of the most slumber-producing type than a

man who regards all sport as a nuisance and who, snugly secure in the satisfaction of his own conscience, spends his time in trying to deprive a sport-loving country of that which he himself has not the manliness to enjoy.

Balzac said once that the man who has not got a hobby knows nothing of the profit one can get out of life; but with reference to this opinion it may occur to many people that the man with a hobby—a nicely matured and cultivated hobby—gets such a lot of profit from it that he is far too anxious to share it largely, one might almost say disproportionately, with his friends. Then he is pronounced

bore and is spoken of as a pestilence, for whether a man devotes his time to hunting, fishing, or rooting, if he gives himself up entirely to his sport he will frequently unburden himself to a badly selected audience, who, not caring the least for his special hobby, are only eager to the point of distraction to talk about their own. And so gradually, if we are to follow the matter through, we conclude that we are an ill-sorted race, for no one wants to listen to us, and all of us are keenly desirous of talking. So conversation ends in mutual boredom, and yet the silent man is still hard to find.

Even men with the same hobbies cannot be trusted to agree with one another, for a host fond of experiments in entertaining is said to have had anything but a pleasant time when he asked seven carefully selected men to dine with him. Two of his guests were fishermen, two were golfers, two devoted all their spare time to shooting, while the host had secured for himself a man as fond of hunting as he was. At dinner, places were arranged so that each pair could talk "ad nauseam" of their hobby. They *did* talk "ad nauseam," for some time before dinner was over each man was thoroughly sick and tired of his neighbour.

The golfers recalled a match they had played against each other some years before, which had caused some little unpleasantness then, but which years had ripened into material for a very pretty dispute. The fishermen grew angry over the relative weight of pike caught by them during a week once spent together, a most peaceful week, unruffled by the slightest quarrel. The remembrance of the better fortune of his companion was now,

however, too much for the other fisherman, and he closed a conversation which had been far from amicable by saying, with a rudeness the monopoly of which fishermen, bargees, and dwellers by canals are wrongly supposed to possess, "You would take any fish you could land in condition or out of condition, and the weight increases—like your own—each year."

The shooting men became warm over the respective capabilities of their eldest sons, neither of whom could shoot in the least, and the host was completely overtaken by his companion, and was compelled to listen to the description of three long runs which had taken place many seasons before in a country which he did not know!

Everyone who is not a fisherman, and almost everyone who is, has suffered at one time or another from the facts, anecdotes, and fancies of the man who has taken the most wonderful baskets of fish ever heard of, and who has fished or knows someone who has fished every possible stream in the land. It would be hazardous to award the palm of boredom to any particular class of bore; but surely the fishing bore would consider himself misplaced if he was not given a position within reaching distance of the palm. And we are not forgetting the Golf Maniac who, quite regardless of his friends' or family's likes or dislikes, will in the evening relate every stroke he has made during the day, calling attention to the bad luck he has encountered, and not becoming reticent until he gazes upon a group slumbering peacefully—if slumber interrupted by dreams of stimies, slices, heels and toes, and lies of all kinds can truthfully be described as peaceful.

Then there is the well-pleased hunting man who has eaten a

well-cooked dinner and does not feel inclined to doze over the fire until he has gone minutely into the geography of the country taken by the "best fox ever hunted." "We found at Henderson's plantation, ran straight through Backlane spinney to Moor Gorse, turned up hill to the right, over some ploughing, crossed the road, then down again and over the little brook at the bottom. Then for a mile or more towards Coughton, made sharp turn to the left crossing the turnpike pointing for Lee and again turning to the left through Moreton Park to Much Marcle village. At least we only left the village about three hundred yards to the left and then we re-crossed the turnpike." An authority once said that a fox-hunt should be "sharp, short and decisive." Might not the remark also be applied to the description of a fox-hunt, for it is a sad thing that a fine run loses so much in the telling, and that the sleep—which is boredom's twin brother—often prevents the weary listener from following that run to a close?

And yet there is one thing to be said in defence of the sporting bore. It is but seldom that he does not know what a bore he is. Deliberately, for his own intense amusement, he settles down to bore his companions by reciting his own experiences to them, and though this is perhaps cruel and selfish conduct, we venture to think it preferable to the calm superiority of the critic who, encased in his own self-conceit, propounds a second-rate philosophy, or to the cynic who, enveloped in his own great merit, only speaks of his country to sneer at it, and only mitigates his contemptuous views of people when he applies them to himself. For,

after all, we must confess that the bore, who is certain that he is not a bore, is the greatest bore alive.

And this honesty among sporting bores seems to be a strong point in their favour. No one could solemnly take a friend's hand and stalk him conversationally round a golf-course, mentioning where his mashie played him false and why his putting was not up to his usual standard without knowing full well that it is boring that friend to death. There is, however, a sort of immasonry among sportsmen which is excuse enough for him; the fisherman will be bored for the sake of the golfer because he very soon intends to tell a really long yarn to the hunting man who will retaliate on the man who shoots. They all bore each other and they are all very pleased, since a man is not a good, wholesome bore if he worries the man he bores. He should simply send him to sleep. If he annoys him he will probably be one of the bragging order who ought never to secure an audience at all. The conceited bore is indeed a terrible scourge, only surpassed by the man we have mentioned who goes about circulating his views of life, diving for opportunities to produce three-rate epigrams, and possessing a superior smile but no sense of humour.

The sporting bore has his limitations, but there is no limit to the commonplace philosophy unconscious of his own commonplace. So if we wish sometimes that runs did not take so long to describe, that golfers had not such retentive memories and that shooters were not so wordy in excuse, we can at any rate congratulate ourselves that it is better to be a sportsman even if

one must be a sporting bore, than a man grievously worried at the wickedness of everyone in the world except himself, and who is professionally anxious to return to the days when Puritanism was rife in the land, when Charity

was a thing unknown—or at any rate unpractised—and when hypocrisy and cant were the most popular, because the most usual, virtues, or may be vices, of the day.

C. T. S.

The Motor Car of the Past.

HER MAJESTY'S mails have, within the history of the Post Office, been conveyed by every known means. Pedestrian postmen have walked many miles with their burdens; Allen's postboys conveyed letters throughout the length and breadth of the country; the mail coach, the device of Palmer, of Bath, came next; the train succeeded the mail coach; the parcel mail supplanted the railway, and now we have a motor car carrying parcels to Kingston.

Steam engines, however, on the highway are no novelty, for about seventy years ago Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney built one; while a couple of centuries earlier Simon Stevin, of Bruges, designed a carriage fitted with sails and guided by a rudder. Simon Stevin combined in his own person the posts of tutor to Prince Maurice of Orange-Nassau and Quartermaster-General of the Army. Only a few days after the victory of Nieuport, Prince Maurice invited some of his friends to the number of about eight and twenty to have a ride with him in the new vehicle, among his passengers being the brother to the King of Denmark, the representative of France at the Hague, and Admiral Arragon de Mendoza, general-in-chief of the Spanish Army, who was taken prisoner at the battle of Nieuport. These illustrious guests were greatly astonished at the sight of

the new and curious machine; but they wondered a good deal more when it started off from Scheveningen at a good pace. Prince Maurice appointed himself skipper of the land ship, and hung on to the sheet of the sail; a south-west wind began to blow, and in a couple of hours the company are said to have found themselves at Petten, in North Holland, fourteen leagues, from where they started. Prince Maurice, however, appears to have been a practical joker of the first water, "for," says the account of this experimental trip, "pretending that he could no longer regulate the rapid motion of the carriage, let it advance into the sea; but regaining the shore by changing the direction of the rudder, he proved that he was as good a pilot as he was a general." Whether the Prince's guests looked on in admiration at the exploit is not stated; but probably the captive Spanish general may have been of opinion that his last state was worse than his first.

In due course—that is to say, about 1831—there appeared from the pen of Mr. Alexander Gordon, a Civil Engineer, an "Historical and Practical Treatise upon Elemental Locomotion," which professed to show "the commercial, political and moral advantages" of steam carriages, the roads upon which they could be made to

travel, and the ways and means for their general introduction.

The arguments adduced by Mr. Gordon are almost identical with those advanced in favour of the motor car of to-day. In advocating inanimate for animate power he noted that at the time at which he wrote the animate power employed in "commercial transportation" was represented by two millions of horses, and each horse he reckoned consumed as much food as would suffice for the support of eight men, so he urged that by doing away with horses food would be provided for sixteen millions of people. Mr. Gordon declared that the forage required for the stage and dray horses was unproductive food; in other words, it was very costly fuel, for he calculated that 8,100,000 acres of land were required to produce the forage for the horses. This somewhat singular theorist continued: "If instead of twenty thousand horses we keep 30,000 fat oxen, butchers' meat will be always cheap to the operative classes, whilst the quantity of tallow will of course make candles cheap, and so many hides lower the price of leather and of shoes and all other articles made of leather. Or the same quantity of land may then keep thirty thousand cows, the milk of which will make both butter and cheese cheaper to the poor as well as the labouring manufacturer." In short, good Mr. Gordon perceived advantages innumerable to be derived from a nearly horseless England, and though he does not say so, he was probably not unmindful of the fact that if steam carriages came into general use there might be sundry crumbs for members of the engineering profession.

By the year 1831, it was stated, the Liverpool and Manchester steam coaches had driven fourteen

horse coaches off the road. In respect of rest horses each stage coach needed a dozen horses, the whole fourteen necessitating a total of 168 horses. Each horse consumed, it was reckoned, the produce of an acre and a half of land, so that the produce of 252 acres was eaten by the horses which formerly worked the fourteen Liverpool and Manchester coaches. "Three acres and a cow" is the modern allowance for the working man, but the advocates of the steam carriage were rather more modest, for they said "if every man had his acre, which some politicians have deemed sufficient," 1,512 people might have been nourished off the land required for 168 coach horses.

In connection with this part of the subject, it may not be uninteresting to recall what was said in a Sussex paper nearly sixty years ago. Speaking of the Brighton Gazette of the 4th of June, 1840, said: "It was estimated that while a dozen stage coaches, carrying sixteen passengers each, and 120 horses would be needed to carry 180 people 240 miles in 24 hours at ten miles an hour, one locomotive would take that number and perform two journeys in the time, so that it would do the work of 2,400 horses. Then again it would require thirty mail coaches carrying six passengers each and 3,000 horses to take 180 passengers 240 miles in twenty-four hours at the rate of ten miles an hour; but one locomotive would take that number, make two journeys in the same time, and so do the work of 6,000 horses!" With such manifest advantages in its favour—they have increased many fold since the above was written—we need not wonder that coaches were soon driven off the road by steam.

Meantime, before the railway became an accomplished fact, steam carriages on roads had made their appearance. Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney, who began life as a medical student, entered upon sundry experiments in connection with steam carriages in the early "twenties," and in 1827 completed one, and an extraordinary looking affair it was. It had a coach body with an exaggerated boot in front and behind, giving the vehicle the appearance of a long hearse with a coach body in the middle, while the seats were arranged as on an ordinary coach. It ran on four wheels, and had in addition two pilot wheels, while the total length of the vehicle was twenty feet, and underneath were two propellers (acting very much like the hind legs of a horse) for use when going up hill. The carriage weighed a ton and a half, or rather more, and was fitted with an engine of twelve horse-power.

Although the success of this steam carriage was said to be assured, it was doomed to dire failure, but the indefatigable Mr. Gurney, in nowise downhearted, built another on an improved principle. This second invention was really a kind of traction-engine which carried two or three people, and drew a kind of barouche. One of the causes of the first one failing was that people were afraid to ride on it. Mr. Gurney began with a big boiler; people had heard of high pressure accidents, and not liking to face the risk of being blown up they preferred to stick to the stage coach, so the inventor then constructed this "steam horse," letting his passengers sit in the carriage drawn by it, though if the engine had burst it would probably have gone rather hard with the people in the carriage. However, it

looked better than did its predecessor, though it enjoyed a short life only. Still it attracted no small amount of attention at the time, and a number of trials of it took place in the barrack-square at Hounslow, the Premier being of the number of those who went down to see it.

Steam, which was destined in a few years to cause the overthrow of the coaching industry, appears to have threatened a little mild opposition so long ago as 1828, for in one of the numbers of the *Brighton Gazette* of that year appears the following paragraph, which was inspired doubtless quite as much by fear of a formidable rival as by any real spirit of humour:—"The coach-masters are resolved not to be outdone by the steamers, and a Brighton Company have started a new coach that can do anything almost but hold a conversation with the passengers. A full gallop down a hill is as safe as to walk up it. By a turn of a screw all the horses can be put into *strait waistcoats* in a moment; the wheels take up a contrary revolution, and intersect the line of progress."

The fact, however, remains that rumours were afloat of the success which had attended the invention of Mr. Gurney, and that of Messrs. Burstall & Hill, while a paper called the *London Weekly Review* reported that the patentees had arranged to run a steam carriage on the Brighton road in opposition to the stage coaches, but it was suggested that it would be better, in the first instance, to run a steam conveyance for goods only to Brighton or Bath.

For a year or two the stage coachmen were not much troubled by the steam bogey, which evidently caused them some uneasiness; but in the summer of 1832 Mr. Hancock appears to have

built a new steam carriage by forty subscriptions of £20 each. Early in November, 1832, "The Infant," as the steam carriage was called, made the journey from London to Brighton, but the fuel ran out on the way, and the journey "from the river to the ocean" was scarcely a grand success, while the noise of the machine so frightened a gig-horse that the driver of the animal put it up at an inn and ordered post-horses to London. "The Infant" indeed appears to have been anything but a noiseless affair, and in the course of its short life it frightened a good many horses on its several journeys. Some one, however, who travelled by it from London to Brighton declared that it went at the rate of five or six miles an hour up a steep hill at Pyecombe; ran down at the rate of thirteen miles an hour, and travelled at a speed of ten miles an hour into Brighton. On another occasion, when a party of notables were being taken down in Mr. Hancock's conveyance, one of the piston-rods broke, and the travellers were compelled to finish their journey behind four horses, an event which caused any amount of chaff in Brighton; but Mr. Hancock, like Mr. Gurney, was not easily disheartened, and forthwith announced his intention of running another steam carriage between London and Worthing; but meantime a rival vehicle called "The Autopsy" steamed down to Brighton in safety, and once there the proprietor turned in a few pounds by taking the public for a ride at a shilling a head.

Besides others, one more steam carriage appeared on the Brighton road, and this time it was equal to making a race with the Brighton Day Mail, which reached Brighton a full fifteen minutes in front of time; but only a minute or two

before the steamer. The latter left Camberwell at eleven o'clock and reached Brighton at ten minutes past four, after making six stoppages of twenty minutes each for taking in water; the actual time therefore occupied in running was only about three hours.

A few days later the proprietor of the carriage wrote to the *Morning Post* to explain several mis-statements, and to say that the only drawback to the success of the trip was owing to the fact that mud was taken in with the water at some places, and so clogged the machine. In the same year (1840) a steam carriage ran to Tunbridge Wells, and created as much interest there as others had at Brighton. They were also put on the Bath and Swindon roads; indeed, for some time one ran into Wiltshire, and apparently with no small measure of success.

It will thus be seen that for something like seventy-five years inventors have always been trying to supersede horse-power, and of course, so far as railways are concerned, this has come to pass with a success which Stephenson and men of his time could never have dreamed of. To supersede horses is another matter. I have no statistics to serve me; but at random I should say that the railway companies keep a great many more horses than did all the coach proprietors rolled into one, while cabs, omnibuses, trams, tradesmen's carts and private vehicles involve the employment of more horses than ever were used in the pre-railway days, and I fancy that it will ever be so. Motor cars may probably come into vogue for purely business purposes, but as pleasure carriages they are hardly likely to be largely sought after.

Still we cannot help admiring

the pluck and determination of those who, like Burstall, Hill, Gurney, Hancock, and others, put forth their best endeavours to achieve a success for the old steam carriage, and had it not been for them—and we must remember that many of the early locomotives were tried on roads and not on railway lines—the traction-engine might not have come into use when it did. From first to last, however, improvements in wheeled vehicles have always offered peculiar fascinations for those of inventive minds. These inventions, until roads began to improve, were confined entirely to improved accommodation. Seats became softer, cushions better stuffed, and more stowage room found for odds and ends, and certainly some of the old travelling carriages were marvels of ingenuity. But no sooner

was an accelerated pace possible than improvements in build were undertaken. With these, however, I have no present concern; it is enough for me to say that from about the year 1820 to the present time somebody has always been trying to invent a vehicle which should go without horses, as Mother Shipton predicted would be the case.

The old hobby-horse, and the velocipede of about forty years ago, have led to the modern bicycle, just as "The Infant," "Autopsy," and other steam carriages have gradually brought about the motor car of to-day, and it is certainly an event in history that a motor car is to be tried for Post Office purposes, for when it is on the road it will have come to pass that the Post Office will have tried almost every means of transit.

The Sportsman's Library.

THE most recent work* dedicated by permission to Her Majesty the Queen, should prove of considerable interest to the hunting world in general, and more especially to followers of staghounds, and in particular to followers of the Royal Pack. Written by a recent Master of the Buckhounds and such a keen sportsman as Lord Ribblesdale, the book of necessity commands attention.

Although the noble author was comparatively a novice in stag-hunting when he was appointed to the distinguished office which he held from 1892 to 1895, it is

obvious that he soon acquired a love for this form of the chase, and indeed so much knowledge could not have been acquired in the time by any but the most zealous.

Of recent years attention has been drawn to the Queen's Hounds through the action of a section of the public who, with the best intentions in the world, have raised considerable agitation against the practice of hunting carted deer with hounds; there is usually an annual debate upon the vote in the House of Commons, and not unfrequently our feelings are harrowed by distressing stories of how tame deer are torn to pieces by savage hounds. It is therefore very comforting to the soft-hearted to hear the views of one who is

* "The Queen's Hounds and Stag Hunting Recollections." By Lord Ribblesdale, Master of the Buckhounds from 1892 to 1895, with an introduction on the Hereditary Mastership by Edward Burrows, compiled from the Brocas Papers in his possession. Longmans, Green & Co., 39, Paternoster Row, London, 1897. Price 25s.

thoroughly well qualified to express an opinion on the topic, and better still to support his opinion with facts. Lord Ribblesdale says "Every now and again a deer meets with an accident, and has to be destroyed. Every now and again a deer may be killed by the hounds. I admit this in the fullest and freest way, and I will make the opposition a present of my own experience of these occurrences. In three years, on the whole fairly open seasons, I remember losing four deer; or let us say five, for I am not speaking by book, but to the best of my recollection. Certainly five covers it. Two of these are cases which I have seen instanced from time to time with great circumstantial detail in the newspapers, and upon which the agitation still largely rests its case. These deer came to their death through being hunted, but I may here remark that not one of these four or five deer was killed or even touched by the hounds."

Lord Ribblesdale's personal views on the topic may be gathered from the following:—"I am quite clear as to what I think, and do not think about the 'cruelty' question. If the Queen's pleasure and the vicissitudes of politics gave me the chance of doing so, say, to-morrow, I would gladly hunt the Queen's Hounds for another three years. I should not say this if I thought it cruel, and setting aside private and personal considerations, had I found myself in substantial agreement with those who agitate against the Buckhounds, I should upon public grounds have deemed it my duty to our gracious Queen to say so when an opportunity was given me of stating my opinion upon the cruelty question at the time my three seasons' Mastership came to an abrupt end in the summer of 1895."

The author, however, sees another and far weaker point in the armour of the Buckhounds as an institution, and that is the gradual loss of country through the spread of the towns and suburbs. This was a trouble which some sixty or seventy years ago drove Mr. Grantley Berkeley to discontinue hunting carted deer in the Harrow country, and now that pheasant-rearing is carried to such a pitch in Berks and Bucks the country available for hunting is likely to be still more circumscribed.

"Wire in Middlesex, the villa in Berks, the pheasant in Bucks, all the apparatus of population and residential amenity have changed the face and habits of the Queen's Country. The master is obliged to constantly bear in mind that in many parts of a wide district he no longer has the free warren essential to stag-hunting. Some day the want of country must decide the Buckhounds question for friend and foe alike. Time is on the side of those who would like to see the Buckhounds given up, but the time is not yet. Middlesex I give up. But the people in Bucks only require occasional consideration; all about Ascot it would appear that the villa industry is suffering from over-production; on the Surrey and Hampshire side a wide extent of rough country can very easily be extended with advantage."

To many people the Master of the Buckhounds is best known as the keeper, so to speak, of the keys of the Royal enclosure at Ascot, and the responsibility of issuing the coveted tickets is characterised by Lord Ribblesdale as "terrible."

"Clearly," he says, "unless he gave his life to the task the Master of the Buckhounds cannot be expected to know everybody, but

setting this aside, allowance must be made for the pressure of a Frankenstein-like society, for the wear and tear of his nerves, for the eccentricities of his digestion. Added to these comes the strain of a seemingly fourfold multiplication of posts, a locust horde of telegrams, devoted powdered footmen, who refuse to quit your premises, however uncomfortable, without an answer, and all the other irritants of his everyday life from say April 1st, till about mid-day on the Wednesday in Ascot week, when the well directed dropping fire of applications begins to slacken. Nor is this the place to record the elegant anguish of Worth and Paquin dressed disconsolates, the dignified remonstrances of their more influential relations and the despair of their admirers. These things are pitiful but inevitable, and the Master of the Buckhounds is often the unconscious executioner of all kinds of agreeable plans and stimulating hopes. Of course he is abused; if he happens to be a Liberal any rod is good enough for his back; if he happens to be a Tory he at once becomes a noble of the type which justified the French Revolution." It is gratifying that the author should add, "But for the most part he is forgiven freely."

Charles Davis, who played such an important part in the history of the Hunt, has a chapter devoted to himself, and is the subject of a well-deserved panegyric, whilst in addition to the frontispiece, two other full page illustrations represent the most distinguished huntsman that ever wore the scarlet and gold. Lord Ribblesdale has done us the honour of making some extracts from an article which appeared in *BAILY'S MAGAZINE* in 1867, shortly after the death of the celebrated huntsman.

There is much that is of interest in the work of which but passing mention can be made here; the noble author devotes some considerable space at the end of the book to Vénerie and the Valois, The Empire and The Republic, and French horses and horsemanship, all of which is good reading, although, as the author admits, not very directly relating to the Buckhounds.

The illustrations are by no means the worst part of the work, and in this respect the publishers acknowledge themselves indebted to Her Majesty and H.R.H. Prince Christian for permission to reproduce certain pictures from the Royal collections and from Cumberland Lodge. The volume also contains two or three portraits borrowed from the gallery of *BAILY'S MAGAZINE*.

This is the fifth volume of *The Sportsman's Library*,* which is being published by Mr. Arnold, under the editorship of Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., and is a new edition of a work originally published in 1854.

Mr. Berkeley writes of hunting at the epoch when the old order was changing, yielding place to new. His father had hunted a tract of country extending from Kensington Gardens on the east to the suburbs of Bristol on the west, and the author relates with plenty of detail the laughable difficulties into which he was continually plunged in his attempts to carry on stag-hunting in the Harrow country. Lord Alvanley's remark when asked what sport Berkeley had show him is funny. "Devilish good run," he replied; "but the asparagus beds went awfully heavy, and the grass all

* *Reminiscences of a Huntsman.* By the Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley. A new edition, with illustrations by Leech and G. H. Jallard. Edward Arnold, London, 37, Bedford Street; New York, 70, Fifth Avenue, 1897. Price 15s.

through was up to one's hocks, the only thing wanting was a landing net, for the deer got into the Thames, and Berkeley had not the means to get him ashore. They say that garden stuff is ris since they saw us among 'em." Garden stuff was not the only thing that "ris" in those days, for we are told that "the chase, particularly when a deer by being housed had learned there was safety in it, frequently ended in mansions, cottages, or barns, and Mr. Berkeley retails some of his experiences in getting the quarry removed. Here is a scene which took place in Lady Mary Hussey's drawing-room at Hillingdon :

"The stag, wet and bloody from a few scratches by the glass (he had entered by the window) had his muddy haunches against and plastering the wainscot, while occasionally he rubbed his antlers to keep them in a condition for war on a mahogany table, making considerable ditches in it, while at the same time whenever two or three hounds, who were baying him from beneath the sofas and chairs, approached too near, he made furious dashes at them, upsetting everything in his way."

Very sporting was the reply of Lady Mary to the apologetic master, her only stipulation being that when the stag was extricated hounds should be laid on on the lawn, so that she might see the sport.

Mr. Berkeley was not always so fortunate in the people he ran up against, and there are stories of serious affrays and fights, one of which has been illustrated by Leech, "Eton to the rescue," where several little Eton boys in their top hats have joined the general *mêlée*.

Tiring of this suburban sport, Mr. Berkeley took over the Oakley foxhounds, and ultimately

retired to the South Coast, where he lived to the ripe age of eighty-one years, thus affording another instance of longevity in those who lead an outdoor life of bodily exercise. Mr. Berkeley's temperate habits must have been of assistance to him, and we find him condemning in very strong terms excesses in the use of wine or tobacco, going so far as to assert that when a man while out on any sporting occasion lights a pipe it is all up for the good he will do that day. "A cigar on some men acts as a quieter of the nerves and gives them what with drink would be called 'Dutch courage.' When my hounds have first spoken to a fox in cover, up went the pom-poms of saddles, flash, flash, flash the lights. 'Give me a light, old fellow,' said one. 'Your flask,' said another, each feeling that they needed artificial rousing." Mr. Berkeley would have none of this; but when he found his riding nerve failing, was content to see as much fun as he could with what remained.

There is a fund of varied sporting information in this book, and a large stock of anecdote and story. John Leech has supplied four full page illustrations, and G. H. Jallard ten, some of them being coloured. The work is very well turned out, and should prove a useful addition to the Sportsman's Library.

The latest edition of the immortal Jorrocks* is certainly an extremely handy one, as the volumes will slip easily into a coat pocket. Moreover, the type is good and clear, and the pages are plentifully besprinkled with the well-known wood-cuts of Leech. It is now forty-three

* "Handley Cross; or Mr. Jorrocks's Hunt." With illustrations by John Leech. In two volumes. London: Lawrence and Bullen, Ltd. 16, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Sportsman's Pocket Series.

years since the author in his preface to the first illustrated edition expressed the belief that Mr. Jorrock's having for many years maintained his popularity was with the aid of the illustrious Leech destined for longevity. This latest edition should certainly assure a fresh lease of life to the famous sportsman of Great Coram Street, as its moderate price places Mr. Sartee's masterpiece within reach of sportsmen of the most limited means.

Again we find distinguished authorities writing upon topics which they thoroughly understand.* Mr. J. E. Harting concludes his article upon Hares, and contributes an interesting paper upon Herons, whilst the great hunter, Mr. F. C. Selous, discourses upon the Hippopotamus. Hockey comes in for notice; but the chief interest in the present edition centres appropriately to the season in Horses and Hunting. Possibly no Englishman is more qualified to write upon Arab horses than is Mr. Wilfred Blunt, who contributes seven interesting pages. Mr. W. Allison is enthusiastic about the British Thoroughbred, which he characterises as the most perfect animal of any sort yet produced in the world. The important subject of Fox-hunting is dealt with by Lord Coventry in an article brimming with valuable information in a succinct form; and the facile pen of Mr. W. C. A. Blew is occupied with Hunters, the Drag Hunt, and what he characterises as "the poor man's hunting." Hunting the hare with beagles—a sport which is also dealt with in conjunction with Harrier hunting in an interesting article by Lord Suffolk and Berk-

shire, one of the editors of the work.

The work is admirably turned out in every respect, and amongst the illustrations is a capital plate entitled "Fox-hunting," which shows the tail end of a pack in full cry closely pursued by those of the field, who have just negotiated a stiff fence.

We have just received from Mr. J. J. Armistead of The Solway Fisheries Company, Limited, Dumfries, a "Handy Guide to Fish Culture." The author tells us that results are now amply proving that an acre of water is worth far more than an acre of average land, and that the development of fisheries at the present day has become an absolute necessity in many cases if landed properties are to be held properly together. If we are not prepared to go so far as that, there can be no doubt that there are very great possibilities in the way of Pisciculture, and this little book explains how at a moderate cost fisheries may be instituted and improved, while the operations of stocking the hatchery, developing the embryos, and rearing the fry are explained clearly so far as the size of the volume, which is published at the price of one shilling, admits.

We are familiar with Mr. Phillpotts Williams as a writer of sporting verses, and his volumes "Poems in Pink" and "Plain Poems" contain much that is pleasing, after the style of Whyte Melville's poetry. Mr. Williams has now tried his hand at novel writing, and in "Over the Open"† has given us a sporting novel which is redolent of the stables and the kennels. It is the story of the courtship of a young and

* "The Encyclopædia of Sport." Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Hedley Peck and F. G. Afalo. London: Lawrence and Bullen, 1897. Part IX. Price 2s.

† "Over the Open," by W. Phillpotts Williams. London: F. V. White & Co., 14, Bedford Street, Strand, W.C., 1897.

handsome M. F. H. and Miss Violet Arkley, a young lady of some attractions, as we are told "Her dark chestnut hair set itself in natural waves round her beautiful head—a head that turned gracefully with every turn of her body; her eyes large and full, and of a liquid blue, like still waters on a summer's evening, eyes that carried you far away into a land of dreams, a land where everything is bright and beautiful, a land where a calm influence reigns, making everything pure, where angels' voices sound softly upon the wind and come to you like music in the night . . . Her character lent itself to every movement of her graceful form, her face was as a mirror that reflected all that was good in her noble nature. Kindness, sympathy, gratitude, love, purity, and honour all passed over its surface."

In addition to these attributes, Miss Violet is always in the first flight across country, and can handle hounds like a practised huntsman. Arthur Stansfield, the fortunate object of this lady's affection, goes abroad shortly before the day fixed for their wedding and is reported drowned, but a few months later turns up at a meet of the hounds which were taken on by Miss Violet after his presumed decease, and in the rôle of a mysterious stranger leads the field, and is alone with the pack at the death. Miss Arkley, as usual, is first up, and we have a pretty little scene when the lovers are restored to one another in the open with their hounds around them.

Mr. Williams' gift of poesy is in evidence throughout the work, and he is able to endow the union of these two fox-hunters with the loftiest attributes.

"There was something exquisitely beautiful to Lady Everley in the union of these two noble lives and the golden purpose which it contained. The beginning of a high ideal, it seemed to her not of this world only, but something that purified this world and made it fit for the next, and so went on through eternity. Something that told of honour, purity, refinement, kindness, charity, sympathy—of love in its best and noblest form."

We hope the young people were able to live up to this, and that Lady Everley was never disappointed.

Mr. Williams has a talent for word painting, and his descriptive chapters carry the reader along with them. We have a graphic description of a coaching tour from Cornwall to London; we attend the Peterborough Hound Show, and are carried through a variety of sporting runs, while we are not absent from the funeral of Mr. Feeder, the Master of Harriers, when at the grave-side immediately after the clergyman has pronounced the blessing "old Thalaba throws up his great solemn face and gives two long notes of his beautiful voice, and Bellman follows suit, a tribute as it were to their dead master and a remnant of the music he loved so well."

The work conveys the impression to us that Mr. Williams' poetic muse is always struggling to break through the fetters of prose with which for the nonce he has elected to bind her, but from time to time she is allowed an untrammelled flight, and the lines,

"Lay him down gently, men,
Leave him to slumber,"

are perhaps the prettiest of the verses which are dotted about the book.

Evan Williams.

Nor often is it that a combination of circumstances admit of any body remaining in the same service for upwards of half a century. Masters of hounds come and go; men like to "better themselves," and so it comes about that changes take place more or less frequently. Evan Williams, however, whose portrait forms the frontispiece of the new volume of BAILY'S MAGAZINE, is among those who change not. When about eighteen years old, he entered the service of Mr. John Lawrence, and at the present moment he is huntsman to the Llangibby Hounds, of which Mr. Lawrence is master. Williams celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday on the 10th of November, 1896. Long practice and experience have made Evan Williams quite *au fait* at hunting the good stout foxes in the Llangibby country; in fact, he may be said to know the run of every fox in the country, which is by no means an easy one to hunt, and he has been uniformly successful in showing good sport to those who came out with Mr. Lawrence's hounds. He entered that gentleman's service in June, 1847, so that he has more than completed his jubilee, and in the time which has elapsed has seen many changes.

Like Joe Maiden and one or two more who have become famous, he has had to contend with difficulties, as when about fourteen years of age he had the misfortune to have his left arm shattered by a gun accident, and amputation being necessary, the subject

of this memoir lost his bridle hand. He speedily, however, taught his right hand that cunning which would in ordinary course have belonged to his left, and his brilliant horsemanship has constantly attracted the notice of those who have seen him in the field. In spite of a slight figure, Evan Williams is a man of great strength, and he can do with his one hand as much as many can do with two. It is related that on one occasion the Duke of Beaufort, who has ever been a good supporter of the pack (for he owns some Welsh property), saw him hunting the Llangibby Hounds, and was much struck with the quiet and workmanlike manner in which he rode at his fences, and the Marquis of Worcester, noticing the same thing, inquired of Mr. Lawrence whether he was likely to part with him, as he should like Evan Williams to have the riding of the young horses at Badminton. There was, however, no intention of parting with Evan, who is quite one of the fixtures of the hunt, and as keen as when he first put on a red coat a good many years ago. He and the worthy master under whom he has the good fortune to serve have grown on together in the furtherance of fox-hunting; but Evan Williams is almost a mere boy by the side of Mr. Lawrence, who is now close upon 90 years of age.

The photograph from which the engraving has been made is by H. Dunning, Usk.

“ Our Van.”

Gatwick.—The principal race at the Gatwick October meeting was the Gatwick Handicap of £1000, of a mile and a half, for which a field of eleven started that seemed to promise a good race. Son o' Mine was let off easily with 6st. 13lb., and there were such winners as Carlton Grange, who would have liked a longer distance, Acmena, Green Lawn, winner of the valuable Prince's Handicap on this course in May, Nonsuch, winner of the North Derby at Newcastle in June, and Harvest Money, winner of the Great Ebor at York. Although Carlton Grange was favourite, Nonsuch was so well backed in knowing quarters, that the difference between the two was but 3 to 1 and 100 to 30. Nonsuch had the race won a long way from the finish, and Son o' Mine once more filled second place. Nonsuch was one of the stock of the late Colonel North, and, I understand, was bought for a very small sum. Nunthorpe, the sire, was sold for 380 guineas for South Africa, where he has been producing some useful looking foals.

The Apprentice Allowance.—

At Gatwick meeting a question as to apprentices' allowance arose, which was surely wrongly decided. For J. Dalton, a lad in the employ of Jewitt, and the rider of The Rousse in the Ifield Plate, the 5lb allowance was claimed, it being considered that the year since he won his first race still lacked one day of its completion. In such a case a single day is just as good as a month, and if it could be shown that but 364 days had expired, then Dalton was entitled to the allowance. Let us look at the facts. On November 21st, 1896, Dalton rode Risca, winner of this very Ifield Plate, and,

without taking into account the hour of the day at which the race was run, which savours of hair-splitting, the 365 days (which the Jockey Club says constitute one year) would not expire until midnight on November 20th, 1897. The Ifield Plate of 1897 was run on the afternoon of the 20th, consequently the year had not expired and Dalton was entitled to his allowance. Something being said in the weighing-room, Jewitt very wisely put the matter before the stewards, who decided that the year had expired. The race was a small one, and as The Rousse won, nothing further was said, but a precedent should not be established in this haphazard unsatisfactory manner, for the circumstances might occur again and this case would be cited. It is therefore a matter for regret that no notice has been taken of the incident by the Jockey Club, which exists, I take it, for the purpose of deciding such questions, and of correcting errors which may occur in the conduct of the racing, without waiting for formal complaint to be lodged.

The Curragh.—Ireland has a late developed such a tendency to send dangerous horses to England, that everything that happens there must be watched, and seeing Sirenia, at the Curragh October meeting, win her fourth race consecutively, one begins to wonder what sort of an animal she is. The race was the National Produce Stakes, and the winner was giving away from 3lb. to 11lb., and one or other of her ten opponents amongst whom was Dunamase who had finished third in the Champion Breeders' Biennial & Derby, in which Champs de Mar was beaten by Disraeli. Odds 9

5 to 4 were laid on Dunamase, who scarcely ran up to form, for he was not placed.

Sandown Park.—From time to time highly favourable rumours had got abroad of a Sheen colt in Prince Soltykoff's string that would make a stir amongst the two-year-olds when he showed himself. He had been entered for all the great two-year-old races, including the Middle Park Plate, but with great judgment, with the object of race winning in view, he was kept for the Great Sapling Plate at the Sandown Park Autumn Meeting, where he would start on very advantageous terms as to weight with the other dangerous ones. These included Nun Nicer (9st. 7lb.), Orzil (9st. 12lb.), and Disraeli (9st. 10lb.), whereas Ninus was carrying but 8st. 9lb. This caused him to run his first race at the short price of 5 to 4. Nun Nicer never ran better, and she was the only one to make Ninus stretch himself. Stretch himself he did, after the manner of a racer, and, granted the enormous pull he had in the weights, his style was undeniable. Mornington Cannon, who rode him, is not given to winning races by more than is absolutely necessary, and he was probably the only person who could say by how much the distance the race was won by might have been increased. Nun Nicer ran her best race, but Orzil was done with a long, long way from the winning-post. Sheet Anchor (8st. 9lb.) ran a good horse, and kept Disraeli out of third place; and that continuous slope at Sandown tries them well. In the Sandown Foal Stakes Galtee More picked up a couple of thousand sovereigns for Mr. Gubbins. He did not win his race too far from home, and comments were again rife. The fact is he is a lazy horse that wants

rousing, but all Wood had to do was to administer a couple of reminders with his heels. Cortegar, in carrying 9st. 7lb. into second place, Galtee More's weight being 10st., was considered to have done a good performance, and careful people thought of her for the Cambridgeshire.

Newmarket Houghton Meeting.—A few days later and operations were transferred to Newmarket, where people were invited to assemble in order that they might witness some trials of the starting machine, four races having been specially arranged. Mr. Arthur Coventry this time manipulated the trigger, and the only regrettable thing in connection with the trials was the smallness of the fields, none numbering more than six. Prejudice, openly expressed, kept some away, which does not strike one as a model method for ascertaining the value or valuelessness of the thing, but in spite of this the starts made a favourable impression. How could they do otherwise when race after race was started with military precision, and less than five minutes after the time arranged for starting the last race, the greater portion of the company was well on its way back to the town. If any man should hail with satisfaction the adoption of the machine it should be the starter, who is spared all the worrying and tiring work that is indissolubly connected with the present system. No real idea of the value of the machine can be arrived at until one sees a field started by it, every member of which has never been started by any other method. Horses strange to the machine are almost certain to lose at the start. That the form of horses is not affected by the use of the starting machine was proven by the fact that of the

four races three were won by first favourites, the fourth race falling to a very well-backed one, which hit the fielders nearly as hard as the favourite would have done. If this unusual result is to be the outcome of the adoption of the machine we shall have the book-makers raising an opposition cry.

On Tuesday began the Houghton Meeting proper, and in the Limekiln Stakes Knight of the Thistle made hay of some of the three-year-old form by giving Silver Fox 17lb. and a length beating Marco, with 5lb. from the Knight, being last, and his form is probably gone for ever. In the Criterion Stakes Batt showed that there was some reason for backing him to a short price for the Coventry Stakes at Ascot, though there was nothing very wonderful in his beating Royal Footstep at 8lb., especially as the neck victory was as much due to Mornington Cannon's riding as to anything else.

On the Wednesday was run a phenomenal Cambridgeshire. The weather was brilliant in the extreme for the time of year, and, whilst the course was unusually good during the Cesarewitch week, it was now even better. The field for the race was a good one indeed, and there was not a horse in it whose form was not more or less exposed. The great attraction to the general public was, of course, the fact that Galtee More was a starter, and such was the faith in the capacity of this good colt to do what was asked of him, viz., carry 9st. 6lb. first past the post, that he was speedily rushed to the position of first favourite. There had been more than one favourite previous to this. Ashburn (7st. 3lb.), the Irish horse, was a great fancy, but in the last days the Irish party were understood to think that

General Peace (6st. 6lb.) was the better of the two at the weights, as indeed he was, as Ashburn died out to a 100 to 1 chance—not that General Peace took his place in the betting, though 25 to 1 was once booked in a big bet. Nunsuch, but in incurring a 10lb. penalty at Gallowick, must have had a great chance, but she was struck out of the stable knowing they had an even better representative in Sandia (7st. 8lb.). The eleven-hour rush was on Gulistan, who certainly looked well in the 7st. 12lb., having regard to the way he beat Silver Fox and Mastrel in the Lowther Stakes, as he started at 6 to 1 against the 9 to 2 of Galtee More.

Not so very many years since an important ceremonial in connection with the Cesarewitch was the taking up of a position at the Bushes and noting what horses were prominent there. These prominent horses were borne in mind for the Cambridgeshire. The form and running to the Bushes in the Cesarewitch seem to be less regarded than it used to be, although the noble army of "heads" by no means neglect the precaution of being well represented at all places on the course where observations on the running may be advantageously made. On the running in the Cesarewitch, were the old custom observed, both St. Cloud II. (7st. 4lb.) and Comfrey (7st. 2lb.) were entitled to high regard. Each was very prominent in the race as the Bushes were neared, and one could not reasonably back the one in the Cambridgeshire and neglect the other. But St. Cloud II. started at 12½ to 1 and Comfrey at just double the price. Balsamo (7st. 10lb.) as the City and Suburban winner, was backed at 10 to 1, as also was the impostor.

orker (6st. 12lb.). All the well-checked ones were in prime condition, as also were some of the outsiders. The race had an extraordinary finish, for after General Peace, Yorker and Eager had run front to the rails, Comfrey, St. Cloud II., Gulistan, Sandia and altee More swept on not separated by a length. Gulistan failed just when he looked like winning and the weight told upon Galtee More, and the other three went on head to head, with Cortegar catching them fast. What had won as this four passed the post of mortal man but the judge could say on such a course (for it is 66 yards wide) and at the angle at which anyone not in the judge's box must perforce look. Sloan, the American jockey who was riding St. Cloud II., thought he had won and ceased riding; but no one well acquainted with the finish up the Rous course hill will be surprised to hear that he did this a stride or two too soon. Now and then one sees a jockey at his finish ride on when past the post, to the derision of many, but he is right and he has the experience of George Fordham to back him. St. Cloud II. did not win, being beaten a head by Comfrey. Sandia, who had been in close contact with St. Cloud II. at a critical moment was another head further away, and a head was all that separated Cortegar from Sandia, General Peace being very close up. Few people could say accurately how far Galtee More was beaten, but probably no one was better likely to know than his own party, who would be watching him, and they were satisfied that he was not more than two lengths behind Comfrey, he having run on towards the end. Judged by the watch it was a fast-run race, the time being 1 min. 57½ secs.

Some interest was caused by the meeting of Diakka and Woolsthorpe at even weights over six furlongs in the Subscription Stakes, and although the betting was 5 to 2 on Diakka, there were plenty to back the old horse, though nothing seemed more unlikely than his getting the distance with the hill to finish up. In the sequel he did not do so, and Diakka had a very easy win indeed.

Then came the Dewhurst Plate.

It is a race one likes to dwell upon, because it was fraught with so much that was eventful. The starters were Ninus (8st. 13lb.), the hero of the Sandown Great Sapling Stakes, Dieudonné (9st. 5lb.), hero of the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton and the Middle Park Plate; Orzil (9st. 2lb.), deposed hero of the Woodcote, Coventry, Exeter and Clearwell Stakes; St. Ia (8st. 11lb.), winner of several nice races, and showing more consistent form, in her class, than anything that commenced so early as Lincoln, and Royal Footstep (8st. 11lb.), also a good winner at Newmarket, Goodwood and elsewhere, and an utterly unknown quantity in Hawfinch, a Goldfinch colt out of Chalk Hill Blue, which John Porter took charge of on lease, or some such arrangement, with which I have nothing to do, the colt being bred by his friend, Mr. Terry. The reason of the arrangement was the high promise shown by the colt in the spring, but he was one of the last to recover from some illness which affected members of the Kingsclere stable and was supposed to have been walking with the yearlings two or three weeks before the race. Other accounts say that he had done plenty of work, and this version certainly commends itself to me, for I am not going to be-

lieve that a practically untrained animal could have done what he did over the last seven furlongs of the Rowley Mile. The principal two-year-old races run over the Rous stand course at Newmarket are astutely arranged, the five furlong period being followed by the Middle Park Plate of six furlongs, after which comes the Dewhurst Plate of seven furlongs. How the extra distance beyond five furlongs was fatal to Orzil has been related, and this time there was no dallying with him on the part of backers, who threw him overboard. Taking previous form into account, it looked any reasonable odds on Dieudonné and Ninus coupled; and as Dieudonné had shown decided symptoms of staying in the Middle Park Plate, to him clearly belonged the honour of the position of first favourite. 11 to 10 on was his starting price, this enabling 4 to 1 to be laid against Ninus and 5 to 1 against St. Ia. Hawfinch could not be otherwise than the outsider of the party, for apart from his being unknown as a public performer, he was severely criticised by the cognoscenti in the paddock as being a mass of blemishes. His starting price was 20 to 1. In two respects the race failed to work out as anticipated. Dieudonné, although running very well, failed to stay any better than Ninus at the weights, and Ninus, stretching out as he had done at Sandown, looked all over a winner in the dip. But something had always been hanging on to the girths of one or other of the leaders, never being in a worse position than third, but, being on the far side and not one of those in whom the hopes of backers were centred, he was scarcely noticed until they began to mount the slope towards the winning-post. Then it was seen

that Ninus by no means had matters his own way, and by means of some very hard riding on the part of Sam Loates, the mystic from Kingsclere got home by a neck. Then did the paddock critics commence to tear up, or at least tone down, their uncompromising notes. To Sam Loates belongs much of the credit of the victory, though that has been an unusual spectacle with this very capable jockey during the racing season of 1897. Hawfinch was a tremendous handful, we required the persuasion of an extra incisive pair of spurs, to say nothing of whalebone, to get him to canter to the post. When then he took as much pulling round as a ship (the simile is John Porter's own), more whalebone having to be administered, and in the next powerful riding was the order of the day. It takes a strong jockey to do all this, so it was lucky that Sam Loates was up. When the race was over he talked not of Porter as unconcernedly as though he had won a selling race on 2 odds-on favourite. The next treatment Hawfinch received, though it might easily do harm to most youngsters, is calculated to do him good. People talked about his success throwing the two-year-old form into confusion, but I did not see where the old form was in any way upset. We simply had a new star in the heavens. Hawfinch is in the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby, but not the St. Leger, and if only half the promising colts and fillies that we have seen out weather the winter well, the three-year-old racing next year must be very interesting. It will be a bold man indeed who will venture to make a winter Derby favourite.

In the Free Handicap, for three-year-olds, History further deemed his early reputation

winning by a short head from Crestfallen. Count Schomberg was indulged with a walk-over for the Jockey Club Cup, and one regrets the rumour that his owner is in such a bad state of health as to render the acquisition of these and similar trophies a matter of indifference. The Free Handicap, for two-year-olds, was won unexpectedly by Meta II. (7st. 13lb.), amongst the beaten ones being Nun Nicer (8st. 12lb.), Heir Male (8st. 2lb.), Jeddah (8st.), Bridegroom II. (9st.). The running of Nun Nicer was a great disappointment, and Jeddah should have won, but Madden did not notice Meta II. stealing up on the whip hand; and as Sloan, the American jockey, was the rider, nothing was lacking in astuteness of jockeyship. The run was well-timed, and Madden quite caught napping.

After the running in the Cambridgeshire, the Old Cambridgeshire looked like an absolute gift to Sandia, and 6 to 4 seemed a liberal price, but it was always to be had, and backers were not out of their reckoning.

Liverpool.—The usual assortment of mist interfered with the proper enjoyment of this meeting, and it was really wonderful to watch the thousands of faces on the stands gazing intently at nothing until the horses emerged out of the mist, a couple of furlongs from the winning post. The field for the Autumn Cup presented a beautiful spectacle. Of course at this time of year it should not be difficult to bring horses to the post in condition, and there was not one of the fifteen starters that did not look qualified to run for his life, or for his owner's fortune. The gallops of Labrador on the course had created a great impression, and much money went on him, but on the morning of the

race the word went round for General Peace, who looked a good thing with 6st. 12lb. He was backed down to 9 to 2, and getting a good start, made running well clear of all else to the distance. There Chiselhampton began to steal up, and, in the end won by a head. The defeat was a severe disappointment, of course, as great efforts had been made to secure the services of Nat Robinson; but these little things have to be put up with in racing, and Captain Bewicke has had more of his good things upset this season than we are accustomed to see. As for the winner, nothing could have been better than that the big race of the meeting should go to Knowsley; and those who did not back the horse, certainly did not follow the book.

There were of course, a few jumping races, the chief being the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, which Prince Albert won. Prince Albert it was who lost third place in the Grand National to Ford of Fyne by a head, and Ford of Fyne was running in the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, but came down about a mile from home.

The starting machine was tried at Liverpool, and it is noticeable that we have already reached the competitive stage, the machine being the Caradini patent, which differs materially in construction from that showed at Newmarket, in Ireland and in France. In the Caradini machine, two stout posts 7ft. or 8ft. high, have iron arms hinged to them which carry five strands of rope across the course. The hinged arms are bent down, and fly up noiselessly when the trigger is touched. It is used on nearly every racecourse in India.

Sloan's Riding.—A feature of the season's racing has been the riding of Sloan, the United States jockey, who came to England

primarily to ride St. Cloud II. in the Cambridgeshire. He had gained a very great reputation in America with a record of 2,000 or so winning mounts, one hundred of them having been earned this season before he left. American jockeys we have had before, and there was nothing in their riding, with short stirrups, bent down head and short reach of the reins, to make it preferable to the English, but Sloan came over as something out of the common, and such he has proved to be. In the American style there are jockeys of all grades, just as there are in the English, and Sloan is an extra good exponent of the American manner. His average during the short time he has been in England is an extraordinarily good one, and any one who has followed him must have done very well. If it be urged that his mounts have been picked for him, that would be an argument in favour of recognition of his ability, but he has had a number of chance mounts, on which he has done very well. He is a spare, miniature man, and whatever he is able or unable to do, in getting the most out of a horse, his head work is undeniable and refreshing after the dunderhead tactics that so many of our jockeys pursue. The great secret of his success is, of course, the fact that he is a man, using a man's brain and muscle whilst riding a boy's weight. He can ride as light as 6st. 12lb., his ordinary weight being 7st., and anywhere in that neighbourhood he is bound to be dangerous. Blind appreciation or depreciation is one of the features of the Turf, and it is very easy to credit Sloan with greater abilities than he possesses. When, on Meta II., he beat Jeddah by a neck in the Free Handicap for two-year-olds, every credit was due to him for the

cleverness with which he ran the race; but had Morning Cannon or Sam Loates, for instance, been on Jeddah, Meta II. would never have been Meta II. First in that race. At Leicester Sloan was to have ridden Pegaso, but Allsopp had the mount, and Pegaso won. Now, at Hurst Park Pegaso, with Allsopp up, made an inglorious show but a short time since, and had Sloan had the mount at Leicester people would have drawn conclusions suggestive of the superiority of Sloan's riding over Allsopp's. No jockey can win without the horse, and of Sloan it has to be said that, whatever chance his mount has had, the utmost has been made of it. People who should know say that this is far from always being the case.

The Hunting Season has meant anything but a brilliant appearance this year. Opening days have been postponed through force of circumstances, and in the majority of cases the sport has been moderate. The Quorn began a fortnight late, in fact it is a long time since a less brilliant beginning was made all England over, and for this hard ground alone is responsible, for the rain which up to the moment of writing has fallen, has been barely sufficient to moisten the surface of the land, to say nothing of making it fit to ride over. Fog, too, has proved a drawback, and has compelled Mr. Fernie and Lord Tredegar, among other masters to make a premature start to home on a hunting day.

New Packs.—In accordance with a threat uttered some time ago, Mr. Vaughan Pryse has given up his pack, and one of two other masters have resigned but there is one genuine new pack—Mr. R. Chandos-Pole's. A native of Derbyshire himself, he

for some time bore a share in the mastership of the Meynell Hunt, but when he left Mr. Hamar Bass in sole command he migrated to Dorsetshire and took the Cattistock country, in which he showed capital sport, and now that he has handed over the Cattistock to Mr. John Hargreaves, the son of a former master of the South Berks, he sighed for another berth, and has now found what should be a very sporting home. Both the Meynell and the North Staffordshire owned some country which was really not of much use to them, and this is Mr. Chandos-Pole's new sphere. In a country wherein his family has been for a long time, his idea of starting a new pack was, of course, keenly taken up, and when a meeting was recently held to discuss the matter, farmers and landowners promised their ready support, with the result that there is a capital pack of hounds in the new country with a good sportsman at its head.

Scent.—The want of rain during October and the prevalence of fog in some districts have prevented the latter part of cub-hunting and the earlier days of the regular season from being as enjoyable as they might have been, from the point of view of sport. Yet good runs have not been wanting, as the following notes will show, and it must be confessed that the splendid weather in the early autumn made cub-hunting pleasant for the spectators. Moreover, although scent in the Woodlands, with the exception of some parts of the Pytchley, has been bad nearly everywhere, where hounds have been allowed to go, they have often been able to run well over the open, particularly in the Brocklesby, York and Ainsty, and Quorn countries, while about the middle of October the Cottesmore

raced unattended late one afternoon for seven miles. Naturally when men are unable to ride owing to the hardness of the ground they take a rather gloomy view of matters; but on the whole the prospects are not really at all bad, and a good fall of rain would be the signal for some good sport, and set us free to gallop. This rain has now fallen in the country (North Warwickshire) in which I am at present writing, and that it may have been general is the best wish that can be given for hunting just now.

Hunt Subscriptions.—This question naturally recurs with the opening of the season. It always seems to me that those who write to and for the papers on this topic assume that everybody is born with about £2,000 a year, or, at all events, that no one with much less than that income should wish to hunt at all, whereas those who live in hunting countries know well that the very backbone of the hunt is often found among those whose income is very much less than this. This leads men to lay down rules about the minimum subscriptions to be accepted which, if observed, would make hunting impossible for many men. There are three classes to be thought of in settling this matter—first, residents; second, visitors from neighbouring hunts and officers on leave who may be classed together; and lastly, entire strangers, or men who live in some neighbouring large town and take a day's hunting when they can get it. The first class are comparatively easy to deal with, the last can only be reached by capping. The second class presents a real difficulty. Where the minimum is fixed at from £20 to £25 this is obviously too much to ask from neighbours, and destroys the comity of adjoining

hunts. It is, too, more than many soldiers can well afford to pay. But the training received in the hunting field by officers is one of the many indirect benefits the country receives from the sport. It seems to me that members of neighbouring hunts should be free if they pay the minimum subscription demanded by their own hunt, and officers on full pay should send a subscription from the Regiment. The best practical basis for the assessment of payments to the hunt by residents is surely that of the number of hunters a man keeps, the subscription being not less than £10, and everything over £50 being voluntary. Then the cap being applied only to absolute strangers and casual visitors might be fixed at £1 without difficulty. It is probable that hunt funds will profit more in the long run by strictly moderate and reasonable demands than by measures which must either become a dead letter or drive away some of the best men in the field. The only thing which up to now has reduced fields much is a reputation for stiffness of fencing. There is one hunt which will be familiar to many readers, which, whilst its neighbours on either side are troubled with enormous crowds, always has a comfortably sized field. "You may ride over four fences, but you must come down at the fifth," is the dictum. Yet the country *can* be crossed. That the size of the field is in inverse proportion to that of the fences would be a fair axiom in grass countries. How much of the crowding the decay of the oser has to answer for!

Stag-hunting.—The finish of the wild stag season on the Quantocks has been signalised by some good sport. Mr. Sanders gave Mr. Ian Heathcot Amory two days in the above country, where the herds of

red deer have increased enormously of late years. Thus plenty of stags were found by both packs, and a considerable benefit to hunting was achieved by reducing their numbers.

Prince Galitzin, Master of the Tsar of Russia's Buckhounds, was among those who saw Mr. Sanders kill his twentieth stag, and the foreign visitor saw the whole run from the rouse at Lord's Ball to the end at Sinking Copse. It was a fine chase, and every point of the art of staghunting was shown during its course.

Lord Rothschild's new huntsman, Boore, who has replaced our old friends Fred Cox and Mark Howcutt, has been showing some good gallops. The hounds are as remarkable for bone and quality as ever, and stouter bitches I have never seen. I will not pretend that hunting the carted deer is my favourite sport, but with such a pack as this there must always be pleasure in store for the lover of hound work. The scent, as I noted above, having been better in the open than the woods, has favoured stag-hunting, and, moreover, the Vale Aylesbury is less affected by want of moisture than any pastures I know.

"Baily's Fox-hunting Directory,"* of which the first issue has just been published, gives a complete list of hounds for England and Wales, Ireland, and Scotland. The information as regards each hunt comprises the name of the master, secretary, huntsman, whippers-in, number of hounds, kennels, telegraph offices, days of meeting, description of country, subscription, history of hunt, former masters, veterinary surgeons, list of hunter sires in the district, &c. In a brief preface

* "Baily's Fox-Hunting Directory," 1897-98. P. the Editor of BAILY'S MAGAZINE OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES. Published by Vinton and Company, 9, New Bridge Street, London. Price 5s.

the editor of BAILY'S MAGAZINE OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES expresses his obligations to masters of hounds throughout the country, without whose cordial and willing assistance it would have been impossible to produce a book claiming reliability. From veterinary surgeons he has received help concerning sires likely to get good hunting stock, "and doubtless the particulars of these stallions may prove of utility to the farmers and occupiers of land, upon whose goodwill the existence of fox-hunting depends." Acknowledgment is made of the assistance rendered by Mr. E. D. Cuming, to whom is due credit for the main scheme of the Directory, and who has undertaken the task of compilation. The work contains a valuable series of articles on "Kennel Management," by Colonel Anstruther Thomson; on "Hunting Equipment," by W. C. A. B.; on "Fox Coverts and Artificial Earths," by C. R.; and on "Choosing a Course for a 'Point-to-point,'" by Mr. H. Cumberland Bentley. Lists of winners of point-to-point races, winners at the Peterborough Foxhound Show, Queen's Premium stallions, Masters of Hounds and towns of England and Wales, Ireland and Scotland, with Hunts accessible therefrom, complete a volume which will prove of great value to all who are interested in hunting. It is well arranged, clearly printed, and handsomely bound, and should enjoy a large circulation. The *Field* remarks concerning the Directory:—"Altogether this is a most handy book, and should form a sort of foxhunters' bible."

Melton Gossip.—Whether we hunt or not from Melton there is always plenty to talk about. After all, the metropolis of hunting is, socially speaking, in late October, only the greater city writ small

and with a change of topics. Lord Lonsdale has a new pack, which he got from Lord Worcester, and with which he has already shown some excellent sport. Notably a gallop with an outlier from near 'Queniboro' across the Wreake to Thrussington, thence to Six Hills and back to Thrussington. Some bold spirits rode the line in spite of the hard ground; but the more prudent, mindful of the future, saw the sport from the grass sidings to the roads.

The regular season had been put off till it rained, but we hunted all the same, the principal difference being that we are free to wear what clothes we please, and shirk fences if we want to, neither of which will be possible later on when once we have seen Kirby Gate. The regular visitors are here, Elizabeth Lady Wilton at Egerton Lodge, Colonel and Mrs. Baldock at Craven Lodge. The Duke of Marlborough has taken Sysonby, and has already paid a flying visit. Mr. and Lady Augusta Fane have let their own house and taken another at Waltham. Lord Essex has taken Gaddesby Hall. Lady Warwick has been on visits to Lady Gerard at Rotherby, and to Lady Angela Forbes at Kirby. Mr. Coats has taken Quenby again. Mr. Bernard Wilson (well known at polo) and his wife are at the Bell. Lord Gainsborough is coming to Exton in the place of Lord Binning. Sir Samuel Scott and Lady Sophie are at Somerby, and so is Mrs. Candy. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Brocklehurst are at the Spinneys. The Duchess of Hamilton and Mr. Foster were at Tiltorn on the opening day of the Cottesmore when a good fox ran a line not dissimilar to that which marked the opening day two years ago. Then as now the fox went away directly Gillson gave his first cheer, and

made for the Coplow turning before he had quite reached his point. On this occasion he slightly varied the programme by going round by Skeffington. The Cottessmore foxes have had a thorough drilling and linger no long time in covert. There is great satisfaction here at the old arrangement of the Belvoir meets being agreed to, so that they no longer clash on alternate Saturdays with the Cottessmore. We have had a glimpse of the Pytchley Dianas in their new hunt uniform, and very smart they look. White collars and high hats are now the rule for ladies hunting with this historic pack.

Brooklesby.—The reduction of the number of hunting days with Lord Yarborough's hounds has brought about no loss of sport so far as quality is concerned. No rain for some weeks, ground like iron, a heavy mist, with the cobwebs hanging thick on the bushes are not exactly favourable conditions. Yet when hounds once began to run in Irby Holme they did so in earnest. The further they went, the better was the scent. In the coverts the bitches literally screamed, in the open ran almost mute, the pace too good for music. In Swallow Vale a sharp turn in covert threw the field out, and no one saw much more till the finish. Hounds raced for fifteen minutes. Nor was this all. Another fox from the same covert (Irby Dales) gave them a four mile gallop in about thirty-five minutes over a beautiful line of country. Everyone galloped and jumped as though the ground was as soft as in reality it was hard. The pace was good throughout, and the fencing fair. This fox was killed near Mr. Maunsell Richardson's house.

The York and Ainsty.—This pack seems to have a good season before it. The scourge of mange has been greatly reduced by the

heroic remedies applied by the master, if indeed it be not stamped out altogether. No pack has had a better record of sport for October than this, and the master tells of foxes plentiful and strong. In the last week in October these hounds had a hunt of an hour and forty minutes, of which the earlier part was fast and over grass. The good cub was found in Cundlett's plantation and rolled over in Cavill Wood. On October 28th after a most unpromising morning when hounds were seemingly scarcely able to pick a line, they suddenly later in the day began to run, and the pace kept on increasing until the latter part could only be described as very fast. This hunt was carried out over a difficult country. On both these occasions Mr. Lycett Green was carrying the horn himself. They may have better days in store, but taking the ordinary chances of sport they are not likely to be many.

The Puckeridge.—Although many packs were stopped on account of the hard state of the ground, Mr. Barclay opened his season as usual at Dassels on Monday the 1st, and in spite of the fences being blind and jumping dangerous, those present enjoyed a couple of nice gallops. Sport has continued good throughout the month, and prospects look bright for the coming season. Hounds are fit, hunt-servants well mounted, and the Puckeridge farmers are keen; and with the exception of a little mange in one portion, there is a good show of foxes in the country, especially in some of the principal coverts such as Plashes, Birchanger, Takeley Forest (neutral), Patmon Hall, Battles, Turks, Langley, Highwood, Patrick Wood, Albany End, The Lodge, Madams Coppe Wood, Lord Braybrooke's and Mr. Gosling's coverts.

The Eastbourne.—It is not every watering place that can boast of a good polo club and a capital pack of hounds. But these two advantages Eastbourne owes to its present M.F.H., Colonel Cardwell. Of the polo-ground and club it is not my duty to write here, but I need hardly say that being on a visit to the neighbourhood, I availed myself of Colonel Cardwell's kind invitation to see the hounds both on the flags and in the field. Colonel Cardwell has a long sporting record dating back to Bullingdon and the Christchurch Grinds, where many Oxford men will remember his winning a steeplechase with the "Kitten," "Fairfax of John's" up. The Eastbourne pack consists of 29½ couple of very smart bitches in the pink of condition. Brooker, the huntsman, told me he had put on a capital entry of home bred bitches. Of these one couple, Careless and Charity by Crawley and Horsham Hospodar—Crafty are for shape, fashion, and quality hounds of which any master and huntsman might be proud. I never saw a more hard-working little pack, and when after a long draw we found a fox near Jevington the way those bitches raced was a sight to see. Where each rider got his start there he had to stay, for not an inch could one gain till the eager pack rolled over their fox across the border of the Southdown Country.

The Eastbourne hunt only wants a little more country, and it is almost a pity that they cannot extend their borders to the Bexhill country, where foxes are plentiful, but which lies too wide of the East Sussex kennels to be of much service to that pack.

East Sussex.—In spite of a good pack of hounds and a keen master, who is his own huntsman, the East Sussex have had

a bad cub-hunting season. The dry weather told terribly against scent the last time I was with them. They had a good show of cubs, and though master and hounds did all that was possible there was really no chance of hunting. Nevertheless, a fall of rain will change that, and I saw enough to know that though they do not talk much about it, the followers of the East Sussex see a great deal of very enjoyable sport.

Foxes.—Everyone is agreed that we have never had a better show of foxes. It is not only that they are so numerous, but that the cubs seem wilder and stronger. This means fewer turned down foxes and fewer cubs in confinement in those mange breeding places the fox-yard or pit, where some keepers were wont to store foxes, that they might be forthcoming when wanted, and in the meantime out of mischief.

Ireland.—In Ireland the prospects of hunting are certainly better than ever. It is bad luck though that Mr. J. Watson, who has been showing great sport, had a fall and dislocated his shoulder, but will not be long out of the saddle. The hunting boxes in both Meath and Kildare are very full, and Lord and Lady Downshire who are at Headfort House have been out with the Meath and the Ward, and I hear the latter is as keen as possible. Lord Longford and his brother have had a capital cubbing campaign in Westmeath, and found plenty of foxes. But the principal event of the Irish hunting season is the separation of the Ormond and King's County hounds. Lord Huntingdon has taken the former county, and his doing so is a restoration of the old order, his father having been master of the Ormond hunt, and afterwards of the private pack of Harriers, which are still kept at Sharavogue, and which for

one season had the distinction of having for its master Lady Ileene Hastings (now Lady Ileene Campbell). There are now at least three Lady "Masters" of Harriers in England, viz., Lady Gifford, Mrs. Pryse-Rice, and Mrs. Cheape, but I think Lady Ileene stood alone in Ireland. Lord Huntingdon will hunt both harriers and foxhounds, taking the Ormond portion and leaving the King's County to Mr. Assheton Biddulph. The opening meet of the Ormond pack was a brilliant affair. Lord Huntingdon carried the horn, Mr. T. Cradock (late M.F.H. East Galway) was first whipper-in. Two brace of foxes were found during the day, and some useful sport seen. So popular in the district is this restoration, that it is said the demand for horses has greatly increased and given a stimulus to horse-breeding throughout the whole district. The fencing of the county is chiefly stone walls and takes some crossing.

Scotland, Lanarkshire, and Renfrewshire.—It is perhaps scarcely from Scotland where hunting is scarce, though sportsmen are many, that we should have expected one of the best solutions of the wire difficulty. Yet so it is. The wire committee of the above hunt which is under the popular mastership of Major Robertson-Aikman, have taken the matter in hand. Much wire has been removed, but the special point is the way in which wire has been dealt with where it is used to a great extent. We all know that on the whole wire is a cheap and effectual cattle fence, and where the farmers are unwilling to dispense with it altogether, they have consented to allow a timber jump to be put up in certain places in the fence. The posts are painted white so as to be easily discernible,

and the rails, while of sufficient height to restrain cattle are easily within the compass of a good horse. In wired hedges posts and rails also painted white as a kind of safety signal are put up. Of course these arrangements are the result of friendly feeling and kindness on all sides, but they make it possible to cross with safety a country in which wire has been very prevalent, and where to do intents and purposes the farmer regard it as a necessity.

Death of a late M.F.H.—We have to record the death of Mr. Ellis Duncombe Gosling, which took place at Ramsgate early in November. The deceased gentleman was only thirty-six years of age, and for the last seven years ill health had kept him out of public life, nevertheless, during the short span of active life which he enjoyed, he found time to show every promise of a brilliant career. His interest in political matters led him twice to contest seats as the Liberal interest, and for many years he was master of the Chiddingfold Hunt; and with a classes in the neighbourhood of Godalming, where for some years he resided at his family house, Busbridge Hall, he was deservedly popular.

Hunting Accidents.—What has been called a hunting accident—the death of Mr. Priestly—had no further connection with hunting than that it occurred owing to a fall sustained while riding in one of the Anglesey Hunt Steeplechases. Hunting has quite a sufficient number of its own casualties to regret without taking over those happening to followers at other amusements. Hard riding having been hardly possible this season there have not been quite the usual number of mishaps though some have unfortunately to be chronicled. While hunting

with the Shropshire the other day, Mrs. C. T. Dugdale's horse failed to clear a wide ditch; fell and kicked Mrs. Dugdale in the face, injuring that lady somewhat severely. How many accidents have arisen which occurred through some hard rider jumping apparently impossible places? Not many. We have all seen men tumble over gates or some big place, and horse and man get up smiling. Almost all the mishaps occur at places a donkey could jump, while poor Mr. Thomas, who has just broken five ribs while out with the Bicester, was not even jumping at all at the time of his accident. His horse kicked his toe up against a mole-hill and fell over his rider, inflicting the above-mentioned injuries. Then, again, a good many men in Berkshire and the Shires will be sorry to have learned that Dick Roake, so long huntsman of the South Berks, has had the misfortune to break his leg while hunting with the pack the other day. He was having a day with the hounds (for he has now retired), and his horse fell with him, fracturing the bone.

Nimrod Club.—Captain F. Herbert, late of the 9th Lancers, has been appointed Secretary of the Nimrod Club, and being so well-known in hunting and polo circles, Captain "Tip" is sure to sustain the sporting character of the club, where his energy and perseverance are likely to be rewarded by success.

Sport at the Universities.—Very real progress has been made since our last. The annual sifting process has gone on apace, with the result that most teams, &c., have now settled down. Simultaneously with the December issue of BAILY, the respective Trial Eights will be decided over the Ely and Moulsoford courses.

Two fine crews—fully average—will be in opposition either way, and some exciting racing should be witnessed. As individual merit rather than actual victory is the chief desideratum of these tussles, critical comment will best come in later on. It is noteworthy, however, that W. A. L. Fletcher, the famous Oxonian "Old Blue," has rendered the Cantabs valuable service this year, in the way of selecting and "coaching" the Eights. It is hoped that these Morrison-like tactics will bear good fruit next spring! The Coxswainless Fours at Oxford were again won by New College—their fourth successive victory—but the competition was not severe. Only Balliol and University challenged the Holders, who beat them both in turn very easily indeed. Seven crews threw down the gauntlet to "Hall" on the Cam, and some smart racing was witnessed throughout. Here, also, the Holders again asserted their supremacy in handsome fashion. For the coveted "Colquhouns," carrying with them the championship of the Cam, a large entry was secured. After some exciting work in the preliminaries, the final went to Etherington Smith (First Trinity). Lent and Torpid crews are now getting licked into shape on either river; and, on current form, some really decent crews should do battle next term. *Apropos* of 'Varsity rowing, it is not yet too late to congratulate "Channell of Trinity" (Cambridge) upon his elevation to the Judicial Bench! In the eternal fitness of things he succeeds Lord Esher—another famous Cantab oarsman—in the High Court.

Nothing startling was done at the Freshmen's sports this year, albeit some good performances were reeled off. The sprinting, jumping, and hurdling was only

mediocre either way, but in P. M. Shanks (University Coll. School and Christ's) the Cantabs unearthed a "Quarter" man of distinct promise. S. M. Sharwood (Brisbane and "Hall") also showed capital form with the Hammer, his 92 ft. being about the best recorded for some years. F. J. H. Darton (Sutton Valence and St. John's) carried off a triple event at Oxford, but neither in the "Hundred," Hurdles, nor Long Jump did he shape like his prototype, C. B. Fry. R. B. Arnold (Malvern and Magdalen), winner of the Mile and the "Quarter" at Oxford, must be pronounced the best Freshman at either 'Varsity. His 4:37½ "hard held" for the mile was a fine performance, and he has a big future before him. H. W. Workman (Repton and Pembroke) and W. Winterbotham (St. Paul's and King's) gave some very promising distance running at Cambridge also. Both should be heard of again. Altogether, Presidents Fremantle and Carter have every reason to be satisfied with the form displayed. On December 9th, the Inter-'Varsity cross-country match will be decided over the Roehampton (London) course. Both teams are now in hard training, but we shall expect Cambridge to win just as easily as last year. W. W. Gibberd should again be first man home.

A week later (Dec. 15th) the Rugby football teams meet at Queen's Club. Already universal excitement is to the fore, and a record crowd is expected. On earlier form, everybody puts the tussle down as "good business" for Cambridge, and with reason! Their record up-to-date is infinitely the smarter, their fifteen includes many old parliamentary hands, and "Captain" Mackie was blessed with a team made to order—as it were. *Per contra*, the

Oxford captain will have to rely in the main upon new blood; very few "Old Blues" were available, hence the "survival of the fittest" process took a much longer time than usual. Nothing daunted, the famous Scottish international set about matters in characteristic fashion, and is now reaping his reward. Once fairly settled down, the Oxonians came on by leaps and bounds, and they will seriously trouble their rivals on the 13th. "Behind the scrum" there is very little superiority either way. The Cantabs are, possibly, smarter at "half," although we have our doubts. It is forward—their pack is heavier, more experienced, and cleverer than the Oxonian ditto—that they excel. The Dark Blues pack, screw, and shove all right enough, but lack the weight and "devil" of their opponents. In Inter-'Varsity fray this means a lot, as experience teaches. Without further ado, we shall take Cambridge to win after a particularly stubborn fight from whistle to whistle. All the same, it would not greatly surprise us to see 1896 history repeat itself. The Dark Blues are a much smarter lot than most people suppose. Both Association teams are going fairly strongly, and promise to ultimately turn out well above the average. As the Queen's Club contest takes place next term, however, we shall have further opportunity of discussing their merits. The Inter-Collegiate Challenge Cup ties are creating the liveliest excitement at both Oxford and Cambridge. Pembroke should win the Light Blue trophy, and Magdalen the Dark Blue ditto, with Oriel well in the running for the latter.

Golf still appeals mightily to all sorts and conditions of 'Varsity men. The Oxford team is unusually powerful this year, but the

Cantabs hardly so formidable as last season. F. H. Mitchell, the Oxford "Freshman," looks like turning out a veritable champion. Up-to-date, his prowess can only be dubbed "Prodigious!" At hockey also, the Dark Blues appear the stronger, although it is unco' early to discriminate with any degree of confidence yet awhile. All in good time. Despite a lot of namby-pamby objections by sundry, boxing is growing in favour with Light and Dark Blues alike every year. An annual competition is now added to the long list of Inter-'Varsity meetings, and in this direction we fancy Oxford will again assert supremacy. The fencing should be of very high order, and produce some spirited competition in every event. Lovers of cricket will be glad to know that F. H. E. Cunliffe (Oxford), and C. E. M. Wilson (Cambridge) will captain the teams next season. Needless to add that the true interests of the sister clubs are assured! Let us conclude with further congratulations to Mr. C. N. Jackson (Oxford) upon his latest honours. The very Nestor of all manly sport at the classical city, he will also be remembered as the founder of the A.A.A. More power to him!

Covent Garden Fancy Dress Ball.—Instituted originally by the late Sir Augustus Harris, these entertainments at the Royal Opera House have for some few years proved a feature of winter life in London. The organisation has now passed into the hands of Messrs. Frank Rendle and Neil Forsyth, and the dances are likely to be a bigger success than ever if we may judge from the first one of this season, which was held on November 17th. The whole of the room afforded by the large auditorium and stage has been

fitted up as the deck of a modern man-of-war, the bridge of which goes across the proscenium and serves to accommodate the band under the conduct of Lieut. Dan Godfrey; the main points of the mast and rigging are picked out with hundreds of electric lights, and from the conning tower an electric search light is ever and anon worked upon the crowd. The walls form a striking picture of Spithead at the time of the Naval Review, the roads are full of other vessels lighted up, and there is a distant view of South-sea. The fore-castle is fitted up with a number of refreshment bars, the waiters being dressed as stewards and the barmaids in a gorgeous naval costume, whilst the M.C.'s figure as naval officers in full dress. Altogether the effect produced is most striking, and reflects the greatest credit upon those who have designed and carried out the work.

There was a very large company present and the fun was kept up to a very early hour in the morning. The executive had offered extremely handsome prizes for the best costumes, the first prize for ladies being a diamond pendant valued at 125 guineas, so it was only natural that competition should have led to the elaboration of some very good designs. The fortunate winner of the pendant was a dark lady in a beautiful Spanish dress which attracted admiration throughout the night. The gentlemen's first prize was taken by a "man-o'-war" in steel armour. There was a run upon Klondike, at least half-a-dozen costumes having reference to the new El Dorado, and there was the usual crowd of pierrots and pierettes, soldiers and barristers, and a multitude of pretty dominos. It looks as if the good ship that flies the pennant of Admiral Neil

Forsyth will carry a goodly crew whenever she is commissioned.

Ice Carnival at the National Skating Palace.—Upon artificial ice, too, the maskers have recommenced their revels, and there was plenty of fun in Argyll Street upon the occasion of the opening carnival. The gathering was not quite so fully attended as usual, but this afforded more room for the skaters, and the eccentric evolutions of a most accomplished skater disguised as a housemaid would have been to some extent lost in a crowd. There were plenty of original dresses, and we trust that the Scotsman, who once having fallen upon his back was prevented by his Falstaffian bulk from resuming the perpendicular, has sustained no ill results from his icing.

"The Liars" at the Criterion.

—It is not a pretty title that Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has bestowed upon his new play, nor are they an attractive set of characters who figure in "The Liars" at the Criterion Theatre; but it is a lively, interesting and skilfully constructed comedy of which Mr. Charles Wyndham and his clever company give an admirable rendering. One is generally able to distinguish a serious motive in Mr. Jones' work for one's further and better consideration, but in "The Liars," the author has apparently laid himself out to amuse his audience, and we must congratulate him upon his success. There are situations in the play which awaken old memories of the hilarious farcical days at the Criterion, and this may be a not unwelcome change of diet from the more solid "Physician," and in saying this we wish it to be understood that either dish appeals strongly to our own taste. We must be pardoned for this gastronomical metaphor, it is not alto-

gether our own fault that a mind for the moment should be in that groove, the fact is that "The Liars" talk a great deal about what school-boys call "grub," and whilst the second act is, so to speak, laid upon a side table, the fourth act slides softly into a supper at The Savoy.

Miss Mary Moore's latest play is that of Lady Jessica Nepean a young woman of no very strong character or balance, who, at five years of boredom as the result of a surly boor, embarks upon flirtation with one Falkner, a man of middle age and considerable character, who, unluckily for his own peace of mind, allows his feelings so far to get the mastery of him that he makes no secret of his passionate devotion to Lady Nepean's wife, and his desertion elope with her to Central America where he has made a great name as a philanthropist and destroyer of the slave trade. The lady obviously no idea of committing herself so far; indeed, mortally piqued by the bullying jealousy of her husband, she would doubtless be happier without the embarrassing attentions of the infatuated Falkner. The first act opens the house of Freddie Tait on the river, where the household agree that Lady Jessica is carrying her intrigue with Falkner quite far enough, and the band, before starting for a visit to the West of England, warn the wife that if she gives him a chance he will not spare her; this the lady's back up, and in response to Falkner's earnest prayer for a speedy meeting, she explains there is an hotel at Shepperton called the Star and Garter, that if she were to lose her next Monday she might arrive at this hotel about dinner-time. This is good enough for the lady, Falkner, who starts the scene

act at the Star and Garter by ordering in a private room a dinner for two, the *menu* of which would not have disappointed Lucullus. Sure enough Lady Jessica loses her way all right, and the *lôte-à-lôte* banquet looks like coming off all right, when the lady unluckily shows herself on the balcony, and is viewed by her brother-in-law, George Nepean, who has undertaken to play the detective upon her during the absence of Gilbert. Falkner is not at the moment in the room, and Lady Jessica has just time to explain that she is to dine there with a small party, before he returns, and George, drawing his inference, goes off to report the matter to his brother. Now to the fair intriguer in her difficulty comes Lady Rosamond Tatton, who happens to be on the spot with a river-party, and to put a better complexion upon the matter Rosamond writes on the hotel notepaper to George Nepean to say that all can be explained to his satisfaction if he will call at her house next morning. A pressing engagement prevents her from furnishing the best evidence for the defence by staying to dine, and the fervent Falkner still cherishes the hope of dinner as originally planned when Lady Jessica's maid, finding her mistress, as she puts it, "quite by accident" at the Star and Garter, warns her that the bellicose Gilbert is expected home that night. This leads to the flight of the lady, and not even the casual arrival of Mr. Charles Wyndham in the person of Sir Christopher Deering, the guide, philosopher and friend of all his erratic acquaintances, can induce Falkner to face the *menu* over which he had expended so much thought, and the curtain falls with Sir Christopher in sole possession of the table. The third

act, which is to our mind the best, is laid at Lady Rosamond's town house, where Lady Jessica and her intimates form a syndicate for the promotion of a story which shall afford her husband a satisfactory explanation of her presence at the Star and Garter with Falkner.

Sir Christopher suggests the truth should be tried as being less compromising than a lie that fails, but the ladies declare to stand or fall by the story that Lady Jessica had arranged to dine alone with her little friend, Dolly Coke, a story which Freddie Tatton warns them is far "too thin"; the cross-examination of the liars by the sceptical husband is very funny, especially as Dolly's elderly and conscientious husband is, against his will, enlisted upon the side of falsehood. The entrance of Falkner, who, not nearly up to date, is only primed with the original old lie that Lady Rosamond was the guest, gives the whole show away, and the curtain falls upon this excellent Act with the exit of Falkner after he has declared that he loves Lady Jessica and intends to love her, and that he is at the service of both husband and wife when either want him.

The fourth act is Sir Christopher's own, and takes place in his London chambers, where he is hurriedly packing to obey a sudden call to Africa. A visit from Mrs. Ebernoe, a charming widow for whom throughout the play Sir Christopher has evinced his love, ends in the lady promising to marry him and to accompany him to his work in Africa, and this interruption is followed by the arrival of the Ladies Jessica and Rosamond, who have thought fit to come round to announce that an elopement has been arranged, and will very shortly take place between the

former lady and Falkner, who himself next appears on the scene, bent upon telling the good news to his old friend. Mr. Wyndham, who has during the whole act packed at high pressure and made love at high pressure, now bestows good advice at high pressure, and, without wasting a word upon the immorality of the step they propose, points out to the would-be sinners that the thing has been tried before, and that the bones of the pioneers of the movement lie bleaching along the path which Lady Jessica and Falkner propose to tread. In a most telling speech he instances the melancholy fates which have befallen their own acquaintances, who have snapped their fingers at public opinion, and points out that the proposed step is likely to be attended with all the worst features of married life, with none of its advantages. So thoroughly is Lady Jessica impressed by the uncomfortable picture sketched by Sir Christopher that she decides in favour of a return to her husband and society rather than of a course of Falkner and Coventry.

Gilbert Nepean, by his timely arrival, clinches the matter, and, acting under the advice of Sir Christopher, escorts his wife off to sup at the Savoy, whilst Falkner arranges to forthwith accompany the Deerings to his old sphere of work in Africa.

For Mr. Wyndham's study of Sir Christopher Deering we have nothing but praise, but it is not one of his best parts, although the great actor, as is his wont, gets all the good that he can out of it. Miss Mary Moore is piquant and interesting as the unsatisfactory Lady Jessica, and Misses Irene Vanbrugh and Sarah Brooke are good as the assistant liars. Mr. Adolphus Vane Tempest is excellent as Freddie

Tatton, who is willing to admit that he is an ass, but not a silly ass, and his study of the weak husband, who is always going to put his foot down and be master in his own house, is quite one of the best things he has done. Mr. Herbert Standing gives a most realistic picture of the unsympathetic Gilbert Nepean, and Mr. Alfred Bishop is good as Dolly Coke's husband.

Football.—The matches in the Football League competition for this season provided plenty of excitement for the enthusiasts who follow professional football. At the time of writing Sheffield United were at the head of the record table with 21 points—12 wins and 5 draws—for the twelve games played. It is undoubtedly a great achievement on the part of the United team, to get through nearly half their League matches without meeting with defeat. Without being particularly brilliant, the Sheffield men play a good hard game, and on more than one occasion their determined play has brought about the downfall of a more scientific team. They have a splendid goalkeeper in Foulkes, and no club in England can claim to have a better half-back line. The champions of last season—Aston Villa—have pressed the United closely throughout the season, and may take the lead again before the end of the season. The Birmingham club, has lost the services of John Campbell and Reynolds, and Spencer has been out of the team for some time owing to an injury. The Villa, however, have played in fine form on more than one occasion. Bolton Wanderers are again doing well, and West Bromwich Albion, Wolverhampton Wanderers, and Sunderland have all improved. Preston North End, Blackburn Rovers

and Liverpool have up to the present done badly, and Notts County's return to the premier division of the League has been attended with disastrous results, only one match being won out of the twelve already played.

In the Second Division of the League Burnley and Manchester City are at the head of affairs, with Newcastle United and Small Heath in close attendance. Burnley's record of 13 matches played, 10 won, 2 drawn, 1 lost, with a goal score of 33 to 9, is in every way creditable to the club. There is no doubt that the Burnley men intend to make a big effort to regain their position in the First Division.

The Corinthian F.C. matches at the Queen's Club will be the chief attraction for the followers of amateur football. Sheffield Wednesday and the Blackburn Rovers have already opposed the famous club and suffered defeat. The other clubs that will appear at the Queen's Club include Sheffield United, Bury, Queen's Park, Edinburgh Hibernians, Notts County, and Preston North End. The Corinthians will tour in the North immediately after Christmas, and in the West of England at Easter. It is possible that a tour in Germany will be arranged in April. The Casuals are doing well this season, and some very powerful elevens have represented the club at times. In cup-ties the Casuals should make a good show. The Old Carthusians have withdrawn from the Amateur Cup, and will only put a second-rate team in the field for the London Cup. Beyond the matches with the Universities, the O.C.'s card contains few fixtures of any special interest. The other Old Boys' clubs appear to be weak with the exception of the Old Malvernians, who can now put a really excellent eleven in the field.

The Southern League appears to be quite a popular institution in the districts it covers, and it has proved of considerable advantage to the professional clubs in the south. In fact the League is mainly responsible for the rapid spread of professionalism in London and the Home Counties. One of the features of the League has been the success of Bristol City, a new club with a team of paid players gathered from all quarters. Bristol are running Southampton a close race for the championship, and both Reading and Tottenham Hotspur have improved. Millwall Athletic have shown a great falling off.

The Rugby Union Counties' Championship is now in full swing. In the Northern group, Durham at present stands at the head of affairs, the latter having somewhat unexpectedly beaten Yorkshire. In the South-eastern group Kent (Champions of 1896-7), met with defeat from the Midland Counties, who had previously drawn with Surrey. Middlesex have been twice beaten, and the championship of the group will go to either Kent or the Midland Counties.

Club football in the South under Rugby rules has been remarkable for the success of Blackheath, who have got together an uncommonly powerful team. After gaining seven successive victories, and piling up the tall record of 199 points to 6, the Heathens went down before Oxford University by a goal to a try, and lost to Cambridge University following week by 2 goals to a goal and a try. Newport and Moseley had been beaten by Blackheath, so the defeat from Oxford caused considerable surprise, more especially as the Dark Blues were not thought to be exceptionally strong this season.

Golf.—Of all sportsmen there is none who knows so little rest as the golfer. A few years ago he used to have his off season when he could lay down his clubs and give more attention to other sports, or perhaps to his family affairs, but in these times he must keep his hand in all the year round, and play in competitions every other week unless he is prepared at once to lose prestige and position among his fellows. This is particularly the case in the south, where competitions are multiplying at an alarming rate, and where if one chances to be a member of more than one club, and one's opportunities for play are confined to the week end, it is the exception rather than the rule to engage in a private match. Violation of the traditions of the game there can be no doubt this is, but traditions have little weight with the modern golfer, who steers his own course, and glories in what he regards as his own originality. Inter-club matches have a great vogue, particularly in rural districts, where local rivalry gives them every encouragement. "Colonel Bogey" is also responsible for a good deal of the mischief, in many clubs his visits being once a fortnight.

To deal in this column with all the competitions that have taken place during the month is altogether out of the question, and indeed it is only possible to refer to a very few of them. The Royal Wimbledon Club insists on holding its big meeting late in the year, and although on the Saturday it got good weather, on the Thursday it encountered one of London's choicest fogs, and suffered seriously in consequence. Members had to play not by sight but by faith, and many of them had strange experiences, for at the best Wimbledon Common is a narrow, awkward course, requiring

very delicate steering. No score better than 87 was brought in during the day, while so skilful and ordinarily so successful a player as Mr. W. L. Purves, who often is seen at his very best at Wimbledon, took 91 for his round. Chance being at so great a premium, it is no wonder that all the best positions in the list were taken by men with substantial handicaps. For the scratch prize Mr. F. E. Faithfull and Mr. N. R. Foster tied with 87. On the Saturday the latter won the scratch prize with two strokes less. At Northampton Mr. A. I. Robertson at Tooting Bec won the Challenge Bowl open to all amateurs with 162 for the four rounds. This gentleman, whose play has improved very much lately, did two of the rounds in the Bogey score of 39 and on the four rounds was a fewer than 31 strokes better than the runner up. Mr. Robertson has won the Bowl twice, so that he is again successful it becomes his absolute property. At the autumn meeting of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers held at Muirfield, the medal was won by Mr. A. R. Paterson the old football player, who went round this long and trying course in 81 strokes. Among the other scores were Mr. C. L. Dalziel 85, Major Kinloch 87, Mr. L. M. Balfour-Melville 88, Mr. A. R. Don Wauchope 90, Mr. J. A. Grant 91, Mr. R. H. Johnston 92, and Mr. J. Wharton Tod 93.

Several important competitions took place in Lancashire, where golf is spreading at an even greater rate than in the south of England. The Lytham and St. Anne's Club has acquired a new course, long and difficult but of the very best quality, and this it inaugurated with a prize meeting in which Mr. H. H. Hilton the open champion Mr. John Ball, junior, his great

rival, Mr. Charles Hutchings, Mr. Norman Macbeth, junior, and other first class players took part. None of these gentlemen came in for the handicap prizes, because these were by the handicapping placed practically out of their reach; Mr. Hilton for instance was put 9 strokes behind scratch. For the merit prizes, however, they were well to the front. On the opening day, in a field of 108 players, Mr. John Ball was first with 78, and Mr. Hilton second with 80, while on the second day, when there were only a few less players, Mr. Hilton stood first with 78, Mr. G. F. Smith second with 79, Mr. C. Hutchings third with 80, and Mr. Ball and Mr. Macbeth fourth and fifth with 81. At the St. Andrew's meeting of the West Lancashire Club held at the Hall Road course, Mr. Hilton won the first prize, and established a new record for the green with 75, doing the last 9 holes in 34 strokes. This score was 9 strokes better than the next best, so that the Open Champion must have been in fine form. In connection with Lancashire golf, it may be added that arrangements are being made for the second competition among Manchester clubs for the challenge trophies presented by Mr. A. J. Balfour and Sir William Houldsworth.

There is something extremely satisfactory and encouraging in the apparent return to form of Douglas Rolland. Only a few years ago this professional was the strongest match player we had and one whose game it was a delight to witness, not only on account of its strength but because of its dash and daring and its readiness in overcoming most appalling difficulties. Rolland is now settled at Bexhill where the club give him every encouragement for the practice of the game

and the playing of matches. He has beaten all the local people and in a score competition—although like Andrew Kirkcaldy his fondness is not for a scoring card, he tied with James Braid the runner up for this year's Open Championship. Rolland cannot be any older than Ben Sayers, or Willie Fernie, or Willie Park, junr., and there is no reason why having got into form again he should not continue in the first rank of our professional players for many years. It would be extremely interesting to have a match between him and his old rival, J. H. Taylor, and still more so between him and Mr. John Ball, junr. About fifteen years ago Rolland played Mr. Ball in a great match over the greens of Earlsferry, Rollands' native place, and Hoylake, in which the professional won very decisively.

The strength of ladies' golf, especially in the department of driving, is a good deal discussed by men golfers and it is consequently of some interest to note the results of a driving competition that took place at Mitcham, in connection with the Open Meeting of the Prince's Ladies' Club. The competitors were all ladies well known for their skill in the game, some of them even coming from distant Scotland. Very properly the test was made one of carry, so that the condition of the ground did not enter into the case. Three drives were given to each competitor, the best two to count. First honours fell to Miss Lena Thomson, Wimbledon, with carries of 130 and 138 yards, and second to her clubmate, Miss Issette Pearson, with carries of 121 and 138 yards. There are a great many male golfers who would be glad to feel certain of doing so well, and putting the case in another way I would point out that few hazards in

front of tees involve a carry of more than 130 yards.

There is a bit of golf news this month from Benin in West Africa. It seems that soon after the British Expedition got to this home of human sacrifices, the members established a golf club and a handicap competition, calling the latter after the King Oberami. Whether his majesty found golfing a suitable substitute for the pastime of roasting his subjects is not reported, but the officers of the expedition appear to be enjoying excellent sport.

Mr. W. E. Hughes, late

Honorary Secretary of the Royal Blackheath Golf Club has prepared and published a history of this the oldest golf club in existence. The club was established as long ago as 1608, but Mr. Hughes is not able to say very much about the period prior to 1787, because in that year the records were lost in a fire. There is, however, a great deal of quaint information in the book about social habits now familiar only in the pages of history—about nuptial and baptismal gallons of claret, grossly extravagant wagers, heavy drinking bouts and high jinks generally.

Sporting Intelligence.

[During October—November, 1897.]

The noted bay horse, Glenelg, died on October 23rd, at the Glenelg stud, Tennessee, at the great age of 31 years. His dam was exported in foal, and the son of Citadel—Babba by Kingston was foaled in U.S.A. in 1866; he was purchased by the late Mr. A. Belmont, and proved a very successful racehorse. Going to the stud in 1871 he established a reputation as one of the best sires in America.

At Sandown Park on October 23rd there was a dead heat in the Club Steeplechase, when St. Mathurin and Stalker could not be separated by the judge. It is not often a three-mile steeplechase results in a dead heat.

The death of Lord Rosmead occurred on October 28th at the age of 73 years. Better known as Sir Hercules Robinson, he had seen service in many parts of the world, and while Governor of New South Wales he registered his colours with the South Australian Jockey Club at Sydney, and also with the Victoria Racing Club of Melbourne, and was the popular winner of many important colonial races. He also won the Dunedin Cup while Governor of New Zealand. The deceased peer was elected an honorary member of the Jockey Club in 1884.

An interesting correspondence between Lady Ernestine Brudenell-Bruce and the Board of Trade was brought to a close at the latter end of October. Lady Ernestine

wished to be examined for a yacht master's certificate, so that she might be enabled to command her own yacht. The Assistant Secretary of the Board replied that "the Board cannot permit a lady to be examined for a yacht master's certificate." After further representations from her ladyship, the correspondence closes with the following communication from Mr. Ingram R. Walker, who writes: "I am directed by the Board of Trade to state that they have always considered and held that a 'master's certificate' clearly implies that it is confined to men."

A serious accident was but narrowly averted at Northampton Races on November 3rd. During the St. Crispin Nursery Handicap a woman wheeled a perambulator across the course and created an awkward obstruction to the field. Fortunately such an experience is rare on a racecourse.

The death is reported (Nov. 3rd) of Turul, by Barcaldine out of Thorgunna, in Hungary. Turul, foaled 1889, was bred by Mr. Nixon and exported as a foal with his dam, who was bred by the Duke of Westminster, sired by Bend Or—Freia. The horse was very successful in Austro-Hungary and credited his owners with something like £8,000.

On Nov. 4th a meeting of the Eskdall Hunt Club was held at Longholm, when it was decided to present the master,

Mr. Paterson of Terrona, with his portrait painted in oil.

Mr. Amcotts Wilson, master of the Craven Harriers, was on November 5th presented with a handsome piece of plate in recognition of his services as master for about ten years.

In the first week of November Lord Ashburton, shooting on his Hampshire estate, made the enormous bag of one thousand three hundred and sixty-eight birds, beating the record created by Lord Grey de Wilton in the previous month.

The death was announced on November 10th of Sir James Ramsey-Gibson-Maitland, Bart., in his 49th year. It will probably be in connection with the very successful fish hatchery which he founded at Howietoun, near Stirling, that the deceased will be best remembered, but he also carried out many interesting experiments in scientific fish culture.

The festivities of the Anglesea Hunt Club were brought to an abrupt conclusion on Nov. 10th through an accident which caused the death of Mr. Panton Priestley, of Plashenchilwog, a member of the club. During the steeplechases at Beaumaris, Mr. Priestley, who was riding, was cannoned while taking a hurdle, the result being that both horse and rider came down and Mr. Priestley sustained a fracture of the base of the skull and succumbed the following day.

It is reported that a dog otter measuring 4 ft. 3½ in. from nose to tail and weighing 29½ lbs., was shot on November 11th on the tidal water of the river Stour in Essex.

Mr. George Masterman, well known in racing circles, died at Ashted on November 13th. He was the owner of Ilex when that horse won the Grand National, in 1890. Mr. Masterman, who came of a sporting Yorkshire family, was a thorough judge of racing and training, a good man to hounds, and a first-rate game shot.

Mr. John Fleming, the manager of the National Sporting Club, died suddenly on Nov. 15th, in his fifty-sixth year, from failure of the heart's action.

Joseph Morgan, who was well known in the south as a cross-country rider, met his death by accident on November 15th. Morgan had charge of the horses owned by Messrs. Widger and Miss F. E. Norris, of Portslade, and was riding Granuale in a gallop over hurdles in company with several other horses, when his mount blundered and he was struck by one of the horses following and succumbed before he reached the house of his uncle, Mr. Widger. The deceased was only twenty years old.

Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, hon. treasurer of the Marylebone Cricket Club and comptroller of the Lord Chamberlain's Department, was on Nov. 16th presented by the Managers of London theatres with a magnificent antique silver bowl, in recognition of the unbiassed manner in which he discharged his duties for fifty years in connection with the licensing of theatres and of his sympathy with art and the profession. A handsome brooch modelled in diamonds was also presented to Lady Ponsonby-Fane. The bowl was a very handsome piece of work and weighed 446 ounces.

On Nov. 17th a special train conveying racehorses from Leicester to Newmarket met with an accident, the second box leaving the rails at Luffenham, causing the remaining boxes to leave the rails. Major Lambton's Titan was killed, but Captain Whittaker's White Frost, who was in the same box, appeared to escape with a severe fright. Several other horses were more or less injured, and several of the grooms in charge were more or less injured, in two or three cases seriously.

Captain John A. Middleton, Kilmarron Castle, Cupar, died suddenly from heart disease on Nov. 19th. A Captain of the 1st Royal Dragoons, he was for ten years Master of the Fife Foxhounds, being latterly associated in the Mastership with Sir John Gilmour. Capt. Middleton was a brother of "Bay Middleton," who was killed, April 9th, 1892, at the House of Commons Point-to-Point Race Meeting, when his horse, Night Line, fell in the Midland Sportsmen's Race at Kineton.

A correspondent, writing to the *Field* of November 20th, says:—"On Monday last a pike was caught in Windermere Lake—length, 3 ft. 7 in.; girth, 18 in.; weight, 17½ lbs. When examined it was found to have in its gullet one of its own species, which weighed 1½ lb.

A gentleman who walks a foxhound puppy sends the following to the *Field*:—"A short time ago she followed me to the station, and I lost sight of her; but, on arriving at home, I found she had taken the rails, but before reaching home she was overtaken by a passenger train, and ran before it till she found out she could not keep in front any longer; so she quietly lay herself down and the train went over her, and when it had passed she trotted off home. Last Monday week a similar thing occurred; she was overtaken again with a bone in her mouth, and rolled over and let the train pass over her, picked up her bone, and trotted home again without a hair being singed."

The following has recently been pub-

lished:—The Emperor William, during the past twenty-five years, has shot two aurochs, seven elks, three reindeer, three bears, 1,022 red deer, 1,275 stags, 2,189 wild pigs, 680 roebucks, 121 chamois, 16,188 hares, 674 rabbits, 9,643 pheasants, 54 capercaillies, four heath cocks, 95 grouse, 2 snipe, 56 wild ducks, 654 partridges, 20 foxes, 694 herons and cormorants, and 581 miscellaneous, or a total of 33,967 head.

Captain Smythe, for upwards of twenty years polo manager at Hurlingham, has succeeded his brother, the late Sir Charles Smythe, Bart. Sir Walter Smythe is the eighth holder of the baronetcy since the Restoration.

Mr. Heywood's shooting party of eight guns killed 940 brace of partridges in three days at Sudbourne Hall, Suffolk.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's racing yacht, the *Britannia*, built in 1893, and which has recently been sold, has been the most successful yacht built for many

years, having won 143 matches and of and money, to the value of £10,000.

During a recent run of the Packington Hounds, the fox crossed the railway at Audley End, while hounds were on the line. An express train came up, but fortunately the driver was enabled to pull in time to avert disaster.

Another sportsman has been elevated to the judicial bench, Mr. Arthur Mosley Channel, Q.C., being appointed to the High Court. At Cambridge Mr. Channel was well known as an oarsman, winning the Colquhoun Sculls in 1860, the University Pair-oars in 1861, and the Henley Grand Challenge and Ladies' Plate the same year when he rowed in the First Trinity crew.

Mersey, the dam of Carbine, recently died in Australia; she was foaled in England in 1874 and imported to New Zealand in 1881, where she foaled Carbine. Mersey was well bred, being by Knowsley out of Clemence (dam of Sandiway), by Newminster—Eulogy, by Euclid—Martha Lynn.

TURF.

SANDOWN PARK CLUB.—AUTUMN MEETING.

Oct. 12th.—The Temple Handicap of 282 sovs.; five furlongs.

Mr. D. Murphy's br. m. Kendale,	
by Kendal—Vanquish, 5 yrs.,	
7st. 10lb.O. Madden	1
Captain Forester's br. g. Bourton	
Illil, 3 yrs., 6st. 11lb. ...Hearne	2
Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. f.	
Omladina, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.	
Calder	3

10 to 1 agst. Kendale.

The Nineteenth Year of the Great Sapling Plate of 839 sovs. for two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Ninus, by	
Sheen—Nina, 8st. 8lb.	
M. Cannon	1
Sir J. Blundell Maple's b. f. Nun	
Nicer, 9st. 7lb.Calder	2
Captain C. Howard's ch. c. Sheet	
Anchor, 8st. 9lb. ...O. Madden	3

5 to 4 agst. Ninus.

The Sandown Foal Stakes of 1,724 sovs.; three-year-olds; Eclipse Stakes Course (about one mile and a quarter).

Mr. J. Gubbins's b. c. Galtee	
More, by Kendal—Morganette,	
10st.C. Wood	1

Mr. C. D. Rose's b. f. Cortegar,	
9st. 7lb.S. Lontes	1
Mr. P. Buchanan's b. or br. f.	
Unseen, 8st. 4lb.Lane	3

100 to 8 on Galtee More.

The Orleans Nursery Handicap of 463 sovs.; five furlongs.

Mr. Woolf Joel's b. c. Sir Geoffrey,	
by St. Angelo—La Vierge, 8st.	
3lb. (7lb. extra)C. Wood	1
M. R. Lebaudy's Westman, 6st.	
11lb.H. Jones	2
Captain Cookson's b. c. Gay Lam-	
ley, 7st. 5lb.K. Cannon	3

4 to 1 agst. Sir Geoffrey.

The Hershaw Two-Year-Old Race of 471 sovs.; five furlongs.

Mr. John Dawson's ch. g. New-	
bury, by Despair—Revel, 8st.	
4lb.Allsopp	1
Lord Durham's br. c. Dubaque,	
9st.Rickaby	2
Mr. W. Kemmis's br. f. Arroya,	
8st. 4lb.C. Wood	3

5 to 1 agst. Newbury.

The Sandown Autumn Handicap of 282 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. Straker's ch. g. Stop, by Peter	
—Dot, aged, 7st. 3lb. (car. 7st.	
4lb.)O. Madden	1
Mr. T. Simpson Jay's ch. c. Ran-	
pion, 4 yrs., 9st.K. Cannon	2
Lord Radnor's b. c. Brechin, 4 yrs.,	
8st. 9lb.Allsopp	3

6 to 1 agst. Stop.

BIRMINGHAM.—OCTOBER MEETING.

Oct. 23rd.—The Autumn Handicap of 271 sovs. ; one mile and a half.

Mr. Inglis's br. h. False Step, by Carlton—Guiding Star, 5 yrs., 7st. 8lb.	1
Mr. W. Blake's b. c. Eileen Aigas, 4 yrs., 8st. 3lb.	2
Lord Newton's b. or br. f. Patio, 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb.	3
7 to 1 agst. False Step.	

NEWMARKET.—HOUGHTON MEETING.

Oct. 26th.—The Limekiln Stakes of 450 sovs. ; R. M. one mile eleven yards.

Mr. H. McCalmont's b. c. Knight of the Thistle, by Rosebery—The Empress Maud, 4 yrs., 9st. 10lb.	1
Mr. J. G. Joicey's ch. c. Silver Fox, 3 yrs., 8st. 7lb.	2
Mr. F. Luscombe's ch. h. Marco, 5 yrs., 9st. 5lb.	3
5 to 4 agst. Knight of the Thistle.	

The Troy Stakes of 400 sovs. ; two-year-olds ; T. Y. C. (five furlongs 140 yards).

Mr. Larnach's br. f. La Veine, by Morion—La Flèche, 8st. 6lb.	1
Prince Soltykoff's br. c. Rococo, 8st. 9lb.	2
Duke of Westminster's ch. f. Wheatley, 8st. 6lb.	3
5 to 1 agst. La Veine.	

The Fordham Welter Handicap of 200 sovs. ; Rous Course (five furlongs).

Sir M. FitzGerald's b. f. Dosia, by Kendal—Salts of Sorrel, 3 yrs., 7st. 11lb.	1
Mr. J. Hammond's ch. h. M'Neil, 5 yrs., 8st.	2
Lord Wolverton's ch. f. Titare, 3 yrs., 7st. 12lb.	3
8 to 1 agst. Dosia.	

The Old Nursery Stakes (Handicap) of 285 sovs. for two-year-olds ; R. M. (1 mile 11 yards.)

Lord W. Beresford's b. f. Jiffy II., by Sailor Prince—Joy, 7st. 11lb.	1
Mr. C. D. Rose's ch. c. Loreto, 7st. 11lb. (car. 7st. 5lb.)	2
Mr. Leopold's de Rothschild's br. f. Delicacy, 6st. 13lb. (car. 7st.)	3
100 to 8 agst. Jiffy II.	

The Scarborough Stakes of 10 sovs. each, 5 ft. with 200 sovs. added, for three-year-olds ; R. M. (one mile eleven yards).

Mr. Martin D. Rucker's ch. g. Northallerton, by Hagioscope—Nunthorpe's dam, 8st. 12lb.	1
Mr. Theobald's b. c. Ardesbir, 9st. 5lb.	2
Lord Stanley's b. f. Arc En Ciel, 8st. 2lb.	3
7 to 4 on Northallerton.	

The Criterion Stakes of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft., with 200 added, for two-year-olds ; Criterion Course (six furlongs).

Duke of Westminster's br. c. Batt, by Sheen—Vampire, 8st. 8lb.	1
Sir J. Blundell Maple's ch. f. Royal Footstep, 9st. 2lb.	2
Mr. E. Courage's ch. c. Intolerance, 8st. 8lb.	3
Evans Batt.	

Oct. 27th.—The New Nursery Plate (a High-weight handicap) of 290 sovs. for two-year-olds that have been placed first, second, or third by the judge in stakes or plates before entering ; Rous Course.

Mr. Wallace Johnstone's b. c. Fidele, by Grafton—Cymbeline, 7st. 6lb.	1
Lord Crewe's bl. or br. f. Hydrangea, 8st. 6lb.	2
Mr. R. H. Combes's b. f. Bianca, 7st. 11lb.	3
7 to 1 agst. Fidele.	

The Second Welter Handicap of 260 sovs. ; Ab. M.

Lord Carnarvon's b. c. Cyrenian, by St. Simon—Daisy Chain, 3 yrs., 7st. 9lb.	1
Captain A. E. Whitaker's b. c. White Frost, 4 yrs., 7st. 5lb.	2
Mr. E. H. Baldock's b. c. St. Fort, 3 yrs., 8st. 6lb.	3
7 to 1 agst. Cyrenian.	

The Cambridgeshire Stakes of 1,420 sovs. ; New Cambridgeshire Course (last mile and a distance of A. F.).

Sir W. Ingram's b. c. Comfrey, by Despair—St. Frida, 3 yrs., 7st. 2lb.	1
Mr. J. R. Keene's b. c. St. Cloud II., 3 yrs., 7st.	2
Mr. P. Lorillard's br. g. Sandia, 3 yrs., 7st. 8lb.	3
25 to 1 agst. Comfrey.	

The Cheveley Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 200 added, for two-year-olds; Rous Course (five furlongs).

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's ch. c. King of Thebes, by Amphion—Thistlefield, 8st. 3lb. Rumbold 1
Mr. H. McCalmont's bl. c. Templecombe, 9st. 1lb. M. Cannon 2
Mr. L. Brassey's b. c. Merry Buck, 8st. 3lb. Bradford 3
100 to 8 agst. King of Thebes.

Oct. 28th.—The Bretby Nursery Handicap of 200 sovs. : Bretby Stakes Course (six furlongs).

Mr. J. G. Baird Hay's br. f. Gyp, by Grafton—Phantassie, 7st. 13lb. S. Chandley 1
Marquis di Serramezzana's b. c. Lascia Dire, 8st. 7lb. C. Wood 2
Sir J. Miller's b. Colt by Galopin—Thebais, 8st. 11lb. S. Loates 3
10 to 1 agst. Gyp.

The Houghton Handicap of 200 sovs.; a T.Y.C.

Mr. R. McCreery's b. f. Luscious, by Harpenden or Royal Hampton—Alveole, 3 yrs, 6st. C. Purkiss 1
Sir S. Scott's bl. f. Ardvoirllie, 4 yrs., 7st. 2lb. R. Jones 2
Mr. D. Seymour's ch. c. Sirdar, 3 yrs., 8st. 3lb. S. Loates 3
5 to 1 agst. Luscious.

The Dewhurst Plate of 300 sovs. for two-year-olds; last seven furlongs of R.M.

Mr. J. Porter's ch. c. Hawfinch, by Goldfinch—Chalk Hill Blue, 8st. 9lb. S. Loates 1
Prince Soltykoff's b. c. Ninus, 8st. 13lb. M. Cannon 2
Duke of Devonshire's ch. c. Dieu-donne, 9st. 5lb. J. Watts 3
20 to 1 agst. Hawfinch.

The Third Welter Handicap of 200 sovs.; D.M.

Lord Stanley's br. c. Melange, by Melanion—Amalgam, 4 yrs., 10st. Rickaby 1
Mr. C. Morbey's b. h. Sir Jacob, 6 yrs., 8st. 2lb. C. Wood 2
M. R. Lebaudy's b. f. Zina, 3 yrs., 7st. 8lb. S. Loates 3
10 to 1 agst. Melange.

A Free Handicap Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for three-year-olds; A.F. (one mile two furlongs).

Sir S. Scott's b. or br. c. History, by Hampton—Isabella, 8st. 5lb. M. Cannon 1

Lord Derby's ch. g. Crestfallen, 8st. 7lb. Rickaby :
Mr. Martin D. Rucker's ch. g. Northallerton, 7st. 4lb. Alsopp :
10 to 1 agst. History.

Oct. 29th.—The Jockey Club Cup of 32 sovs.; Cesarewitch Course.

M. R. Lebaudy's ch. h. Com: Schomberg, by Aughrim—Clonavarn, 5 yrs., 9st. 1lb. S. Loates w.a.

The Houghton Stakes of 25 sovs. each, 5 ft., with 200 added; for two-year-olds; R.M. (one mile eleven yards).

Duke of Westminster's br. c. Batt, by Sheen—Vampire, 9st. 2lb. M. Cannon 1
Sir James Miller's b. Filly By St. Simon—Sanda, 8st. 1lb. S. Loates :

Sir R. Waldie Griffith's b. c. Kurvenal, 8st. 4lb. Rumbold :
5 to 2 agst. Batt.

The Old Cambridgeshire Handicap of 500 sovs.; Old Cambridgeshire Course; 60 subs.

Mr. P. Lorillard's br. g. Sandia, by The Sailor Prince—Saluda, 3 yrs., 7st. 8lb. Sloane 1
Duke of Devonshire's b. c. Balsamo, 4 yrs., 7st. 10lb. O. Madden :

Mr. Jersey's ch. c. Brayhead, 3 yrs., 6st. 9lb. H. Jones 3
6 to 4 agst. Sandia.

The Criterion Nursery (Handicap) of 5 sovs. each for starters, with 200 sovs. added; for two-year-olds; Criterion Course (six furlongs).

Sir J. Miller's b. g. Pinfold, by Surefoot—Pinta, 8st. 1lb. C. Wood 1

Mr. R. Devereux's ch. c. Fregoli, 7st. 13lb. S. Loates 2

Mr. Martin D. Rucker's b. c. Little Champion, 6st. 10lb. H. Jones 3
100 to 7 agst. Pinfold.

HURST PARK CLUB.—AUTUMN MEETING.

Oct. 30th.—The Molesey Park Autumn Handicap of 201 sovs.; one mile.

Mr. W. M. Clarke's b. c. Pedant, by Beauclerc—Petulance, 4 yrs., 8st. 7lb. Alsopp 1
Mr. D. Seymour's b. m. Angelina, 6 yrs., 8st. 2lb. A. White 2

Mr. T. Simpson Jay's ch. c. Ram-
pion, 4 yrs., 9st.J. Watts 3
11 to 2 agst. Pedant.

LINCOLN.—AUTUMN MEETING.

Nov. 1st.—The Great Tom Stakes (Handi-
cap) of 450 sovs. ; the Straight
Mile.

Mr. D. Seymour's b. m. Angelina,
by Coracle—Culverin, 6 yrs., 6st.
9lb. (car. 6st. 12lb.)Sloane 1
Lord Stanley's ch. c. Golden Rule,
4 yrs., 6st. 5lb.Segrot 2
Mr. C. Morbey's b. c. His Rever-
ence, 4 yrs., 8st. 2lb.C. Wood 3
10 to 1 agst. Angelina.

Nov. 2nd.—The Lincoln Autumn Handi-
cap of 220 sovs. ; one mile and a
half.

Mr. G. M. Inglis' br. h. False Step,
by Carlton—Guiding Star, 5 yrs.,
8st.O. Madden 1
M. R. Lebaudy's b. c. Marius II.,
4 yrs., 8st. 8lb.S. Loates 2
Mr. J. Hammond's br. c. Her-
minius, 3 yrs., 6st. 11lb. Fennell 3
5 to 2 agst. False Step.

NORTHAMPTON AND PYTCHLEY HUNT.—NOVEMBER MEETING.

Nov. 3rd.—The Castle Ashby Handicap
of 271 sovs. ; one mile and a half.
M. R. Lebaudy's b. h. Bach, by
Barcaldine—Anthem, aged, 7st.

3lb.S. Loates 1
Mr. B. S. Cooper's b. f. Cloon,
4 yrs., 6st. 12lb.H. Jones 2
Mr. C. H. Hannam's ch. h. Auro-
scope, 5 yrs., 6st. 6lb.Purkiss 3
5 to 1 agst. Bach.

Nov. 4th.—The Naseby Handicap Plate
of 271 sovs. ; one mile.

Mr. A. J. Schwabe's b. c. Marton,
by Hampton—Lady Marian,
4 yrs., 8st. 10lb.M. Cannon 1
Major Fenwick's ch. c. Barford,
4 yrs., 7st. 5lb.Allsopp 2
Mr. W. M. Clarke's ch. c. Prince
Barcaldine, 4 yrs., 9st.
N. Robinson 3
5 to 2 agst. Marton.

LEWES.—AUTUMN MEETING.

Nov. 5th.—The Southdown Welter Handi-
cap of 242 sovs. ; to be ridden by
Members of the Club ; one mile and
a quarter.

Mr. Straker's ch. g. Stop, by Peter
—Dot, aged, 11st. 7lb. (12lb ex.) 1
Mr. Bewicke
Major Westenra's b. c. Up Guards,
3 yrs., 10st. 9lb. Mr. E. H. Lord 2
Lord Cowley's br. c. Bravo, 4 yrs.,
11st. 13lb.Mr. Atkinson 3
8 to 1 agst. Stop.

GATWICK.—NOVEMBER FLAT RACES.

Nov. 6th.—The Oval Handicap of 266
sovs. ; two miles.

Mr. Jersey's ch. f. Dancing Wave,
by Ocean Wave—Dance, 3 yrs.,
7st. 7lb.J. Sharples 1
Lord Cowley's br. c. Bravo, 4 yrs.,
9st.S. Loates 2
Lord Durham's b. f. Drip, 4 yrs.,
8st. 5lb.Rickaby 3
6 to 1 agst. Dancing Wave.

LIVERPOOL.—NOVEMBER MEETING.

Nov. 10th.—The Knowsley Nursery Stakes
(a Handicap, for two-year-olds) of
466 sovs. ; five furlongs.

Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's b. c.
Gay Lothair, by Lactantius—
Gaylass, 7st. 6lb.T. Loates 1
Mr. S. H. Burns' br. Filly By
Senanus—Scotia, 7st. 2lb.
Sloane 2
Mr. P. Aldworth's ch. Colt by
Despair—St. Frida, 6st. 3lb.
H. Luke 3
100 to 12 agst. Gay Lothair.

The Great Lancashire Handicap of
460 sovs. ; one mile.

Mr. S. H. Burns' ch. m. Easter
Gift, by Montroyd—Adroit,
5 yrs., 7st. 10lb.Sloane 1
Lord Stanley's ch. c. Golden Rule,
4 yrs., 7st. 11lb.N. Robinson 2
Lord Ellesmere's br. h. Villiers,
5 yrs., 7st. 9lb.T. Loates 3
10 to 1 agst. Easter Gift.

The Liverpool St. Leger of 540 sovs. ;
for three-year-olds : one mile and a
quarter.

Lord Derby's ch. g. Crestfallen, by
Ocean Wave—Dolores, 9st.
Rickaby 1
Mr. A. Taylor's b. c. Jacobus, 8st.
4lb.C. Wood 2
Mr. R. C. Garton's ch. f. Castle
Maid, 7st. 13lb.Allsopp 3
6 to 1 on Crestfallen.

The Liverpool Stewards' Plate (Handicap) of 310 sovs. ; Canal Point in (nearly six furlongs).

Mr. D. Seymour's b. m. Sapling, by Marmiton—Deodar, 5 yrs., 7st. 4lb.Sloane 1

Mr. R. A. Oswald's b. c. Dule Tree, 4 yrs., 7st. 5lb.

N. Robinson 2

Sir S. Scott's bl. f. Ardvoirlie, 4 yrs., 8st.C. Wood 3
10 to 1 agst. Sapling.

The Grand Sefton Steeplechase of 412 sovs. ; four-year-olds and upwards ; from the Canal Point (about three miles).

Mr. J. S. Forbes' b. g. Prince Albert, by Althotas—Bessie, aged, 10st. 13lb.

Mr. G. S. Davies 1

Mr. C. A. Browne's ch. h. Barsac, 5 yrs., 10st.A. Nightingall 2

Mr. W. Whitehead's b. g. Worker, 5 yrs., 10st. 9lb.

Mr. J. A. Cheney 3

5 to 1 agst. Prince Albert.

The Liverpool Nursery Stakes (a Handicap for two-year-olds) of 361 sovs. ; seven furlongs.

Lord Derby's ch. c. Rissoto, by Pepper and Salt—Chi Sa, 7st. 5lb.N. Robinson 1

Marquis di Serramezzana's b. c. Lascia Dire, 7st. 6lb.S. Loates 2

Mr. A. Belmont's ch. c. Bridegroom II., 9st.T. Loates 3
5 to 1 agst. Rissoto.

November 12th.—The Croxteth Plate of 265 sovs. ; five furlongs.

Mr. J. A. Miller's b. f. Radoo, by Melanion—Flispath, 4 yrs., 6st. 12lb.H. Jones 1

Mr. D. Seymour's b. or br. c. Suppliant, 4 yrs., 7st. 9lb.S. Loates 2

Mr. Vyner's br. h. Cunctator, 6 yrs., 6st. 13lb.N. Robinson 3
100 to 7 agst. Radoo.

The Liverpool Autumn Cup (Handicap) of 1,075 sovs. ; Cup Course (one mile and three furlongs).

Lord Stanley's b. c. Chiselhampton, by Hampton—Merry Miser, 4 yrs., 8st. 11lb.S. Loates 1
Captain Bewicke's br. c. General Peace, 3 yrs., 6st. 12lb.N. Robinson 2

Duke of Westminster's br. c. Labrador, 4 yrs., 8st. 5lb.M. Cannon 3
100 to 8 agst. Chiselhampton.

November 13th.—The Grosvenor Cup (Handicap) of 310 sovs. ; one mile and a quarter.

Mr. Jersey's ch. c. Brayhead, by Arklow—Contour, 3 yrs., 8st. 5lb.C. Wood 1

Lord Stanley's b. f. Redress, 3 yrs., 7st. 3lb.N. Robinson 2

Mr. R. Crest's br. c. Clipstone, 4 yrs., 8st. 11lb.Fagan 3
8 to 1 agst. Brayhead.

LEICESTER.—NOVEMBER MEETING.

November 16th.—The Leicester November Handicap of 285 sovs. ; one mile straight.

Mr. W. M. Clarke's b. c. Pedant, by Beauclerc—Petulance, 4 yrs., 8st. 13lb.M. Cannon 1

Mr. T. Worton's b. f. Tyrannic, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb.J. Hunt 2

M. R. Lebaudy's ch. f. Perceat, 3 yrs., 7st. 7lb.S. Loates 3
4 to 1 agst. Pedant.

DERBY.—NOVEMBER MEETING.

November 18th.—The Markeaton Stakes, a high-weight Handicap of 460 sovs. ; about a mile and a half.

Mr. Martin D. Rucker's ch. g. Northallerton, by Hagioscope—Nunthorpe's dam, 3 yrs., 8st. 7lb.C. Wood 1

Mr. D. J. Jardine's b. Colt by Wisdom—Erminie, 3 yrs., 7st. 7lb.O. Madden 2

Mr. Vyner's br. c. King Crow, 3 yrs., 7st. 7lb.K. Cannon 3
5 to 1 agst. Northallerton.

The Chesterfield Nursery Stakes (Handicap) of 900 sovs., for two-year-olds ; five furlongs, straight.

Mr. Woolf Joel's b. c. Sir Geoffrey, by St. Angelot—La Viege, 8st. 2lb.C. Wood 1

Mr. H. V. Long's br. c. Loyal Favourite, 6st. 11lb.Purkiss 2

Lord Cardross's Lipsalve, 6st. 8lb.H. Jones 3
5 to 2 agst. Sir Geoffrey.

November 20th.—The Ormaston Nursery Stakes of 460 sovs. ; seven furlongs.

Mr. W. Stevenson's b. c. Kilmaurs, by Kilmarnock—Princess Ludwig II., 7st. 4lb.S. Chandley 1

Mr. G. M. Inglis's ch. c. Intimidator, by Timothy—Strike, 6st. 12lb.A. Hodgkinson 1

Mr. F. R. Hunt's Colt, by Crafton
—Beaulieu Lass, 7st. 13lb. ...
White 3
100 to 6 each agst. Kilmaurs and
Intimidator.

The Allestree Stakes of 275 sovs. ; the
straight mile.

Mr. C. S. Merton's b. h. Dumbarton, by Barcaldine—Sprig gheels,
6 yrs., 9st. 8lb.S. Loates 1
Lord Stanley's ch. c. Golden Rule,
4 yrs., 9st. 2lb.Rickaby 2
Mr. H. F. Clayton's b. m. Kendal
Queen, 5 yrs., 8st. 9lb.
F. Maguire 3
100 to 8 agst. Dumbarton.

The Chaddesden Stakes of 225 sovs. ;
six furlongs, straight.

Sir S. Scott's bl. f. Ardvoirlie, by
Barcaldine—Elizabeth, 4 yrs.,
8st. 8lb.M. Cannon 1
Lord Derby's b. c. Lord Key, 3
yrs., 8st. 1lb.S. Loates †
Mr. W. T. Jones's ch. f. Stonebow
4 yrs., 7st. 12lb.Sloan †
20 to 1 agst. Ardvoirlie.

November 21st.—The Derby Cup of 1,665
sovs., for three-year olds and up-
wards, the straight mile.

Mr. Fairie's b. c. Eager, by Enthu-
siast—Gruba, 3 yrs., 7st. 13lb.
F. Allsopp 1
Lord Stanley's br. c. Melange.....
T. Loates 2
Mr. T. L. Plunkett's br. c. Belle-
vinF. Fenris 3
10 to 1 agst. Eager.

The Chatsworth Stakes of 460 sovs. ;
five furlongs.

Mr. D. Seymour's ch. c. Sirdar,
by Wild Sherry, 3 yrs., 8st. 9lb.
S. Loates 1
Mr. J. A. Miller's b. f. Radoo, 4
yrs., 7st. 9lb.H. Jones 2
Sir W. Ingram's ch. f. Morland,
3 yrs., 6st. 4lb.T. Dunn 3
10 to 1 agst. Sirdar.

FOOTBALL.

October 23rd.—At Gateshead, Durham v.
Cumberland, former won by 16 points
to 1 try.*

October 23rd.—At Richmond, Richmond
v. Liverpool, former won by 25 points
to 3.*

October 23rd.—At Tufnell Park, Casuals
v. Marlow, former won by 3 goals to
2.†

October 23rd.—At Newport, Newport v.
Cardiff, latter won by 20 points to 3.*

October 25th.—At Cambridge, the Uni-
versity v. Harlequins, former won by
34 points to 0.*

October 25th.—At Kingswood, Glouces-
tershire v. Wiltshire, former won by 2
goals to 0.†

October 25th.—At Leyton, London v.
Sheffield, former won by 4 goals to 1.†

October 26th.—At Sheerness, Kent v.
Surrey, former won by 4 goals to 0.†

October 27th.—At Oxford, the University
v. Royal Indian Engineering College,
former won by 3 goals 2 tries to 2 tries.*

October 27th.—At Cambridge, the Uni-
versity v. St. Thomas's Hospital,
former won by 7 placed goals and 1
try to 0.*

October 27th.—At Blackheath, Kent v.
Middlesex, former won by 2 goals 4
tries to 1 goal.*

October 30th.—At Oxford, the University
v. Old Merchant Taylors', former won
by a penalty goal and a try to 0.*

October 30th.—At Cambridge, the Uni-
versity v. Richmond, former won by
29 points to 18 points.*

October 30th.—At Cambridge, the Uni-
versity v. Old Westminsters, former
won by 6 goals to 0.†

October 30th.—At Caledonian Park, Lon-
don Caledonians v. Oxford University,
latter won by 5 goals to 4.†

November 3rd.—At Cambridge, the Uni-
versities v. Old Etonians, former won
by 3 goals to 0.†

November 3rd.—At Blackheath, Black-
heath v. Newport, former won by a
goal and dropped goal and a try to
0.*

November 3rd.—Queen's Club Corinthians
v. Sheffield Wednesday, former won
by 2 goals to 0.†

November 4th.—At Tufnell Park, Casuals
v. Oxford University, drawn 2 goals
each.†

November 6th.—At Oxford, the University
v. Richmond, former won by 12 points
to 5.*

November 6th.—At Cambridge, the Uni-
versity v. Old Leysians, former won
by 11 points to 5.*

November 6th.—At Queen's Club, Corin-
thians v. Blackburn Rovers, former
won by 3 goals to 1.†

November 6th.—At Richmond, London
Scottish v. Blackheath, latter won by
36 points to 0.*

November 10.—At Cambridge, the Uni-
versity v. Mr. N. L. Jackson's XI.,
former won by 4 goals to 2.†

November 13th.—At Blackheath, Oxford
University v. Blackheath, former won
by 1 goal 1 try.*

November 13th.—At Cambridge, the Uni-
versity v. Rosslyn Park, former won by
17 points to 0.*

November 15th.—At Oxford, the University v. Edinburgh Wanderers, former won by 1 goal 3 tries to 1 goal.*

November 17th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Newport, latter won by 14 points to 3.*

November 17th.—At Tufnell Park, Casuals v. Cambridge University, former won by 8 goals to 2.†

November 20th.—At Portsmouth, Portsmouth v. United Services, former won by 3 tries to 0.*

November 20th.—At Cambridge, the University v. Blackheath, the former won by 10 points to 8.†

November 20th.—At Oxford, the University v. Harlequins, former won by 2 goals to 0.*

November 20th.—At Leyton, Old Carthusians v. Oxford University, former won by 6 goals to 4.†

November 20th.—At Queen's Club, Old Foresters v. Cambridge University, latter won by 5 goals to 0.†

* Under Rugby Rules.

† Under Association Rules.

CRICKET.

November 2nd.—At Adelaide, Mr. Stoddart's XI. v. South Australia, drawn England 471, South Australia 409 and 187 for 5 wickets.

November 10th.—At Melbourne, Mr. Stoddart's XI. v. Victoria, England won by 2 wickets; scores: England 281 and 304 for 8 wickets; Victoria, 300 and 247.

November 16th.—At Sydney, Mr. Stoddart's XI. v. New South Wales, England won by eight wickets; scores: England, 335 and 237 for 2 wickets; New South Wales, 311 and 260.

HOCKEY.

November 3rd.—At Bushey Park, Middlesex v. Kent, latter won by 4 goals to 1.

November 17th.—At Bushey Park, Middlesex v. Surrey, former won by 4 goals to 1.

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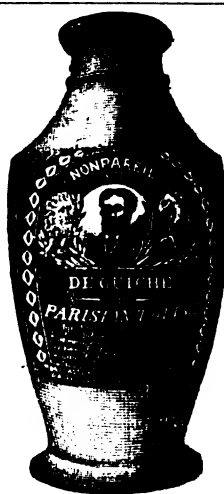
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